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OUR COUNTRY

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES
FROM THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA
TO THE PRESENT TIME

Stuyvesant Destroying the Summons to Surrender

From the Original Painting by W. H. Powell

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OUR COUNTRY

A History of the United States
from the Discovery of America
to the Present Time ✎ ✎ ✎

BY

BENSON J. LOSSING, LL.D.

Over Seven Hundred Illustrations

BY

FELIX O. C. DARLEY

AND OTHER WELL-KNOWN ARTISTS

COMPLETE IN EIGHT VOLUMES

Volume One

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To
THE HOUSEHOLDS OF
OUR COUNTRY,

WHEREIN PRIVATE VIRTUE SUSTAINS THE FABRIC OF OUR FREE
INSTITUTIONS,

This Work is Dedicated,

WITH THE RESPECT AND AFFECTION OF

THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

OUR country, as known to civilized men, is young in years and, measured by the standards of other continents, is without antiquity of Art, Science, Literature, or Government. It is in a *New World*, as the chroniclers have called it; its existence suspected by the ancients, but proven only in the later periods of history. Yet its people possess the treasured experience of ages, and the results of the progress of the human race from prehistoric times. With these treasures they have bought wisdom wherewith to construct, with wonderful celerity, the fabric of a nation marvellous in its strength and resources, developed and undeveloped.

It is only yesterday, as it were, in the calendar of the earth's existence, when the fact was first made known to modern men, that our planet was a globe, and that in the waters between the western coasts of Europe and Africa and the eastern coasts of Asia, there lay a vast continent teeming with life, wealth, and beauty. For generations after that discovery, the Continent was wrapped in profound mystery, the subject of wild conjecture and tales of wonder. Then newly-awakened moral forces impelled brave and earnest men and women to venture across the Atlantic Ocean and establish homes in the virgin wilderness. So began the heroic age of our Republic, at which period were planted the germs of the great commonwealths that compose the United States nation.

The story of the growth of the Republic, since the planting of those germs, is deeply interesting in incident and rich in suggestions. It is full of picturesque passages which give life and color to the less attractive details,

making the whole a fascinating drama. I have endeavored, in the following pages, to unfold that story in language so plain and in form so simple, that not only students of the national annals but whole households may be interested and instructed by the reading of it. Greater prominence than usual has been given to what may be called the romance of our history; and the pencil of the artist has been summoned to aid the pen of the author, in presenting those picturesque scenes. So may be diffused, it is hoped (especially among the young, who, as *readers* only, prefer such literature in this more attractive shape rather than in the stately figures which engage the *student*), a knowledge of the principal characters and notable events in our history, such as shall impress them with a warm love for our free institutions.

The History of the United States may properly be arranged in six distinct periods, under the respective heads of (1) DISCOVERIES; (2) SETTLEMENTS; (3) COLONIES; (4) THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE, OR THE POLITICAL REVOLUTION; (5) THE NATION; (6) THE CIVIL WAR, OR THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION. This work is, accordingly, divided into successive historical chapters, each containing a record of events that occurred in corresponding periods of the several divisions. After this plan are presented, in proper order, striking epochs that indicate the growth of the nation in its successive stages, and the unity of achievements by which the grand results that Americans now enjoy were reached.

In the First Section will be found a sketch of the several discoveries, actual and apocryphal, in America, which bear direct relations to the history of the Republic, from the advent of the navigators of the North in the tenth and eleventh centuries, until Hudson and Champlain won their well-deserved honors. It also contains a history of the Indians found here.

In the Second Section is told the story of the several unsuccessful and successful efforts to plant settlements along the Atlantic coasts from Florida to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and upon the banks of the great "River of Canada."

In the Third Section are narratives showing how the several settlements crystallized into organized communities and became permanent colonies—the originals of great States. The events which mark the foundation of these colonies, and of their growth to flourishing and powerful commonwealths when the French and Indian war, at the middle of the eighteenth century, compelled them to form a union for mutual protection, are carefully delineated in their most picturesque features. So the colonial history of each of the old thirteen States is given separately, to the period when this colonial union, and the political league of 1776, were formed.

In the Fourth Section will be found an account of the chief and most stirring events of the great struggle which resulted in the political independence of the United States, and the establishment of a national government in 1789, by the union of the several States under one supreme central power.

In the Fifth Section will be found an account of the progress of the new nation during a period of more than seventy years, until the beginning of the Civil War in 1861. In this section the events of the Indian wars, the war of 1812-'15, and the war with Mexico from 1846 to 1848, are delineated.

In the Sixth Section will be found the exciting and deeply impressive story of the Civil War, which resulted in a great social revolution by the abolition of slave labor throughout the Republic. In it will also be found a general review of the progress of our country, from the inception of its nationality down to the present time.

In the preparation of the work I have availed myself of all new revelations concerning the history of our country made by recent investigations, which have fallen under my observation; and I have endeavored to make it a faithful picture of the Republic in all its phases, without any exaggeration in outline or in coloring. In this labor I have been nobly seconded by Mr. DARLEY, the eminent American artist, who has, in every drawing illustrative of the text, consulted the best authorities for portraiture and costume, and has followed their teachings. His spirited sketches of a vast number of events

in our history, are, therefore, stamped with the insignia of truth, and are educationally useful, not only as artistic embellishments, but as safe instructors. The spirit of these drawings has been admirably preserved by eminent engravers. To these gentlemen, and to the generous liberality of the Publishers in bringing out the work in a style of great elegance and costliness, the reader is largely indebted for the pleasure and instruction which these volumes may afford.

With these remarks, I submit the work to the households of Our Country.

BENSON J. LOSSING.

SUPPLEMENTARY PREFACE.

ACCORDING to the general verdict, as well as the almost universal decision of those best qualified to judge, Benson J. Lossing, LL.D., was the most authoritative writer of American history who has so far appeared in the literature of our country. He was exceedingly painstaking in everything that he did, and at the same time he possessed a style of such simple beauty as to be almost matchless. In his expression and his manner of depicting incidents, he approached nearer to the great model fixed for all time by Herodotus than any of our other historians. Although a prolific writer, yet he was so careful as almost to eliminate the possibility of error, and the flow of his sentences is so rhythmical and his use of language so choice as to create a perpetual sense of delight in the mind of the reader.

His first great work was "The Field-Book of the Revolution." This brought him immediate and enduring fame. It was followed by the famous "History of the Hudson River," and "Cyclopedia of United States History," both of which are classics and will live forever. But his greatest work, his masterpiece, the one on which his fame must abide for all time, is "Our Country." It was the accepted standard up to the date of his death, and since then his work has been carried forward to the present era, by other able and loving hands, who have faithfully endeavored to maintain his accuracy of statement and beauty of diction.

In conformity with the exceeding care which he devoted to all his work, Lossing, before undertaking the actual composition of "Our Country," visited every battle-field of any consequence of the Revolution, of the war of 1812, of the war with Mexico, and of the great civil war, in order that he might possess and feel the inspiration of sight and presence before putting pen to paper. To this cause must be attributed his brilliant and graphic descriptions of battles and battle scenery, embellished with a wealth of incident and adventure unknown to any of our other historical writers. Indeed his style of writing history was such as to give it the same intense and continuous interest that

attaches to a well-written story, and thus create in the mind a series of pictures that never can fade.

Besides the battle-fields, as he himself informs us, he visited many other places of historic interest, such as Mount Vernon, where he describes the room in which Washington died, and produces a drawing of its appearance at that time—for he was famous both as artist and author. He tells us also of his interview with President Lincoln, a few hours after receipt of the news of the capture of Mason and Slidell, and of Mr. Lincoln's conversation with him on that absorbing subject, incidentally reproducing the manner and personal characteristics of the great civil war President.

The book abounds with entertaining and instructive anecdotes, impressions and conclusions that were peculiar to Dr. Lossing; which not only add vastly to the charm of the story, but leave an impression that is permanent.

The great majority of illustrations in this work are by the famous artist, Felix O. C. Darley, who had no rival in the world as a delineator of historical subjects. Indeed, in the history of modern bookmaking throughout the world, there are but four names that stand out as pre-eminently great, and of these Darley was admittedly the greatest. The other three members of this brilliant quartette were George Cruikshank, an Englishman; Gustave Doré, a Frenchman, and Thomas Nast, a German-American.

Besides the illustrations by Darley, the work contains numerous original drawings by Thomas Nast, Chappell, Trumbull, Lester, Matthews, Ogden, Rowall, and others whose names are recognized everywhere as masters of the illustrative art.

Special attention is directed to the splendid array of civil-war pictures, whose value, now inestimable, will increase with each succeeding year as time recedes from the period to which they refer. They were selected, by special permission from the United States Government, from the celebrated Brady collection of photographs now stored in the archives at Washington. The original negatives were loaned by the Secretary of War to the publishers of this work, with a view to having them reproduced for the first time in a history of the United States; and no other history was deemed so worthy of this distinction as Lossing's. These original photographs, so faithfully reproducing the great actors of the civil war on both sides, showing them as they were

in that momentous and thrilling episode of our nation's history, are simply priceless. They virtually bring us face to face and into the very presence of the men who were leaders in the world's greatest political tragedy. Here are life-like portraits of President Lincoln, Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, McClellan, Hooker, and many others on the Union side; and Generals Lee, Johnston, Jackson, Longstreet, and others of the Confederate army, all appearing as they were at the time, and in the midst of surroundings that appeal to the heart and mind of every American. What would we not give to-day for a faithful reproduction of the features and form of George Washington, of Hamilton, of Jefferson, of the Adamses, and of those other great men who established the liberties of our country; and how keen is the regret when we realize that this is impossible. But here we have a vast series of portraits—of actual reproductions—of the great men of the civil war, taken from life and showing them as they were in their time of trial and strife. They are not imaginary paintings or drawings, but living photographs of the men who saved the Union on the one side, and of those who strove to dismember it on the other. Fortunately for all, the Union was saved, a fact which rejoices none more than those who fought so valiantly to destroy it.

This work has been brought down to date, including the events of the second administration of President Roosevelt, by an eminent scholar and historian; whose name, however, is omitted, because it is the desire of the publishers to give full credit to the original author, Benson J. Lossing, and to make this his lasting monument. Every word up to the date of his death came warm from his hand, vibrating with the magnetism of his great mind. It is our purpose, therefore, to place no other name on the title page, except that of his artist collaborator, F. O. C. Darley; and thus to pass their work, with its affectionate mutuality of sentiment and feeling, down to coming generations.

In its finished state, as here produced, and brought down to the latest notable events in the annals of our beloved country, it is the earnest desire of all who have been associated with this patriotic effort, that it may afford healthful instruction to the young, pleasure and profit to the aged, and be appreciated at its real worth by every student and reader of American history.

THE PUBLISHERS.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.,	I
The Extent and Character of Our Country, p. 1—The Form of its Government, 2—Its Discovery by Norwegians, 3—Icelandic Navigators, 5—Their Attempts to Found a Colony here, 6—Traditions respecting other Discoveries, 7—The North American Indians in the Sixteenth Century, 9.	
CHAPTER II.,	12
Indian Population at the Beginning of the Sixteenth Century, p. 12—Their Language, Religion, Government, Records, Literature, Domestic and War-like Habits, and their Physical and Mental Characteristics, 12—The Iroquois Confederacy, 15—Their Civil and Military Government, 16—The Five Nations, 18—The Story of Hi-a-wa-tha, 19—Origin of the Confederacy, 21—Geographical Distribution of the Indians, 22.	
CHAPTER III.,	25
The Indians of the Gulf Region, p. 25—Their Religious Ceremonies as Sun-worshippers, 28—Their Domestic Habits, Costumes, Dwellings, and Productions, 28—Their Military Defences and War-like Operations, 28—Their Marriage and Funeral Ceremonies, 29—The Fate of the Indians, 31—European Society in the Fifteenth Century, 2—Theories respecting the Shape of the Earth, 33—Discoveries by the Portuguese, 34—Popular Traditions concerning the Atlantic Ocean, 34—Christopher Columbus: His Theories and Aspirations, 35—His Family Relations and Early Voyages, 36—His Efforts to obtain Means for making a Voyage of Discovery, 37—Conduct of the King of Portugal, 37.	
CHAPTER IV.,	38
Columbus at the Convent of De Rabida, p. 38—Columbus Kept in Suspense, 39—Asks Aid of the Sovereigns of Spain, 40—The Spanish Monarchy at that Time, 40—The Council at Salamanca, 40—Delays and Disappointments, 41—Queen Isabella Resolves to Fit Out Vessels for Columbus, 43—He is appointed Admiral and Sails from Palos, 44—The Voyage Westward, 45—Discovers an Island supposed to be a Part of the East Indies, 48—Lands, takes Possession, and calls the Native Inhabitants Indians, 49.	
CHAPTER V.,	51
Columbus discovers Cuba and San Domingo, p. 51—Leaves a Colony on San Domingo, 52—Their Conduct there, 52—Columbus returns to Spain, 53—Unrighteous ambition of Pinzon Defeated, 54—Columbus invited to the Court, 55—His brilliant Reception at Barcelona, 55—His Audience with the Sovereigns, 55—Columbus at the Feast given by Cardinal Mendoza, 56—He makes other Voyages and discovers South America, 58—He is Falsely Accused and Sent from San Domingo to Spain in Chains, 58—Indignation of Isabella, 59—Ingratitude and Injustice of Ferdinand, 60—Columbus dies in Poverty and Neglect, 60—His Remains, 60—A Monument to his Memory in Genoa, 61.	

CHAPTER VI., 63

Henry the Seventh of England, p. 63—He Commissions the Cabots to make Discoveries, 63—Voyage and Discoveries of Sebastian Cabot, 64—King Henry's Ambitious Designs, 66—Cabot in Spain, 66—Americus Vesputius, 67—His pretended First Discovery of America, 68—How, by Fraud, our Continent was called by his Name, 68—The Pope's Gift of America to the Spanish Monarch, 69—Voyages of Cortereal to Labrador and their Results, 70—Young Columbus in San Domingo, 70—Ponce De Leon's Search for the Fountain of Youth, and Discovery of Florida, 71—Discovery of South Carolina, 74—Cruel Treatment of Natives and their Revenge, 74—Discovery of Central America, 75—Attempts to Colonize Central America, 75—The Spaniards in Cuba, 78—Their Introduction of Christianity to the Natives of that Island, 78.

CHAPTER VII., 79

The Spaniards on the Isthmus of Darien, p. 79—Their Cruel Treatment of the Natives, 80—Story of the Discovery of the Pacific Ocean, by Vasco Nuñez De Balboa, 82—He takes Possession of it in the Name of the Spanish Monarchs, 83—Tidings of Peru, 83—Death of Nuñez, 83—Cuba Conquered, 83—Hernando Cortez, 83—Story of the Conquest of Mexico, 84—Success and Cruelties of the Spaniards in Mexico, 85—Capture of its Capital, 87—Destruction of Idols, 87—Attempted Conquest of Florida by Narvaez, 87—Dreadful sufferings of that Leader and his Followers, 89—Their Destruction, 90.

CHAPTER VIII., 91

De Soto commissioned to Conquer and Govern Florida, p. 91—His Experience in the Dominions of a Creek Chief, 93—A friendly Indian Queen on the Savannah River, 95—De Soto's Treachery, 95—His kind reception in the Coosa Country, 96—De Soto's Perfidy, 97—His March through Alabama, 97—De Soto is outgeneralled by the Emperor Tuscaloosa, 98—Terrible encounter with the Alabamians at their Capital, 98—De Soto goes further into the Interior, 100—Fatal encounter with the Barbarians, 101—De Soto discovers the Mississippi River, 102—He crosses that Stream and marches toward the Rocky Mountains, 102—De Soto returns to the Mississippi and Dies, 103—His Followers reach Mexico, 103—Death of his Wife, 103.

CHAPTER IX., 104

Voyage of Verrazano, p. 105—Kidnaps an Indian Boy, 106—He explores the Coasts from North Carolina to Newfoundland, 106—Cartier discovers the Gulf of St. Lawrence, 108—On a Second Voyage he discovers the River St. Lawrence and names both, 109—He explores the River to the site of Montreal, 110—Takes a Daughter of a Huron Chief to France, 111—He winters at the site of Quebec, 112—Cartier kidnaps the "King of Canada" and some of his Chiefs, and takes them to France, 112—English Explorers, 112—Their sufferings in Newfoundland, 112—Cartier's Third Voyage to the St. Lawrence, 113—Hostilities of the Natives, 114—The Lord of Roberville on the St. Lawrence, 115.

CHAPTER X., 116

The Protestant Reformation, p. 116—The Huguenots or French Protestants, 117—Coligny and Catharine de Medici, 118—Permission granted for a French Protestant settlement in America, 119—A Settlement planted on the Coast of South Carolina, 120—The Colony neglected, 121—Helped by the Natives, 122—A Huguenot Colony

in Florida, 123—Friendship of the Natives, 124—They build a Fort on the St. John's River, 124—Appearance there of a Spanish Fleet, 125—The Colonists warned concerning it, 126—The Spaniards land at the site of St. Augustine, 126—Fruitless expedition against them, 127.

CHAPTER XI., 128

Menendez, p. 128—His Landing on the Coast of Florida, 129—The French on the St. John's massacred by the Spaniards, 129—Complaints of the outrage unheeded by the French Monarch, 131—The Chevalier de Gourges avenges the Crime by Retaliation, 132—The French Court favors the Roman Catholics, 133—Wickedness of Catharine de Medici, 134—The Murder of Coligny, 134—Queen Elizabeth espouses Coligny's Plan for Settlement in America, 136—Reports concerning the warmer Regions of America received from Walter Raleigh, 136—Frobisher's Voyage in search of a Northwest Passage to India, and for Gold, 137—His Discoveries, 137—The Globe circumnavigated by Drake, 138—His exploits against the Spaniards, 139.

CHAPTER XII., 141

Sir Humphrey Gilbert's Patent, p. 140—Character of Walter Raleigh, 142—Illustration of his Gallantry, 143—A Favorite of Queen Elizabeth, 143—Gilbert at Newfoundland, 144—Is lost at Sea, 145—Raleigh receives a Charter from the Queen, 145—Sends an Exploring Expedition to America, 145—Its cheering Results, 146—The Queen names the Region explored Virginia, 146—Raleigh Sends a Colony to Virginia, 146—Bad Leaders Produce Great Disasters, 147—A Colony of Working People Sent, 150—First English Child born in America, 150—The Colony Lost, 151—Raleigh's Deeds, and his Sufferings at the hands of a bad King, 152—His death on the Scaffold, 152.

CHAPTER XIII., 155

Explorations of the New England Coasts by English Navigators, p. 155—Grand scheme for Colonizing Virginia patronized by the British Monarch, 158—Charters Granted, 158—Attempts of the French to plant settlements in America, 160—Samuel Champlain founds Quebec and Montreal, 162—He discovers and names Lake Champlain, 162—With the help of the Jesuits he establishes the French Dominion in America, 163—The Story of the Voyages and Discoveries of Henry Hudson, 164—His sad Fate, 168.

CHAPTER XIV., 171

England at the Beginning of the Seventeenth Century, p. 171—Henry the Eighth and the Church, 172—Dawn of the Age of Reason, 172—Rural Population of England, 173—Furniture, Costume, Methods of Agriculture, Learning and Fine Arts in England, 173—London and Plymouth Companies, 176—Settlements attempted in New England, 177—English Settlers on the James River, 178—Captain John Smith, 179—Settlement at Jamestown, 181.

CHAPTER XV., 184

Energy and Wisdom of Captain Smith, p. 184—His encounter with Indians, 185—Saved from death by Pocahontas, 186—His influence at Jamestown, and his Explorations, 188—Demands of the Company, 189—Smith's Rules, 190—Change in the Government, 190—Perilous passage of a Governor and Commissioners, 190—Valuable Emigrants, 191—Pocahontas saves Jamestown, 193—The "Starving Time," 193—

Abandonment of and return to Jamestown, 193—Lord Delaware's Administration, 194—A better Social System, 194—Pocahontas kidnapped, 195—Her Baptism and Marriage, 196—Friendship of the Indians, 197—The staple of Virginia, 198—Representative Government established, 199.

CHAPTER XVI., 200

Explorations in New England, p. 200—Kidnapping Indians, 200—Religious Parties in England, 201—Persecutions, 202—A Theological Conference, 203—Bad conduct of King James, 203—Puritans in Holland, 203—Longings for America, 204—Preparations for Emigration, 205—"Pilgrims" go to America, 205—Constitution of Government signed, 206—Founding of Plymouth, 207—Sufferings of the Emigrants, 207—First Marriage in Plymouth Colony, 210.

CHAPTER XVII., 212

Hudson's Voyages and Discoveries, p. 212—Block's Explorations, 213—Charter for New Netherland granted, 215—Dutch Traders on the Hudson, 215—Troubles with the English, 216—Dutch West India Company chartered, 217—Preparations for Settlement, 218—A French Intruder, 218—Arrival of Walloons at Manhattan, 219—Settlement on the Delaware, 220—Political Organization of New Netherland, 221—New Amsterdam founded, 221—Freedom there, 222.

CHAPTER XVIII., 224

The Plymouth Company in Parliament, p. 224—First Debate in Parliament on American Affairs, 226—Grants of Territory East of Massachusetts, 226—Sir William Alexander's Domain, 227—Emigration plan of Gourges and Mason, 227—Settlers in New Hampshire, 227—Dissolution of the Plymouth Company, 229—Gourges Governor-General of New England, 229—Founding of the Colony of New Hampshire, 229—George Calvert (Lord Baltimore) seeks a Charter for Maryland, 230—His Son receives it, 231—Its Character, 231—Voyage of Emigrants to Maryland, 233—First Settlement in Maryland, and Founding of its Capital, 236.

CHAPTER XIX., 239

Claims of the Dutch in New England, p. 239—A Dutch Embassy to the Pilgrims, 240—The Capital of the Pilgrims, 240—The Dutch and English in the Valley of the Connecticut, 242—First English Settlement there, 243—The Dutch exasperate the Indians, 244—Emigration of Puritans to the Connecticut Valley, 244—Conflicting claims to the Territory, 246—Hooker's Emigration, 246—The Pequods jealous, 247—War with the Pequods, 248—Their destruction, 252.

CHAPTER XX., 253

A Settlement begun at New Haven, p. 253—A Peculiar Government established there, 254—The Dutch and English at variance in the Connecticut Valley, 256—A Government formed at Hartford, 256—Roger Williams in Massachusetts, 257—His Banishment, 258—Williams and others found Providence, 260—Rhode Island settled, 263—Form of Government there, 263—Anne Hutchinson and others driven from Massachusetts, 263—Williams obtains a Charter for Rhode Island, 264—Intolerance in Massachusetts, 265—Reception of Williams on his return from England, 265.

CHAPTER XXI., 266

Social condition of Holland in the Seventeenth Century, p. 266—Inducements to settle in New Netherland, 267—The Patroons, their Privileges and Dependents, 267—

A Settlement in Delaware and its Fate, 268—The Swedes on the Delaware, 269—The Dutch and Swedes at variance, 270—The Swedes maintain their Position, 271—New Jersey granted to Royal Favorites, 272—Inducements to settle there, 273—Governor Carteret and Settlers at Elizabethtown, 274—Trouble with the Settlers, 275—A Republican Prophet, 276.

CHAPTER XXII., 277

The "Friends" or "Quakers," p. 277—William Penn obtains a Charter for Pennsylvania, 278—Emigration to Pennsylvania, 279—Penn visits America, 280—The Swedes on the Delaware, 280—Treaty with the Indians, 280—Penn visits New York, 281—Meets the First Pennsylvania Assembly, 281—Visits Lord Baltimore, 282—Founds Philadelphia, 282—Settlers in North Carolina, 283—The Carolinas granted to Royal Favorites, 283—Settlements on Cape Fear, 285—Charleston founded, 287—Government for the Carolinas framed, 287.

CHAPTER XXIII., 289

The English and Spaniards, p. 289—Slaves in South Carolina, 289—Prisoners for Debt in England, 290—Revelations of the Prisons, 290—Measures for the Relief of the Prisoners, 291—Charter for Georgia granted, 291—General Oglethorpe accompanies Emigrants to the Savannah River, 292—Joy of the Carolinians, 292—Friendship of the Indians, 293—To-mo-chi-chi, 294—A Treaty, 295—Indians accompany Oglethorpe to England, 296—Their reception there, 296—Oglethorpe returns to Georgia with the Wesleys, 297—An unwise Code for Georgia, 298.



LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PHOTOGRAVURE.

STUYVESANT DESTROYING THE SUMMONS TO SURRENDER,

FACING
PAGE

From the Original Painting by W. H. POWELL, Title

COLORED PLATES.

COMING OF THE NORSEMEN, v

From the Original Painting by H. B. MATTHEWS.

COLUMBUS IN THE PROW OF THE *SANTA MARIA*, 48

From the Original Painting by H. B. MATTHEWS.

FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THORFIN AND GUDRIDA ON THE SHORE OF VINELAND, 6

Drawn by FELIX O. C. DARLEY.

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS, 51

Drawn by FELIX O. C. DARLEY.

SPANIARDS DESTROYING MEXICAN IDOLS, 84

Drawn by FELIX O. C. DARLEY.

FRENCHMEN PROCEEDING TO ATTACK THE SPANISH FORT ON THE ST. JOHN'S, 132

Drawn by FELIX O. C. DARLEY.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS, 206

Drawn by FELIX O. C. DARLEY.

ENGLISH SETTLERS IN AMERICA, 210

Drawn by FELIX O. C. DARLEY.

PUBLIC WORSHIP AT PLYMOUTH BY THE PILGRIMS, 240

Drawn by FELIX O. C. DARLEY.

PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS,	280
---	-----

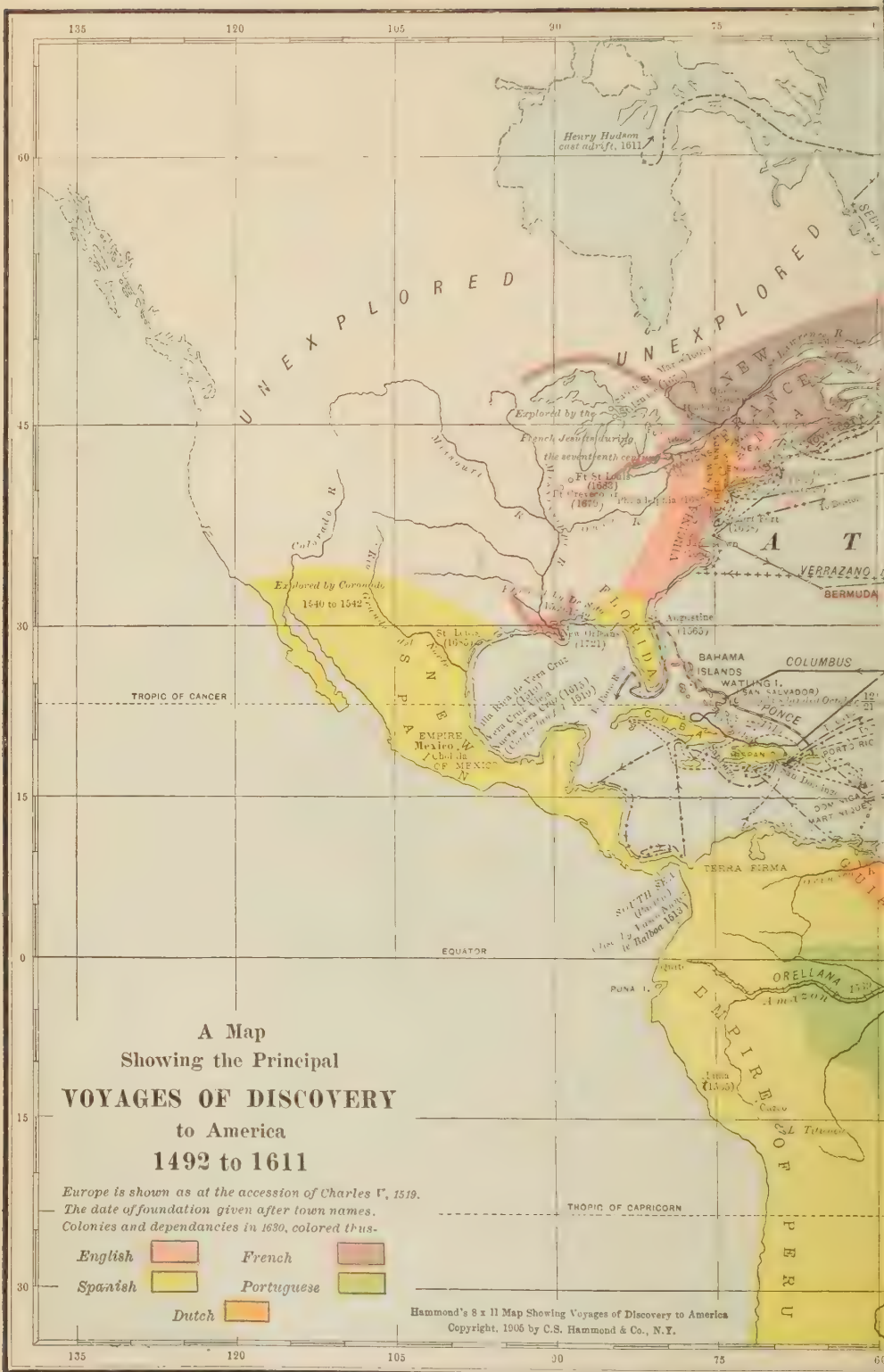
Drawn by FELIX O. C. DARLEY.

TO-MO-CHI-CHI, INDIAN CHIEFTAIN,	292
--	-----

Drawn by FELIX O. C. DARLEY.

MAP.

VOYAGES AND DISCOVERIES,	I
------------------------------------	---

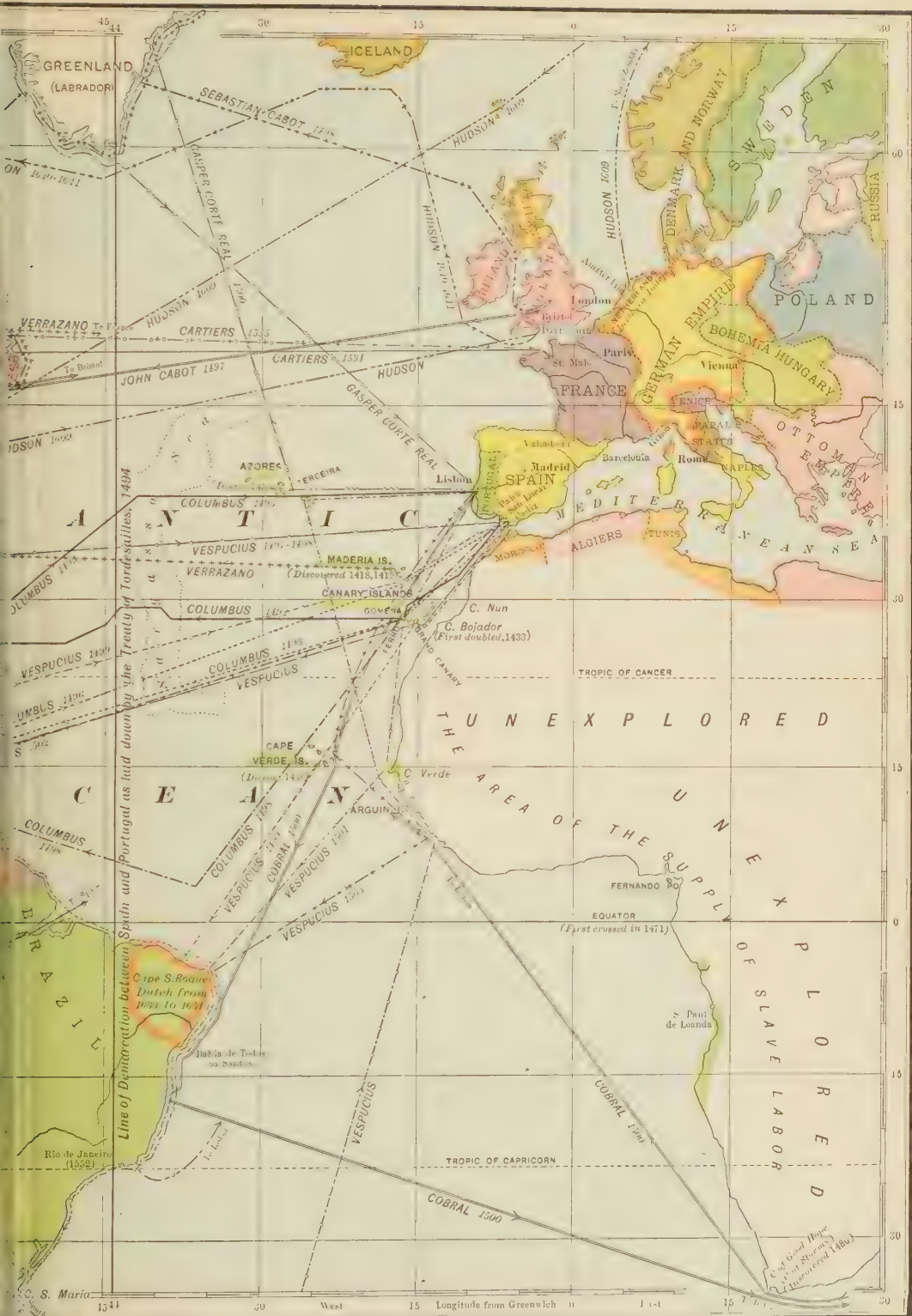


**A Map
Showing the Principal
VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY
to America
1492 to 1611**

Europe is shown as at the accession of Charles V., 1519.
The date of foundation given after town names.
Colonies and dependencies in 1630, colored thus.

- | | | | |
|---------|---|------------|---|
| English |  | French |  |
| Spanish |  | Portuguese |  |
| Dutch |  | | |

Hammond's 8 x 11 Map Showing Voyages of Discovery to America
Copyright, 1905 by C.S. Hammond & Co., N.Y.





OUR COUNTRY.

CHAPTER I.

The Extent and Character of Our Country—The Form of Its Government—Its Discovery by Norwegians—Icelandic Navigators—Their Attempts to Found a Colony Here—Traditions Respecting Other Discoveries—The North American Indians in the Sixteenth Century.



OUR COUNTRY occupies a large space on the Map of North America. It extends, in a broad irregular belt across the Continent, from the Atlantic Ocean on the East to the Pacific Ocean on the West. Its breadth is from far down each end of the Gulf of Mexico on the South to a line even with the northern shores of Lake Superior, with a large separate territory in the far northwest, on the confines of Asia. It comprises an area (not reckoning its island possessions) of over 3 million square miles; equal to over 20 million farms of 100 acres each, if it were all land. It contains over 81 mil-



lion human beings, of whom nearly fifty-six million are natives of the land. The remainder are from almost every country on the globe. The latter, mixing with the native citizens, make us a strong people.

Over all this vast domain, favored with every variety of climate, soil and productions, great lakes and rivers, and the grandest and most beautiful natural scenery, now divided into many States and several organized Territories (the germs of States), is felt the benign influence of a free and enlightened government. It is a model government which the older nations of the Earth are gradually copying as the wisest and most sturdy on the globe. It is a government by the people. How? The people, the true source of all power in government, choose a few of their number to make laws for the whole, and others are chosen to execute those laws. It is therefore a Representative Democracy, or a government exercised by the whole people through their chosen representatives. Its wisdom and strength have been tested by the most severe strains: and the superiority of such a government, with an educated people as its basis, has been demonstrated.

In contemplating the majesty of our Republic, the question naturally arises in the mind, By what processes has this great and expanding nation been planted, nurtured, and strongly rooted here, where less than four hundred years ago brooded the darkness and solitude of a wilderness over the whole continent, peopled only by savage hunters or half-civilized barbarians? The answer to this question will be the marvelous story which I am about to relate.

FULLY nine hundred years ago, a famous Norwegian sailor named Eric—called Eric the Red, because he had red hair and florid complexion—settled in Iceland, the northern shores of which touch the Arctic Circle. Whilst he was on a voyage westward from that far north country, he discovered Greenland and made it his home. His son Lief, an ambitious young man, wished to become a discoverer, like his father. He bought a ship—one of those queer little Norwegian vessels which were moved sometimes by sails and sometimes by oars. They were used by those old Sea-kings, as they were called, of Northern Europe, who spread terror by their piracies over the British Islands and the coasts of Western Europe from the Rhine to the Straits of Gibraltar, more than a thousand years ago.

Lief's ship was stout and tight. She had made many voyages safely. He furnished her with twenty-five strong men, and invited his father to go

with him as the commander. Eric thought himself too old for such an undertaking, but was persuaded to go. Embracing his younger sons Thorwald and Thorstein, and his fiery daughter Freydisa, he bade them farewell, mounted his horse and rode toward the ship. The animal stumbled. Eric thought it was an omen of evil. "I do not believe it is given to me to discover any more lands, and here I will abide," said the old navigator, and he returned to his house.

Lief and his companions sailed southwesterly. It was in the early summer of the year of our Lord 1002. They were soon fighting the storms and waves of the North Atlantic Ocean between Greenland and Labrador, and were sometimes chilled by slow-drifting icebergs. At length they saw land. It was flat and stony near the shore, with high snow-capped mountains a little back from the sea. They did not land, but sailing southward they soon came to another country, flat, and covered thickly with woods. It had a broad beach of white sand sloping gently to the sea. The adventurers anchored their little ship, went on shore, and fed themselves with sweet berries. A few hours later they sailed away southward.



NORTHMEN DISCOVERING TRACES OF HUMAN HABITATION.

These bold seamen soon came in sight of another land. It was hilly—gently so—and mostly covered with trees. Its northerly shores were sheltered by an island. They found there an abundance of small fruits, delicious to the taste. No traces of human beings were found excepting some burnt wood and the bones of large fishes: and no sounds were heard but the songs of birds and the chirping of squirrels. Charmed by the soft climate, they

sought a harbor, and found one at the mouth of a river where the vessel was swept by the tide into a bay. The waters were filled with the finest salmon, and wild deer abounded in the woods. The days and nights were nearly equal in length, at first. As they remained all winter, they noticed that when the days were the shortest, the sun rose at half-past seven o'clock and set at half-past four o'clock.

A young German of Lief's company, who was Eric's servant, was missing one day. They searched for him in all directions. He had wandered deep into the forest, and when they found him he was full of joy because he had discovered grapes, delicious and abundant, such as grew in his own country. So Lief named the country *Vineland*. He and his company built huts and wintered there, and in the spring they returned to Greenland. Eric had lately died, and Lief, his eldest son, came into the possession of his estate and patriarchal office. Eric's family were Christians, but Eric died a pagan.

Thorwald, Lief's younger brother, bought the good ship and, with thirty companions, sailed for Vineland. They passed the winter there, occupying the huts built by Lief and his companions, and subsisting as they had done, upon fish. In the spring, Thorwald and a part of his company explored the neighboring coasts, finding many sandy islands, on which there were no traces of wild beasts and few of human beings. The summer was spent in these explorations, and the next was passed at their old quarters in *Vineland*. Other explorations were made the following summer, by the whole company. In the early autumn they entered a large inlet. There were high lands on each side, thickly wooded. "Here," said Thorwald, "is a goodly place; here I will make my abode." They found there some natives—dusky people, of small stature, like the Esquimaux of Greenland. They were in canoes, and were timid and harmless. The Northmen caught them and cruelly put them to death, excepting one who escaped to the hills and aroused his countrymen. The angry savages went silently in their canoes and surprised Thorwald and his company. A sharp fight ensued. Arrows flew thick and fast. Thorwald was mortally wounded, but his companions escaped unhurt. The savages fled to the wooded hills, and Thorwald's companions buried the body of their chief on the promontory where he intended to settle, with a cross at its head and another at its feet. The survivors passed the winter in Vineland, in mortal fear of the enraged savages, and in the spring they returned to Greenland.

Thorstein, Eric's third son, on hearing of the death of his brother, sailed for Vineland, with twenty-five companions and his young wife, Gudrida, a beautiful blonde, to whom he had been married only a few weeks. Adverse

winds drove their little vessel on a desolate shore of Greenland, far up the eastern border of Baffin's Bay. There the company suffered dreadfully, and were compelled to stay until spring. A contagious disease broke out among them, and Thorstein and a greater portion of his companions perished. Sadly the young wife carried home the body of her husband. So died two of the brave sons of the valiant Eric the Red, leaving their wayward sister, Freydisa, alone with Lief.

During the next summer, a rich citizen of Norway, young and comely, arrived in Greenland. His name was Thorfin. He saw and loved Gudrida, and demanded her in marriage of Lief, her patriarchal brother-in-law. They were wedded; and the Norwegian, accompanied by his bride and five other young women with their husbands and other men, sailed for Vineland, to plant a colony there. They landed near the spot where Lief had passed the winter. Upon the shore, with the little Norwegian vessel anchored near, that company of sturdy emigrants presented a picturesque group. Thorfin, stout, but not very tall, was clad, on that occasion, we may imagine, in the costume of the Norwegian nobility. If so, over his linen shirt he probably wore a dark woolen tunic that descended to the knees, with long sleeves reaching to the wrists. The borders of the skirt, the collar, and the ends of the sleeves were ornamented with various colored cloth in a variety of devices. Around his waist was a girdle or belt of dressed leather, ornamented with bosses of silver and gold; and over all was a short cloak of rich stuff made of silk and woolen, of a purple color, fastened to his shoulder by a brooch of gold and precious stones. His legs were covered with white hose, bandaged with crossed fillets of gay colors from the ankle to the knee; and on his feet were black buskins, open in front, and secured by thongs of silk, with tasseled ends



DISCOVERY OF GRAPES.

depending from the top of the shoe. His long, dark wavy hair fell upon his back and shoulders, and his flowing beard covered his bosom.

The beautiful Gudrida, tall and slender but muscular and lithe, stood by the side of Thorfin, whilst he audibly thanked God for their deliverance from the perils of the waters; and near them in the shadows of great trees were gathered the rest of the company, silently uniting in the thanksgiving. Gudrida, we may imagine, was dressed in a manner befitting the rank of her husband. She might have worn, in the costume of that day in Norway, a white linen tunic that descended to the instep. Over this a black gown of silk reaching only to the knees, with short flowing sleeves that left half the arm bare below the elbow, and clasped by a golden bracelet. A broad band of gold embroidery extended from the waist to the lower edge and around the bottom of the gown, and also around the edges of the sleeves; and over all hung gracefully a gray woolen mantle of fine and light texture, fastened at the throat with a brooch of gold and pearls. It hung in graceful folds to her waist, in front, and behind as low as the gown. Upon her head was a veil or hood of silk, loosely and tastefully arranged over the portion back of the ears, and falling in folds upon her shoulders and bosom. In front of this hood hung her beautiful auburn hair in a rich profusion of curls and ringlets. On her feet were black buskins, their open fronts laced with silken cords, showing her white hose.

Thorfin remained with the colony in Vineland about three years, when he and Gudrida, with a part of the company, sailed for Norway, with specimens of fruits and furs which they had gathered in the new country. After making several voyages Thorfin settled in Iceland, where he built a fine mansion, and lived in a style unrivalled by the richest chieftain in that country. There Thorfin died. Gudrida, who had become the mother of a son whilst she was in Vineland, then went with her boy on a pilgrimage to Rome, where she told the stories of the adventurers in the ears of Pope Benedict. After her return, she entered a convent. Her son, whose name was Snorre, became, in time, master of his father's estates, and the ancestor of a long line of descendants. Among these was Albert Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor, who died in 1844.

Those of Thorfin's colony who remained in Vineland, were joined by two brothers, named Helgi and Fiombogi, with about thirty followers. They were Icelandic chieftains, who fitted out their expedition in Greenland. Freydisa, the daughter of Eric the Red, obtained a willing permission to go with them, and share in the profits of the voyage. She was an artful, intriguing, deceitful and fiery-tempered woman, and Lief and his family hoped she would remain in Vineland and be decently buried there. She

THORFIN AND GUDRIDA ON THE SHORE OF VINELAND



was a fury and a firebrand among the colonists. Where peace had reigned she enthroned discord. Quarrels ensued which ended in a fight and the death of thirty persons. Then Freydisa, finding her own life in peril, returned to Greenland, where she died universally detested.

Such is the substance of the accounts of these adventurers, given in the chronicles of Iceland. They reveal the fact that Norwegians discovered America almost five hundred years before Columbus sailed westward from Spain, in search of India. The stony land with the snow-capped mountains was, doubtless, Labrador. The flat, wooded land, with its white beach, must have been Newfoundland; and the time given of the rising and the setting of the sun at the winter solstice—the shortest day at about Christmas time—indicates some point on the New England coast between Boston harbor and Narragansett bay, as the spot where the German lad discovered the grapes, and Lief named the country *Vineland*.

Where Thorwald was buried, or where Thorfin and Gudrida landed and lived, nobody knows. The best informed students of the subject believe it to have been on Rhode Island, and that the mysterious stone tower at Newport, with its massive cylindrical walls resting on seven columns, whose foundation stones are wrought spheres, was built by these Norwegian colonists. It was there when the English settlers came, and the Indians had no knowledge of its origin. If the Northmen did not build it, who did? Perhaps Gudrida's son was born there. Who knows?

All positive traces of that colony in America, after the departure of Freydisa, are lost. Icelandic histories called Sagas, and poems called Eddas, give us glimpses of it for a few years, when it fades into utter forgetfulness. These histories and poems tell us that a navigator named Gudliof made a trading voyage from Iceland to Ireland at about the year of our Lord 1030. Whilst he was sailing along the western shores of Iceland, a strong wind blew his ship far into the Atlantic Ocean toward the southwest. After many days he and his crew saw land, anchored their ship in a safe harbor, and were made prisoners by dark-colored people who came from the woods in great numbers. Their captors took them into the forest, where they were met by a white chieftain who spoke to them in Icelandic, and procuring their release, advised them to depart immediately, for the dark people were cruel to strangers. He refused to tell them his name but inquired after Snorre and other well-known persons in Iceland. Taking a gold ring from his finger, he asked Gudliof to present it to Thurida, Snorre's sister. Gudliof bore the jewel to the daughter of Gudrida. It was believed that the white chief was Bjorn, a famous Icelandic bard, who had been a lover of Gudrida and a rival of Thorfin, and who left his country in the year 998. If

this story be true, Bjorn the bard and Lief the navigator, may fairly contend in the halls of Odin for the honor of having been the first of all Europeans to discover America.

It is also related that thirty years after the event just mentioned, a Saxon priest from Ireland, who had been laboring among the pagans of Iceland, went to Vineland, and was murdered there; and that a bishop of Greenland undertook the same voyage, and was never heard of afterwards.



ANCIENT TOWER AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

From that time, for more than four hundred years, America lay hidden from the knowledge of Europeans, a wild, uncultivated waste. There are some traditions, that seem to have facts for their substance, that tell us of other voyages to this Western world during that period. The most reasonable of these stories, is that of Prince Madoc of Wales, said to have been drawn from the chronicles of that country. It is believed by some historical students that Madoc, who was a son of Owen Gwynneth, disgusted with the domestic contentions about the rightful successor to his father, went on a voyage of discovery, with ships well manned, in the reign of King Henry the Second, of England; that he went westward from Ireland and found a most fruitful country, in the year 1170; that he returned home, and with a squadron of ten ships sailed for the same lands with a colony of men, women and children, to settle there, and that he was never heard of afterwards. It has been asserted by more than one traveller in this country, that light-colored Indians have been met by them who had many Welsh words in their

language. Humboldt refers to this tradition; and Southey, the English poet, made it the theme of one of his finest productions. Until the translation of the Icelandic Chronicles revealed the story of the Norwegian voyagers, the Chronicles of Wales claimed for Madoc the honor of being the discoverer of America. There are traditions of voyages to this country in the fourteenth century, but they are so vague and improbable that I will not weary you with a recital of them.

During the centuries whilst America again lay hidden from Europe, great changes had taken place among the nations of the Eastern hemisphere. The wild tribes of this portion of our continent had evidently been subjects of great changes, too. Stronger bands of warriors and women had displaced the weaker ones; and when the Europeans again appeared on our shores, the dwarfed Esquimaux, whom the Northmen encountered, had been annihilated by a nobler race or driven toward the frozen regions of the Arctic Circle. There had evidently been great migrations from one part of the continent to the other, during which half-civilized barbarians had been expelled from fertile territories by savages, whilst once savage regions seem to have been colonized by sun-worshippers from Central and South America. They have left remains of art, in buildings and pottery, which tell of a rude civilization.

We know that in South America there existed a native empire that compared favorably with any one in the Eastern hemisphere at that time. We know that between the Rio Grandé, or Grand River, which divides our country from Mexico, to the Isthmus of Darien, there was an Empire whose rulers and people displayed many of the nobler virtues and some of the arts and sciences of civilized life, and whose laws evinced as profound respect for the great principles of morality as is to be found in the most civilized nation. We know, too, that the softening influences of that empire were beginning to spread among the ruder tribes of the North, when Cortez and his followers—civilized ruffians from Spain—overturned that empire. They extinguished the light that was beginning to shine in the darker regions within the present domain of our Republic. With professed Christian zeal they barred the way to the advance of a civilization more practically Christian than that which the Spanish conquerors displayed.

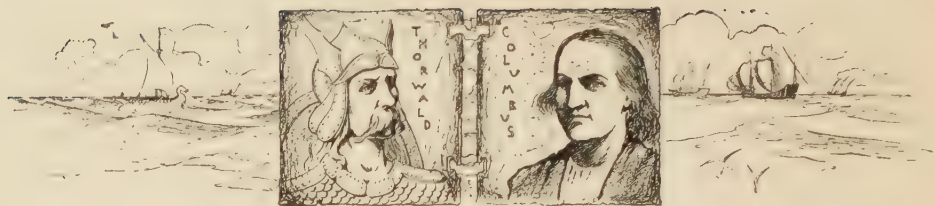
Whence came these dusky inhabitants of our land? is an unanswered and seemingly unanswerable question. Out of isolated facts—facts like the following—bold theories have been formed. Remains of fortifications like those of ancient European nations have been discovered. An idol, composed of clay and gypsum, representing a man without arms, resembling one found in Southern Russia, was dug up near Nashville, in Tennessee. A

Roman coin was found in Missouri; a Persian coin in Ohio; a bit of silver in the Genesee country, New York, with the year of our Lord 600 engraved on it; split wood and ashes, thirty feet below the surface of the earth, at Fredonia, New York; a silver cup, finely gilded, within an ancient mound near Marietta, Ohio, and in a tomb near Montevideo, in South America, two ancient swords, a helmet and shield, with Greek inscriptions upon them, showing that they were made in the time of Alexander the Great, more than three hundred years before Christ. The mysterious mounds found in various parts of our country have made strange revelations: such as weapons and utensils of copper; catacombs with mummies; ornaments of silver, brass, and copper; stones with Hebrew inscriptions; traces of iron utensils wholly reduced to dust; mirrors of isinglass and glazed pottery, and other evidences of the existence of a race here far more civilized than the tribes found by Europeans. And nearly all of these modern Indian nations have traditions respecting their origin. Some of them told of a partial or universal deluge; and some said their particular progenitor came in a bark canoe after that terrible event.

These facts have been the texts of long argumentative discourses. One theorist tells you that they came originally from Phonecia; another that they are Egyptians, Hindoos or Chinese; while others insist with great pertinacity that they are the descendants of the ten "Lost Tribes of Israel," who made their way from Asia to our Continent, over the Aleutian Islands or across Behring's Straits. Others dismiss the question with the positive assertion that they are the products of this continent alone—that they originated here as did the plants and trees. "The land you sleep on is ours," said a Micmac chief, in Nova Scotia, to Colonel Cornwallis, of the British army, a century and a quarter ago. "*We sprung out of the Earth like the trees, the grass and the flowers.*" Who knows? Ethnology, history, revelation and reason are all dumb before the questioner concerning these mysteries. The pious and superstitious parson, Cotton Mather, of Boston, who wrote more than one hundred and ninety years ago, took a short method of solving the question by shrewdly guessing that "the Devil [whom he called the old usurping landlord of America] decoyed these miserable salvages hither, in hopes that the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ would never come here to destroy or disturb his absolute empire over them." But the mounds and their contents, the relics and the theories have not solved the great question. The mounds scattered all over the continent—huge interrogation points of deep significance—and the mound-builders are yet the subjects of sharp speculation; and we might show wisdom if we should follow the example of Parson

Mather, who, when the delusion of witchcraft had made him ridiculous, declared that the subject was "too deep for ordinary comprehension," and referred its decision "to the day of judgment." We can afford to dwell, without further inquiry for the present, in the dim light reflected by Bryant's soliloquy :

" And did the dust
Of these fair solitudes once stir with life
And burn with passion? Let the mighty mounds
That overlook the rivers, or that rise
In the dim forests, crowded with old oaks,
Answer. A race that long has passed away
Built them ; a disciplined and populous race
Heaped with long toil the earth, while yet the Greeks
Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms
Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock
The glittering Parthenon."



CHAPTER II.

Indian Population at the Beginning of the Sixteenth Century—Their Language, Religion, Government, Records, Literature, Domestic and Military Habits, and Their Physical and Mental Characteristics—The Iroquois Confederacy—Their Civil and Military Government—The Five Nations—The Story of Hi-a-wat-ha—Origin of the Confederacy—Geographical Distribution of the Indians.

THE number of human inhabitants of the entire continent of America, from the Frozen Ocean to Cape Horn, did not exceed five million, it is supposed, when Columbus sailed from Spain; and that within the present domain of our Republic—THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA—there were only a little more than one million souls, or one to each three and a half square miles of territory. The people of the latter region seemed to have all come from the same original stock excepting some on the borders of the Gulf of Mexico. They had high cheek bones and broad faces; heavy dark eyes; jet black hair, lank and incapable of curling because of its peculiar structure; and skins of a dull copper color. They spoke more than a hundred dialects, or peculiar forms of expressing language, all springing, evidently, from a common root. They were all taciturn or habitually silent, in society, and could endure great mental or physical suffering without visible emotion. Their plan of government was simple, and there were very few transgressors of the law. Their theology or religious system was as simple as their civil government. They believed in a great GOOD SPIRIT and a great EVIL SPIRIT, each supreme in its sphere; and they deified, or made God, the sun, moon, stars, meteors, fire, water, thunder, wind, and everything else which seemed to be superior to themselves. There were no unbelievers among them. They had no written language, excepting rude picture-writings made on rocks, barks of trees or the dried hides of beasts. Their historical records were made upon the memory from parent to child, as were their legends, and so transmitted from one generation to another. Their dwellings were rude huts made of poles leaning to a common centre, and covered with bark or the skins of beasts. The men were engaged in war, hunting and fishing, whilst the women did all of the domestic drudgery. The

women also bore all burdens during long journeys; put up the tents, or the wigwams, as their dwellings were called; prepared the food and clothing; wove mats for beds, and planted, cultivated, and gathered the scanty crops of corn, beans, peas, potatoes, melons and tobacco, wherever these products were raised. In winter the skins of wild beasts formed the clothing of these rude people, and in summer the men wore only a wrapper around the loins. They sometimes tattooed themselves, that is, pricked the skin in lines to form shapes of objects, and making them permanent by coloring matter put in the punctures; and they were generally ornamented with the claws of bears, the pearly parts of shells, and the plumage of birds. Their money



THE DWELLINGS OF INDIANS.

consisted of little tubes made of shells, fastened upon belts or strung on little thongs of deers' hide, which was called *wampum*. These collections were used in traffic, in treaties, and in giving tokens of friendship. Their weapons of war were bows and arrows, tomahawks or hatchets, war-clubs, and scalping knives. Some wore shields of bark, and also corselets of hides, for protection.

The civil governor of a tribe or nation was called a Sachem; the military leader was called a Chief. They were naturally proud and haughty, and had great respect for personal dignity and honor. It was offensive to a Chief or Sachem to ask him his name, because it implied that he was unknown. Red Jacket, the great leader of the Seneca nation, was once asked his name, in court, in compliance with the legal form. He was very indignant, and replied: "Look at the papers which the white people keep most carefully"—(land cession treaties)—"they will tell you who I am."

Elevated as were their conceptions of the dignity of the men, they utterly degraded the women to the condition of abject slaves. They made

them beasts of burden and mere objects of convenience. They were never allowed to join in the amusements of the men, but were permitted to sit, with their children, as spectators around the fires at war-dances or the horrid orgies after a victory. The husband had absolute control of the body and destiny of the wife, even to the taking of her life; and so far was she removed from a position of equality with the opposite sex, that there was no society for the cultivation of those refining qualities of woman which give the chief beauty and charm to civilized communities.

The mental characteristics, or the workings of the mind of the Indian, was the same everywhere. He subjected his body to the control of his will. He was schooled in taciturnity—taught to be a silent man—because it was necessary in a society where the sharp weapon was the quick response to an unguarded or insulting word. He was trained, too, to accept physical endurance as a virtue. Apparent insensibility to fear or pain was significant of most sturdy manhood. It was regarded as an evidence of weakness or cowardice for an Indian to allow his countenance to be changed by surprise or suffering. And so his nerves and muscles were steeled against fear or pain, and made absolute slaves to his will. An Inca or King of ancient Peru, caused some of his warriors to be instantly put to death because they had shown some surprise at the appearance of Pizarro's cavalry, the horse being a novelty and wonder to that people. "Coward!" exclaimed Pontiac, an Ottawa chief, when he saw one of his followers startled by muskets fired in the gloom of night by the English garrison at Detroit, and instantly cleaved his head with a tomahawk. "Squaw!" cried Cornstalk, the leader of the Shawnoese in the battle of Point Pleasant, when he saw one of his warriors hiding behind a clump of bushes, and immediately ordered him to be dressed in a petticoat and to carry a pappoose—an Indian baby.

The brain of the Indian seemed to be cast in a poetic mold. In his simple language—too poor to allow a profusion of words—he would express ideas in elegant and poetic forms, his figures of speech being drawn from the objects of nature around him. What he lacked in words, would be supplied by those figures. "I stand in the path," said Pontiac, haughtily, to the commander of a British force that marched into his country, signifying that he held kingly dominion over all that region, and defied the intruder's power. When Red Jacket, the Seneca chief, who became intemperate in his later years, saw all of his eleven children die one after another with consumption, he regarded the calamity as a punishment for his sin. To a lady who had known him many years before, and who, ignorant of his misfortune, enquired of his family, the old chief, with bowed head replied: "Red Jacket was once a great man, and in favor with the Great Spirit. He was a lofty pine

among the smaller trees of the forest. But after years of glory he degraded himself by drinking the fire-water of the white man. The Great Spirit has looked upon him in anger, and his lightning has stripped the pine of its branches." At a council at Vincennes, over which Governor Harrison presided, Tecumtha, the great Shawnoese warrior, made a speech. When it was ended, it was observed that no seat was provided for him. An officer handed him one saying, in the foolish phraseology of talk with Indians, "Your father [meaning Harrison] requests you to be seated in this chair." "My father!" said the chief scornfully, whilst his eyes flashed with indignation. Wrapping his broad blanket around him, and assuming the most haughty attitude, he continued: "My father is the Sun, and the Earth is my mother. I will recline upon her bosom." And then he seated himself upon the ground.

Notwithstanding the Indians exhibited many of the nobler traits of human nature, they were, with a few notable exceptions, cruel savages, as a whole, throughout the entire country north of the parallel of Alabama, when the Europeans came and made permanent settlements here. Among these exceptions, the most conspicuous were the five nations who formed the Iroquois Confederacy within the domain of the present State of New York, and the dwellers in the softer climate around the shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

The Iroquois Confederacy was a remarkable fact in history. It was composed of five large families, each having the dignified title of a nation. These nations were named respectively, Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas. They were subdivided into smaller families or tribes, each having its symbol—coat-of-arms—such as the bear, the wolf, the eagle, the heron, the beaver, the deer, the turkey or the tortoise. They occupied a belt of country extending across the present State of New York from the Hudson River to Lake Erie, south of the Adirondack range of great hills, and north of the Kaatsbergs, or, as they are commonly called, the Catskill Mountains.

When Europeans became acquainted with the nations of this league and the form of their government, they were filled with admiration because of its wisdom and strength. They called these nations "The Romans of the New World," because they seemed to have many things in common with that ancient people, especially in military affairs. As in old Rome the soldiers were honored above all other citizens, so they were among the Iroquois; and the warriors, under their chiefs, were all-powerful in public affairs. Whatever was done in the civil councils of the separate nations, or of the confederacy, was subjected to review by the soldiery, who had the right to

call councils whenever they pleased, and approve or disapprove public measures. And so careful were the civil authorities to pay deference to the warriors that general answers to questions of state policy were postponed until the opinions of the soldiers might be known. Therefore, in nearly every such council, decisions were made by unanimous consent.

As each of the confederated nations was divided into several tribes, there were thirty or forty sachems in the league. These had inferior officers under them, answering to our magistrates in towns; and so the civil power of the government was quite widely distributed. There was not a man who gained his office otherwise than by his own merits, and he held it only during good behavior. Any unworthy action was attended by dismissal from office and the penalty of public scorn. They, as well as the military leaders, accepted no salary, and gave away any perquisites of their offices in time of peace and their share of plunder in time of war. There was no bribery nor corruption in office, for they had not learned these arts of civilization. They felt themselves amply rewarded by the confidence and esteem of the people. Chosen by the voice of universal suffrage, and feeling the responsibilities which that trust imposed upon them, their deportment was as dignified as their position.

Each canton or nation was a distinct republic, entirely independent of the others in what may be termed the domestic concerns of the state; but each was bound to others of the league by ties of honor and of general interest. Each had an equal voice in the General Council or Congress of the league, and each possessed a sort of veto or prohibitory power, which was a guaranty against a central despotism. The powers and duties of the chief magistrate of the Confederacy were similar to those imposed upon the President of the United States. He had authority to "light the great Council Fire"—to assemble the General Congress—by sending a messenger to the sachem of each nation, calling him to a meeting. With his own hand he kindled a blaze around which the representatives gathered and each lighted his pipe. He had a cabinet of six councillors of state, whose powers were only advisory. In the Council, he was only the moderator or presiding officer. He had no power to control, directly, military affairs, nor interfere with the internal policy of the several states of the league. There was really no coercive or compulsory power lodged anywhere, that could act upon a state or individual, excepting that of despotic public opinion. There was a third party in the government, who exercised great influence. These were the matrons or elderly women, who had a right to sit in the councils and there exercise a negative or veto power on the subject of a declaration of war, or to propose or demand a cessation of hostilities.

Theirs was a highly conservative power. They were pre-eminently the peace-makers of the league, for their personal happiness depended upon peaceful pursuits. They modestly refrained from making speeches in the legislature, but they furnished materials for masculine orators, and so wielded a potent influence. And so it was that in that notable confederacy of barbarians, formed long before their contact with Europeans, woman was man's co-worker in legislation—a thing unheard of in civilized nations. It was a government the nearest to a pure democracy, and yet highly aristocratic—a government of the best of the people—that the world has ever seen. It had all of the essential elements of our form of government.

I have said that the soldiers of the league controlled the legislators. The military leaders, like the Sachems, derived their authority from the people, who recognized and rewarded their ability as warriors. They held the relations to the civil heads of the nations, similar to that of Roman generals to Emperors, whom they elevated to and deposed from office. The army was composed wholly of volunteers, for there was no power to conscribe men. Every able-bodied man was bound, by custom, to do military duty, and he who shirked it incurred everlasting disgrace. The ranks of the army were, therefore, always full. The war-dance and the assemblages for



AN INDIAN WAR-DANCE.

amusement were the recruiting stations, for there the veteran warriors, painted and decorated, recounted their brave deeds in wild songs, as they danced around great fires, singly or in a ring formed by clasped hands. These stirring war-songs inspired the young men with desires to emulate

their example and win the honors of war. Sometimes young men—mere lads—seated among the women as spectators, inspired by these songs, would spring to their feet, and rushing out into the magic circle in a complete frenzy, would seize each other by the hand and dance and yell around the blazing pile, to the delight of the old warriors. Such was the method of “beating up for recruits” among all the barbarian nations of North America. In the perfect freedom of this voluntary system lay the amazing strength of the league, for every servant of the state was an inspired and willing one. And so much did the people of this league reverence the inalienable rights of man, that they never made a fellow-man a serf or slave—not even their captives in war.

There is no positive proof as to the time when the Iroquois Confederacy was formed. It was probably at the beginning of the fifteenth century, or about a hundred years before Columbus crossed the Atlantic Ocean. When Europeans found it, it was powerful and aggressive. Like old Rome, the state was constantly increasing in area and population, by conquests and annexations. Had the discovery of America by Europeans been deferred a century longer, no doubt that republic would have embraced the continent; for the FIVE NATIONS, as the league was called, had already extended their conquests from the great lakes on our northern border almost to the Gulf of Mexico, and were the terror of all the other Indian tribes east and west of them. In unity was found their strength. For a time even the French in Canada, who had taught them the use of fire-arms, maintained a doubtful struggle against them. “Our wise forefathers,” said one of their leading sachems to commissioners of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, in 1744, “established unity and amity among the Five Nations. This has made us formidable. This has given us great weight with our neighboring nations. We are a powerful confederacy; and by observing the same methods our wise forefathers have taken, you will acquire fresh strength and power. Therefore I counsel you, whatever may befall you, not to fall out with each other.”

Like every other unlettered nation whose history is unrecorded in books, and whose origin is obscure, the Iroquois have colored their traditions of the beginning of the league with the hues of the supernatural or miraculous. Their story is only another form of the old story—older than the ages of history and as widespread as the race. It has come floating down the stream of time from Central Asia—the home of the true Hindoo—the Eden—the Paradise—the garden—which produced the root of the languages and the germs of the religion and laws of Europe and of the Caucasians of this continent. That teeming East is the mother of those historic myths in

which figure, in divine grandeur, the founders of nations. Among these is *Hi-a-wat-ha*, the founder of the Iroquois Confederacy. Their traditions tell us that this personage, whom, in later years, they revered as the incarnation of wisdom, came from his serene dwelling in the skies, and took up his abode with the Onondagas, then the most favored of the Five Nations of the great Iroquois family, living within the domain of the present State of New York. The Onondagas occupied a central position, the Mohawks and Oneidas being east of them, and the Cayugas and Senecas west of them. *Hi-a-wat-ha* taught them the art of good living; the value and strength of mutual friendship and good-will, and the advantages of having fixed habitations and the cultivation of the earth. He was yet among them when a band of fierce warriors came down like an icy blast from the land north of the great lakes, slaying everything human in their path. He advised these related nations to call a council of their wise men for the purpose of forming a league for the common good, to oppose the destructive enemy. His advice was approved and immediately acted upon. The chief men of the Five Nations, followed by their women and children, gathered in great numbers on the banks of the Onondaga Lake. To the representatives of each nation was assigned a particular position in that council, with an appropriate title.

That was a notable gathering of gayly-decked savages at the dividing line between the woods and the waters. There the grave and dignified Mohawk of the east, met the fierce and fiery Seneca of the west, and all waited in silence for the presence of *Hi-a-wat-ha*, who appeared on the lake in a mysterious canoe with a beautiful and gentle maiden, his daughter. He landed on the pebbly shore, and as he and his sweet child ascended the bank, a strange sound was heard in the air—like a wind rushing by. In the far distant sky a white speck was seen, which grew larger and larger as it approached, in rapid descent, toward the spot where the great multitude stood. It assumed the shape of a monster bird. As it was evident that it was about to fall upon the council ground, the people fled in terror, all but *Hi-a-wat-ha* and his daughter. "Stand still, my child," he said, "it is cowardly to fly from any danger. The decrees of the Great Spirit may not be averted by flight." He had just ceased speaking, when the bird, an enormous white heron, with extended wings, fell upon the maiden and crushed her to the earth. Its fall was so violent, that its beak and head were buried in the ground, and the bird and the maiden both perished. *Hi-a-wat-ha*, though so suddenly and awfully bereaved, showed no signs of emotion. Not a muscle was moved by the calamity. He calmly beckoned to the warriors, who came forward and plucked the beautiful white plumes of the dead heron, and each placing one on his head, wore it as a commemo-

rative decoration. Thenceforth, for many generations, it was the custom of the braves of the Five Nations to wear a white heron-plume on their heads when going out on the war-path, or as a national insignia and memento of the origin of the league.

On removing the body of the bird, no traces of *Hi-a-wat-ha's* daughter could be found. The disconsolate father was moody for awhile, and the



HI-A-WAT-HA AND HIS DAUGHTER.

people waited in respectful silence until he aroused himself and proceeded to the discharge of his grave duties. He placed himself at the head of the council and guided its action. He was seated on a mossy stone, and was clad in a wolf-skin mantle and a tunic of soft furs that hung from his waist. His arms and legs were bare, and without ornaments, and on his feet were rich moccasins. On his head was a cap formed of a band of soft deer-skin, covered with the small plumage of many colored birds. From this arose a

stately pile of feathers of every sort, from those of the white heron and the gray eagle to the smaller ones of the golden oriole and the flaming scarlet taniger. Near him were seated the chief warriors and councillors of the tribes, who joined in the brief debates and listened with profound attention to the words of wisdom that fell from the lips of *Hi-a-wat-ha*. After listening to the discussion, he arose and addressed the people by nations, saying, as he pointed toward the heads of each:

"You (the Mohawks) who are sitting under the shadow of *The Great Tree* whose roots sink deep into the earth, and whose branches spread wide around, shall be the first nation, nearest the rising of the sun, because you are warlike and mighty.

"You (Oneidas) who recline your bodies against *The Everlasting Stone*, emblem of wisdom, that cannot be moved, shall be the second nation, because you always give wise counsel.

"You (the Onondagas) who have your habitation at the foot of *The Great Hills*, and are overshadowed by their crags, shall be the third nation, because you are all greatly gifted in speech.

"You (the Cayugas) the people who live in *The Open Country*, and possess much wisdom, shall be the fourth nation, because you understand better the art of raising corn and beans, and making houses.

"You (the Senecas) whose dwelling is in *The Dark Forest* nearer the setting sun, and whose home is everywhere, shall be the fifth nation, because of your superior cunning in hunting.

"Unite, you five nations and have one common interest, and no foe shall disturb or subdue you. You, the people, who are as the feeble bushes, and you who are a fishing people (addressing some who had come from the Delawares, and from the sea-shore), may place yourselves under our protection, and we will defend you. And you of the South and West may do the same—we will protect you. We earnestly desire the alliance and friendship of you all. Brothers, if we unite in this great bond, the Great Spirit will smile upon us, and we shall be free, prosperous and happy. But if we remain as we are we shall be subject to his frown. We shall be enslaved, ruined, perhaps annihilated. We may perish under the war-storm, and our names be no longer remembered by good men, nor repeated in the dance and song. Brothers, these are the words of *Hi-a-wat-ha*. I have said it. I am done."

The confederation was formed the next day. Then *Hi-a-wat-ha's* mission to the Iroquois was ended. He gave them more wise advice, and then announced his intention to return to his divine habitation. Whilst the multitude stood in silence and awe, he went down to the water's edge and

entered his mysterious canoe. Suddenly the air was filled with delicious music, like the warbling of innumerable birds, that charmed the senses of the wondering people. Slowly the canoe and its precious burden arose in the air, higher and higher, until it was lost in the blue depths to the vision of eager eyes gazing after it until it vanished. *Hi-a-wat-ha* had returned to the region of the Blessed.

Atatarho, a chief of the Onondagas, and eminent for his wisdom and valor, was chosen President or Grand Sachem of the League. A delegation of the Mohawks were sent to offer him the honor. They found him seated in grim solitude in the dark recesses of a swamp, smoking his pipe, with drinking vessels around him made of the skulls of his enemies, as were those of the old barbarian Northmen centuries before Lief came to Vineland. The delegation could not go near his person, for he was clothed with hissing serpents, emblems of wisdom. The Mohawks stood at a distance under the branches of a tamarac, whilst their leader approached nearer and announced their errand. Atatarho arose, and with dignity accepted the office. The serpents were transformed into a mantle of bear's skin; and following the delegation, the president of the league went to the council and there declared that he would do the will of the sages and warriors of the confederated nations. From that time the Iroquois Confederacy was invincible until the white man came and, by craft and power, paralyzed its strength and finally destroyed it.

When the white man came, early in the sixteenth century, to make permanent settlements in our country, he found the dusky inhabitants, as we have observed, speaking about a hundred different dialects. But there were only eight radically distinct nations. They are known as the Algonquins, Huron-Iroquois, Cherokees, Catawbias, Uchees, Natchez, Mobilians or Floridians, and Dakotahs or Sioux. Algonquin was a name given by the French to a large collection of families north and south of the great lakes, who speaking dialects of the same language, seemed to belong to the same nation. These inhabited the territory now included in all Canada, New England, a part of New York and Pennsylvania, the States of New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, Eastern North Carolina above Cape Fear, a large portion of Kentucky and Tennessee, and all north and west of these States eastward of the Mississippi River. Within the folds of the Algonquin nation were the Huron-Iroquois in Canada, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio; a few families in Southern Virginia and upper North Carolina, and the Iroquois Confederacy in the State of New York.

The Cherokees inhabited the picturesque and fertile region in the upper part of Georgia and its vicinity, where the mountain ranges that form the

watershed between the Atlantic Ocean and the Mississippi River melt into the lowlands which border the Gulf of Mexico. They were called the mountaineers of the South, and were the most formidable of all the foes of the conquering Iroquois. Their neighbors on the east were the Catawbas, who dwelt upon the borders of the Yadkin and Catawba rivers on both sides of the boundary line between North and South Carolina. The Iroquois made incursions into their country, but they never brought the Catawbas under the yoke of that confederacy. The Uchees were only the remnant of a once powerful people. They were living in the beautiful land in Georgia between the sites of Augusta and Milledgeville, along the Oconee and around the head-waters of the Ogeechee and Chattahoochee. They claimed to be the descendants of a people more ancient than those around them, and they had no traditions, as all the others had, of having migrated from another country.



INDIANS SPEARING FISH.

The Natchez, who occupied a territory east of the Mississippi stretching north-eastward from the site of the City of Natchez, along the borders of the Pearl River to the head-waters of the Chickasaw River, claimed to be an older nation than the Uchees. Like the other Indians of the Gulf region, they were fire and sun worshippers, and made sacrifices to the great luminary. The Mobilians or Floridians occupied a very large territory that bordered on the Gulf of Mexico. It stretched along the Atlantic coast from the mouth of the Cape Fear River to the extremity of the Florida

peninsula, and westward to the Mississippi River. They also held jurisdiction up that stream to the mouth of the Ohio River. Their domain included the States of Florida, Alabama and Mississippi, all of Georgia not occupied by the Cherokees and Uchees, and portions of South Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky. The nation was divided into three confederacies, known respectively as the Creek, Choctaw and Chickasaw.

Under the general title of Dakotas or Sioux, have been grouped a vast number of tribes west of the Mississippi River and the great lakes, with whom the earlier French explorers came in contact. They spoke, apparently, dialects of the same language, and were regarded as one nation. They inhabited the vast domain stretching northward from the Arkansas River to the western tributaries of Lake Winnipeg, and westward along that line to the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains. These have been arranged in four classes, namely, the Winnebagoes, the Assinniboins or Sioux proper, the Minetarees and the Southern Sioux.

Such was the general geographical distribution of the Indians when European settlements were begun among them. They were not stationary residents of a fixed domain; nor, with the exception of the Iroquois Confederacy, was there the semblance of a national government amongst them. They had wandered for centuries, and some of them had evidently traversed the whole continent. Yet they were not a nomadic race, or a people seeking pasture for cattle, living in tents, and having no fixed home for a month at a time. Neither were they agriculturists, steadily cultivating the soil. The horse, cow, sheep and swine were unknown to them. They had never tamed the buffalo nor the stately elk for labor or food; nor had they sheared a fleece from the great-horned Rocky Mountain sheep. Like primitive man, the Indian was a hunter and fisher, and depended for his sustenance chiefly upon the chase and the hook.



CHAPTER III.

The Indians of the Gulf Region—Their Religious Ceremonies as Sun-Worshippers—Their Domestic Habits, Costumes, Dwellings and Productions—Their Military Defences and War-like Operations—Their Marriage and Funeral Ceremonies—The Fate of the Indians—European Society in the Fifteenth Century—Theories Respecting the Shape of the Earth—Discoveries by the Portuguese—Popular Traditions Concerning the Atlantic Ocean—Christopher Columbus: His Theories and Aspirations—His Family Relations and Early Voyages—His Efforts to Obtain Means for Making a Voyage of Discovery—Conduct of the King of Portugal.

IN the warmer region around the Gulf of Mexico dwelt a people having the same general hue of skin, form of features and texture of hair, as those of the more northern countries. They were either the descendants of the Central or South Americans, or their habits of life had been modified by contact with the half-civilized people of those countries. They were an athletic and vigorous race. The men were well-proportioned, active and graceful in all their movements. The women were smaller, exquisitely formed, and some of them were very beautiful.

In the colder weather of the winter, the common men wore a mantle made of a sort of cloth manufactured of the soft inner bark of trees interwoven with hemp or a species of flax. This was thrown gracefully over the shoulder, leaving the right arm exposed. Around the loins was a very short tunic, extending half way down the thighs, or only a wrapper. The richer and nobler sort of men wore beautiful mantles made of feathers of every hue, exquisitely arranged, or the skins of fur-bearing animals, with dressed deer-skin tunics wrought in colors, and moccasins and buskins of the same materials. The women of the better sort, at the cooler season, wore a garment of cloth or feathers or furs wrought like the mantles of the men. It was wrapped more closely around the body at the waist, and fell gracefully almost to the knee. The rest of the form was left bare excepting in the coldest weather, when they wore short mantles that fell from the neck to the hips. Their heads were always uncovered, but the men wore a skull-cap of cloth ornamented with beautiful sea-shells, the claws of beasts, or strings of pearls. It is related that a queen, on the banks of the Savannah River, took from her neck a magnificent string of pearls and twined it

around that of De Soto, the early Spanish discoverer of the region. Sometimes they wore pearl pendants in their ears. In summer both sexes went without clothing, excepting a drapery of what is now known in that region as Spanish moss, gathered from the trees. This was fastened at the waist, and fell in graceful negligence to the thighs. The chiefs, and prophets, and other principal men, and their wives, painted their breasts and the front part of their bodies, with stripes of white, yellow and red; and some practiced a kind of tattooing. Sometimes the fops of this class might be seen prome-



SOUTHERN INDIANS.

nading, at evening, in beautiful mantles of deer-skins and of the marten, which trailed on the ground, or were held by attendants; and if they were warriors, on their heads might be seen lofty plumes of the eagle and the flamingo.

The houses of the chiefs, spacious and airy, stood upon large mounds, natural or artificial, that were ascended by steps of wood or earth. These dwellings were built of timber, sometimes in the form of a great pavilion with a broad piazza around it, furnished with benches. They were covered

with the leaves of the palmetto, or thatched with straw; and sometimes they were roofed with reeds after the manner of tiles. Their winter houses were daubed inside and out with clay.

The weapons of the Floridians for hunting and war were strong bows and arrows, and javelins. Their arrows were made of fine dried cane, tipped with buck-horn and pointed with flint, hard wood, or fish bones. They were carried in a quiver made of the skin of the fawn, cased at bottom with the hide of the bear or the alligator, and slung by a thong of deer's skin so as to rest on the hip. The warriors all wore shields in battle, composed of wood, split cane, or the hide of the alligator and buffalo. On the left arm they wore a small shield of bark to protect it from the rebound of the bow-string. They also had short swords made of hard wood. When a chief was about to declare war, he sent a party at night toward the town of the



DECLARATION OF WAR BY SOUTHERN INDIANS.

enemy, to stick arrows in the ground at the cross-paths or other conspicuous places near it. From these arrows waved long locks of human hair as tokens of scalping. Then he would assemble his painted warriors, and after some wild ceremonies, would turn reverentially toward the sun, with a wooden javelin in his hand, and invoking the aid of the great God of Fire, he would take a vessel of water, and sprinkle it around, saying: "Thus may you do with the blood of your enemies." Raising another vessel of water, he would pour it upon the fire which had been kindled, and as it was extinguished he would say: "Thus may you destroy your enemies and bring home their scalps." When the battle was over, the victors cruelly mutilated the bodies of their captives. Carrying their dis severed limbs and their scalps upon spear-points, into the public square, they were there placed on poles, and the people celebrated the triumph by dancing around these

trophies and singing wild songs of joy. The widows of those lost in battle gathered around the chief with piteous cries, praying him to avenge the deaths of their loved ones, asking him for an allowance during their widowhood and permission to marry again as soon as the law would allow. Then they visited the burial-places of their husbands, and cutting off their long tresses, strewed them over the graves. When their hair had grown to its usual length they were ready to marry again.

Hunting, fishing and the cultivation of the rich land were the chief employments of these people. The cotton plant was unknown to them, but hemp and flax were quite abundant. The women assisted the men in the fields, in the cultivation of corn, beans, peas, squashes, and pumpkins, which yielded enormous returns for the little labor bestowed. These productions were stored in granaries made of stone and earth and covered with mats, for winter use; also preserved meats. They obtained salt by evaporation, and the women were generally good cooks of the simple food. They made and used pottery for kitchen service, some of it skillfully constructed and quite beautiful. They were skillful artisans, as evinced by their arms, houses, beautiful barges and canoes, and ornaments. They had fortifications with moats or ditches; and walled towns; and some of their temples were grand, imposing and beautiful. Their roofs were steep and covered with mats of split cane, interwoven so compactly that they resembled the rush carpeting of the Moors. At the entrances to some of the temples, and in niches in the interior, were well-wrought wooden statues, some of them of persons who were entombed in the sacred place. Between these were shields of various sizes, made of strongly woven reeds adorned with pearls and colored tassels. Rich offerings of pearls and deer-skins, and the furs of martens and other animals were seen in these temples in great profusion, all dedicated to the Sun, the great God whom they worshipped.

The theology or religious system of these people was very simple. They regarded the Sun as the Supreme Deity, and venerated the moon and certain brilliant stars. In all their invocations of blessings upon their chiefs or upon themselves, the Sun was appealed to, as we appeal to God. "May the Sun guard you!" "May the Sun be with you!" were usual forms of invocation. At the beginning of March the men of a community selected the skin of the largest deer, with the heads and legs attached, which they filled with a variety of fruit and grain. It was served up, and appeared like the live creature in form. Its horns were garlanded with fruits and early spring flowers. Then the effigy was carried in a procession of all the inhabitants, to a plain, and placed at the top of a high post. There, at the moment when the sun appeared upon the eastern horizon, the people all fell upon their

knees, with their faces toward the rising luminary, and implored the god of day to grant them, the ensuing season, an abundance of fruit and grain as good as those which they then offered.

The funeral ceremonies of these people, especially those on the death of a chief or prophet, were very peculiar. The body underwent a sort of embalming, when it was placed in the ground in a sitting posture by the nearest relatives of the deceased. Then food and money were placed by its side, and a conical mound of earth was piled over it, at the foot of which was



A CEREMONIAL INVOCATION.

made a paling of arrows stuck in the ground. Around this tomb the people gathered in great numbers, some standing, some sitting, and all howling. This ceremony continued three days and nights, after which, for a long time, chosen women visited the tomb three times a day, morning, noon and night. The chief, whilst he was alive, was held in the greatest veneration, for, like the Assyrian kings, he was both monarch and pontiff—the chief magistrate and the high priest. A cruel sacrifice was made to him

of every first-born male child, a custom learned from the Central Americans. It symbolized the devotion and surrender of the entire strength of the nation to the chief. Sitting upon a bench on one side of a large circle, a block two feet in height was placed before him. The child was brought by a dancing-girl and placed upon the block, and the young mother, weeping in agony, was compelled to stand near it, to make the offering. A prophet dashed out its brains, and then a group of girls danced around the altar of sacrifice, singing songs.

When a young chief desired to marry, he would send a few of his principal men to select from the daughters of the first families one of the youngest and most beautiful of the marriageable ones. The chosen bride was then painted and decorated in the most tasteful manner, preparatory to the nuptials. Brilliant colors, and costly pearls and shells, adorned her person. She was covered from her waist almost to her knees with a beautiful tunic of rich feathers. Then she was placed in a sedan chair, the top of which was an arch of green boughs festooned and garlanded with flowers. In that state she was conveyed to the presence of her future lord on the shoulders of six noblemen who were preceded by musicians and two men bearing magnificent feather fans, and followed by dancing-girls and the immediate relatives of the bride. When arrived at the residence of the chief, she was received by the lords in waiting, who conducted her to a seat by the side of her husband, on an elevated dais, where great pomp and ceremony were displayed by those in attendance. The bride and groom were constantly fanned by beautiful maidens, if the weather was warm; and they were regaled with the unfermented juice of the grape, in its season, or with a kind of sherbert made of orange juice, at other times. At near the sun-setting the chief and his young wife walked out into an open field, followed by all the people, and at the last parting ray of the luminary, they prostrated themselves toward the west and invoked the blessings of the Sun upon themselves and their children. From that moment until the stars appeared the people indulged in music and dancing—the music of the reed and a sort of tambourine and the dancing of young men and maidens—when the chief and his bride retired to their dwelling, there, with friends, to partake of a marriage-feast by the light of lamps.

Such is an outline picture of the people with whom the Spaniards first came in contact on the continent after the discoveries of Columbus and his cotemporaries. These, with the Iroquois Confederacy, are the two notable exceptions spoken of, to the general character and habits of the dusky nations who then inhabited North America. We now have a tolerably correct impression of these barbarian and savage communities whose history,

down to the present time, forms an important part of that of our Republic. Some of them have gone up in the social scale, and others have gone down: some of them have disappeared, and other tribes have been discovered. All are gradually fading away from the earth; and the time cannot be far distant when the last of the dusky race may sit on the verge of the Pacific Ocean, with his face toward the setting sun, and chant the death-song of his people, saying:

“We, the rightful lords of yore,
Are the rightful lords no more.
Like the silver mists we fail;
Like the red leaves in the gale—
Fail like shadows when the dawning
Waves the bright flag of the morning.”



CARRYING THE BETROTHED TO THE CACIQUE.

But they will leave behind them myriads of memories of their existence here, in their beautiful and significant names of our mountains and valleys, our lakes and rivers, our states, counties, villages and cities. We may say to our people,

“That, mid the forests where they warr’d,
There rings no hunter’s shout;
But their name is on your waters—
Ye may not wash it out.”

At this point in our story, the scene shifts, as in a dissolving view, to another continent, and presently appears the grand procession of discoverers who opened the way to settlements in this new-found land.

We have remarked that from the period of the visits of the Northmen to Vineland (America) until Columbus crossed the Atlantic Ocean, great changes had taken place in Europe. The empire of the Franks, founded by Charlemagne, had been succeeded by that of the more progressive Germans, in the mastery of Europe, with Otho the Great as the initial Emperor. The Crusades had broken up the inertia or stagnation of European society. They had unbarred the gates of the East, and let in a flood of light from the sources of science and philosophy. The Northmen or Normans had taken possession of some of the fairest regions of France (Normandy), and had invaded, conquered, and refined England. The feudal system—a system in which lands are held by a few nobles who farm them out as a privilege secured by military service—had given way to an established political system in the form of monarchies or powerful republics. Commercial cities were gathering and distributing the products of industry and flecking the seas with white sails, proving that the arts of peace are far more productive of happiness than the pursuit of war. Over all Europe, from the Carpathian mountains to the sea, and from the Mediterranean to the Baltic, there was wonderful intellectual, moral and physical activity at the middle of the fifteenth century. Trade had linked various peoples in bonds of mutual interest and sympathy, and Europe, with the birth of the printing-press at that time, was prepared to enter upon that new and bright era of scientific investigation and maritime discovery which speedily appeared. When Lief came to America, the gloom of the dark ages was most intense—it was the world's midnight. When at near the close of the fifteenth century Columbus crossed the Atlantic, the faint gleam was seen of the dawn of that glorious day in the history of civilization, whose sunrise was heralded by the bold assertion that man had an inalienable right to the free exercise of his reason in faith and practice, whether in religion, politics, or morality.

Early in the fifteenth century, commerce had stimulated maritime adventure which led to maritime discoveries. Its most wonderful activity was seen in the Mediterranean and Adriatic seas. For the control of this commerce, Genoa on the Mediterranean and Venice on the Adriatic, both in Italy, were powerful and zealous rivals. The commerce of India was very profitable, and for the monopoly of it these rivals fiercely contended through diplomacy and arms. That commerce found its chief communications with Genoa by way of the Indus, the Oxus, and the Caspian and Black Seas. It found its chief communications with Venice by way of the Persian Gulf, the

river Euphrates and the Red Sea to Syrian and Egyptian ports. To these and the ports of the Black Sea the Italian vessels resorted for the silks, and spices, and other rich commodities of the Orient.

In the sharp contests of these rival republics for commercial supremacy, the Venetians finally outgeneraled the Genoese. They acquired by diplomacy and business activity such influence over the ports of the Black Sea and the Levant that the Genoese saw ruin before them; and they began to look in other directions for relief and continued prosperity. With the revival of learning which the Crusades (or the wars of Christians for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre of Jesus, at Jerusalem, from the hands of the Turks) had been chiefly instrumental in producing, came into Europe a knowledge of the theories and demonstrations of the Arabian astronomers, concerning the globular form of the earth. Intelligent mariners and others had become satisfied that it was globular; and the idea was finally impressed as truth upon the minds of the Genoese merchants, whilst the clergy vehemently opposed it. Reason and Faith came into collision. Reason prevailed, and the Genoese merchants were willing to allow the navigators of their ships to sail westward in quest of India.

Meanwhile the merchants of Western Europe, who were wholly excluded from direct participation in the commerce of the East through the Mediterranean by the jealous Italians, were seeking other channels of communication with India. In this enterprise they had the powerful aid of Prince Henry, son of John the First, King of Portugal and the English Princess Philippa of Lancaster, sister of King Henry the Fourth of England. Whilst Prince Henry was with his father on an expedition into Africa, he received much information from the Moors concerning the coast of Guinea and other parts that were then unknown to Europeans. He believed that important discoveries might be made by navigating along the western coast of that continent, and on his return home the idea absorbed his whole attention. He retired from court, and at a beautiful country seat near Cape St. Vincent, in full view of the ocean, he drew around him men of science and learning. Being a studious and profound mathematician himself, he had become master of all the astronomy then known to the Spaniards. With these scientific men and scholars, he studied every branch of learning connected with maritime art, and they became satisfied, from ancient chronicles and fair induction, that Africa was circumnavigable—that India might be reached by going around the southern shores of that continent. This idea was contrary to the assertions of Ptolemy, the standard geographer at that time, and of many learned men; but Prince Henry adhered to his belief in the face of threats of the priests and the sneers of learned professors.

Wild tales were believed of dreadful reefs and stormy headlands stretching far out at sea, and of a fiery climate at the equator which no living thing, not even whales in the depth of the ocean, could pass because of the great heat. It was believed that the waves rolled in boiling water upon the fiery sands of the coasts, and that whoever should pass beyond Cape Bajador would never return. Against every species of opposition Prince Henry persevered. His navigators scattered all these fallacies and tales to the winds by doubling Cape Bajador and penetrating the tropical regions. At length, in the year 1497, Vasquez de Gama, a Portuguese mariner who had been in Prince Henry's service in his youth, passed around the Cape of Good Hope (which he so named), with an Arabian chart directing his course, and crossing the Indian Ocean landed in India at Calcutta. Africa was circumnavigated and a new way was opened to India by the ocean pathway of Pharaoh Necho. Prince Henry had then been dead twenty-four years. He saw the promises of this achievement from afar, but he did not live to enjoy this full triumph of reason. But a greater triumph had lately been achieved than when De Gama passed the Cape of Good Hope.

Just at the evening twilight of a beautiful day in October, 1485, a man about fifty years of age (tall, well-formed, and muscular; long visaged; a face of fair complexion, a little freckled and usually ruddy, but now pale and careworn in expression; an aquiline nose, rather high cheek bones, eyes a light-gray; his hair thin and silvery, and his whole demeanor elevated and dignified) might have been seen standing at the gate of the Franciscan Convent near Palos, in Spain, asking for a little bread and water for his pale-faced, motherless child, whom he was leading by the hand. It was CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, then in extreme poverty, making his way, with his boy Diego, on foot for the Spanish Court. While he lay sick near Belem, a mysterious voice had said to him in a dream: "God will cause thy name to be wonderfully resounded through the earth, and will give thee the keys of the gates of the ocean which are closed with strong chains." It was a prophecy of the imagination—a sequence of intense thought and weary study on the subject. To the mind of Columbus it had all the reality of a revelation from God.

Columbus was the son of a wool-comber in Genoa, where he was born about the year 1435. Like other boys with busy fancies in that maritime city, he showed a fondness for the sea at an early age, and his father, though straitened in means, sent him, for a short time, to the University of Pavia to study the sciences which might fit him to be a navigator. It was an age of rapid intellectual development. Learning was leaving the monasteries to take up its abode with the laity. Geographical discoveries had created an

intense longing for geographical knowledge, and the writings of Pliny, Strabo and others, which the newly-discovered art of printing soon multiplied, were read with avidity.

Columbus became a passionate disciple of geographical teachers. He made his first voyage when he was only fourteen years of age. As his practical knowledge deepened with experience, and wonderful tales of mariners concerning mysterious lands seen in the far-off Atlantic fell upon his ears,

his soul burned with an intense desire to penetrate the unknown waste of waters. There was then a popular tradition that there was a very large island in the Atlantic called Antilla, mentioned by Aristotle, which Carthaginian mariners had visited. There was also a tradition of another island, on which St. Brandon, a Scotch priest, landed in the sixth century, and found magnificent cities. Still another spoke of the Island of Seven Cities, on which seven Spanish bishops, who fled from Spain with an immense number of followers, on the invasion of the Moors, had settled and founded seven grand cities. Even the

learned geographer, Martin Behm, whom the King of Portugal employed, placed these islands on a globe which he constructed as being contiguous to the eastern coast of Asia. And with the revival of letters, came from Greece the story of Atlantis, which Plato had learned from the Egyptians and told to his countrymen—a story which gave an account of an immense island in the Atlantic, in early times, larger than Asia and Africa



COLUMBUS AND HIS SON AT THE CONVENT GATE.

together, full of inhabitants, great cities and mighty kingdoms, which, by tremendous earthquakes, had been shaken from their foundations and swallowed by the sea. These traditions, the stories of the people of the Canary Islands concerning land frequently seen westward of them (a mirage?) and scores of other marvelous tales, fired the imagination of Columbus, and he conceived the grand design of attempting the discovery of unknown lands in the West.

Finding very little encouragement in his native city, and Prince Henry of Portugal being then engaged in his explorations of the western coast of Africa, Columbus went to Lisbon. He arrived there about the year 1470, when he was in the prime of his young manhood. There he was a strict attendant at religious services in the chapel of the Convent of All Saints. In that convent several ladies of rank boarded or resided. Among these was Doña Felipa, daughter of Bartolomeo de Perestrello, an Italian cavalier then lately dead, who had been one of Prince Henry's most noted navigators. He had discovered, colonized and governed the island of Porto Santo, one of the Madeiras. Columbus and Doña Felipa became acquainted. The acquaintance ripened into love and resulted in marriage.

Columbus and his bride resided with her mother in Porto Santo. Madame Perestrello placed in the hands of her son-in-law the maps, charts, journals and memoranda of her late husband. They opened new fields for the contemplation of the navigator, and inspired him with an irrepressible desire for attempting discoveries in the West. These desires were stimulated by facts that were given him by Pedro Correo, an eminent navigator, who had married a sister of the wife of Columbus. He told him of timber handsomely carved, and of immense canes such as it was said grew in India, that had been found floating on the sea, from the westward; also of the bodies of two men which had been cast ashore on one of the islands of the Azores by a westerly gale, whose faces were large and their skins a copper color. These things confirmed Columbus in a budding belief that he might reach India by sailing westward, and he formed plans accordingly. These he communicated to the eminent Toscanelli, of Florence, who wrote to him an encouraging letter, and sent him a map projected partly by Ptolemy and partly from descriptions of Marco Polo, a Venetian, who made an overland journey to China late in the thirteenth century, and was in the public employment of the Great Khan or Emperor of Tartary. With this map before him Columbus studied the narrative of Polo, and was impressed with the belief that by sailing westward he would find the rich country of Cathay described by that traveller (now known to be China) and the great island of Zipangi, supposed to be Japan. These were the subjects of his dreams,

whilst cruising among the islands in American waters, many years afterward.

Columbus made voyages in the service of the Portuguese; and in 1477 he sailed to Iceland and beyond. There he doubtless heard the traditions concerning the voyages of the sons of Eric the Red, or listened to rehearsals of the sagas in which they were recorded. On his return he was filled with zeal for undertaking western discoveries. But comparative poverty was his portion. He was not able to fit out a ship, so he appealed to the King of Portugal for assistance. That monarch was too much engrossed in a war with Spain to listen to him. He waited patiently until his successor, the young John the Second, ascended the throne. John was endowed with the spirit of his great uncle, Prince Henry, and listened to Columbus gladly. The scheme of the navigator was referred to a junta composed of two eminent cosmographers or describers of the universe, and a learned bishop. They decided that his project was extravagant and visionary.

The king was not satisfied. He called a council of learned men, who also decided against the project. Still the king was not satisfied; when the bishop (who was his confessor) proposed to him a mean stratagem. It was that he should get from Columbus his plans, charts, proposed directions for sailing and all other necessary information, under the pretext that he cherished his propositions. Then he was to send a caravel (a small three-masted vessel) to the Cape de Verd islands on the pretext of carrying provisions there, with instructions to go as far westward as possible, to ascertain if there were any foundation for the navigator's theory. This was to secure advantages to the state without committing it to what might turn out to be a mere chimera. The king permitted himself to follow the advice of the bishop. The cowardly crew of the caravel did not go far, before they were frightened back by the great waves. Columbus discovered the infamous trick to defraud him of the honors of such a discovery, and with lofty pride he scorned all offers of the monarch to renew the negotiations. His wife was now dead. She had borne him a son, whom they had named Diego. The domestic ties which bound him to Portugal were broken, and turning his back upon the faithless king and priest, he took his boy and secretly departed from Lisbon late in the year 1484. Whither he went then nobody certainly knows. He first reappears in history in the south of Spain, standing, in the twilight of a beautiful October day, at the door of the Franciscan monastery near Palos, asking for a little bread and water for his famishing boy.



CHAPTER IV.

Columbus at the Convent of De Rabida—Asks Aid of the Sovereigns of Spain—The Spanish Monarchy at that Time—Columbus Kept in Suspense—The Council at Salamanca—Delays and Disappointments—Queen Isabella Resolves to Fit Out Vessels for Columbus—He is Appointed Admiral and Sails for Palos—The Voyage Westward—Discovers an Island Supposed to be a Part of the East Indies—Lands, Takes Possession, and Calls the Native Inhabitants Indians.

IT is supposed by some that Columbus, after leaving Portugal, applied for aid to the Republic of Genoa. If he did, he was unsuccessful; and so we find him at the gate of the convent near Palos, in Andalusia, which was dedicated to Santa Maria de Rabida. Whilst the porter was getting refreshments for his boy, the prior of the convent, Friar Juan Perez de Marchena, happening to pass by, was attracted by the dignified aspect of the stranger. He soon learned that he was on his way to the neighboring town, Huelva, to seek for his brother-in-law, probably Pedro Correo, already mentioned. He also learned, from a brief conversation, that the stranger was an extraordinary man, and he invited Columbus to remain as his guest. With increasing wonder and admiration he heard the lips of the navigator unfold his theories, his plans and his hopes. That such a man should stand a beggar at his convent gate was a marvel to Father Marchena.

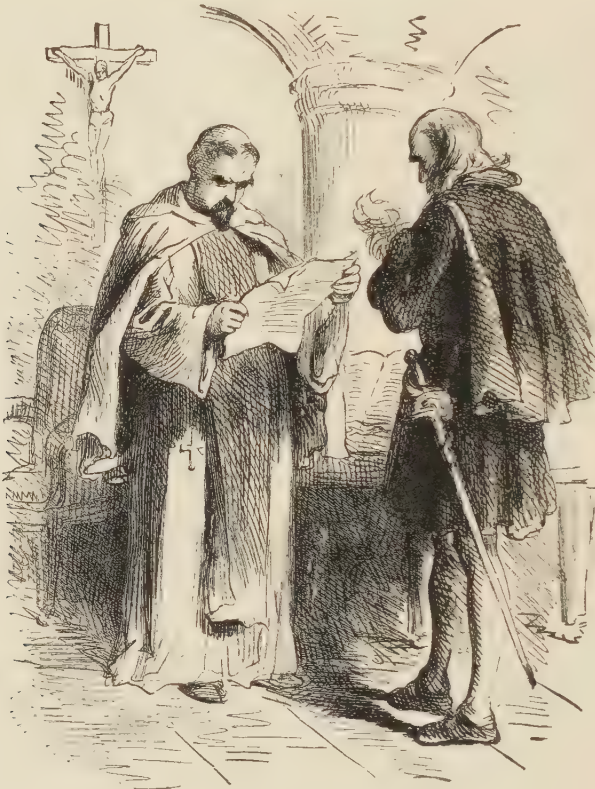
The friar was learned in geographical science. Able, therefore, to comprehend the grandeur of the views of Columbus, he was deeply impressed with the wisdom of the navigator, which seemed to him like inspiration. Distrusting his own judgment, he sent for Garcia Fernandez, a scientific friend in Palos, to come and converse with his guest; and within the quiet cloisters of La Rabida, the project of Columbus received the most profound respect, such as powerful courts and learned philosophers in council had not deigned to bestow. There he was brought in contact with old and eminent navigators of Palos, whose stories of the sea confirmed his faith in his theory. Marchena, impressed with the same faith, and the importance to Spain of a successful result of an enterprise like that proposed by Columbus, not only offered to give him a favorable introduction to the court, but he also offered to take his son Diego into the convent, and there educate him.

It was now one of the most remarkable and brilliant periods in the history of the Spanish monarchy. Ferdinand, King of Aragon, and Isabella, Queen of Castile and Leon, had been joined in marriage. Their kingdoms were united, and formed a strong empire. So was consolidated the Christian power of the Spanish Peninsula, and gave a prophecy of a speedy conquest of the Moors who were confined to Grenada, the kingdom which they had set up on Spanish soil more than two hundred years before. To effect that conquest, the efforts of united Spain were now directed. The two monarchs were one in love, respect, interest, views and aims, and were happily united in their councils for the good of the realm, yet they ruled as separate sovereigns, each having an independent council, and sometimes holding court and exercising sovereignty at widely separate points at the same time. They were wise in council and brave in action. Sometimes they were both in the field at the head of troops in their warfare with the Moors; and the armor worn by the queen on these occasions may be seen in the royal arsenal at Madrid. The monarchs were a unit, however, in the general administration of the consolidated kingdoms. All acts of sovereignty were executed in the names of both; public documents were signed by both; their profiles were stamped together on the national coins, and the royal seal displayed the united arms of Castile and Aragon. They were both extremely religious and were warmly attached to the Church of Rome, then at the height of its temporal power, whose head claimed to be "King of Kings."

It was an inauspicious time for Columbus to lay his projects before the monarchs. The court was moving from place to place, and was continually surrounded by the din and pageantry of war. So the navigator remained quietly at La Rabida, the guest of Father Marchena, until the spring of 1486, when the court had arrived at the ancient city of Cordova, where the troops had assembled for a vigorous spring campaign against the common enemy. To that old city, and to the court of the young sovereigns, Columbus repaired, bearing a letter from Marchena to the friar's intimate friend, Fernando de Talevera, prior of the monastery of Prado and confessor to the queen. He was a man high in the royal confidence, and possessed great weight in public affairs. With bright hopes Columbus presented the letter. The prior read it carefully, listened patiently to the explanations of the bearer, and coldly shaking his head in token of his doubts, bade the disappointed mariner good morning. He was not favorably impressed with the project of Columbus, and it is probable that he did not even mention it to the sovereigns.

For a long time Columbus lingered in Cordova. He went no more to

the priest, but found a friend and an advocate of his theory in Quintanillo, the controller of the finances of Castile. That officer obtained for the navigator the friendly aid of Mendoza, Archbishop of Toledo and Grand Cardinal of Spain. By that important personage he found admittance to the royal presence. The sovereigns listened with wonder and deep interest whilst he unfolded his theory and gave them corroborating facts. The prior of Prado



THE QUEEN'S CONFESSOR AND COLUMBUS

was ordered to assemble a council of astronomers and cosmographers at Salamanca to confer with the navigator. There, in the Convent of St. Stephen, they listened to his theories and his arguments. These were confuted by the books of Moses, the Psalms of David, the prophecies, the Gospels and Epistles, and by the writings of the early fathers of the Christian Church. Plain reason confounded his wild notions. "If the earth is

round," said the wise men of that council, "you will be compelled to sail up a kind of mountain from Spain, which you cannot do, even with the fairest wind, and you could never get back." The Grand Cardinal of Spain intimated that the theories of Columbus were irreligious; and the astonished navigator was really in danger of being consigned to the Inquisition, which was about to be revived, as a heretic, instead of receiving aid and honor as a discoverer.

Columbus was again doomed to long delay. Disappointed, wearied, almost in despair, he humbled his just pride and wrote a letter to the King of Portugal, whose overtures he had rejected, again asking aid. That monarch invited him to Lisbon. It was now the early spring of 1488. Circumstances had just then revived his hopes of help from the Spanish monarchs, and Columbus did not go. He was attached to Cordova, for there Beatrix Enriquez had borne him a son whom he named Fernando, and who became the historian of his father. But another year passed away before he was again summoned to confer with scientific men at Seville. The war was then at its height. The clangor of arms disturbed every peaceful occupation, and the conference was not held.

Another year passed away and Columbus, wearied by the suspense, pressed for a decisive answer to his petition. Another council of wise men decided that his project was vain, and beneath the dignity of sovereigns to engage in. Not so secretly thought the monarchs. They were unwilling to reject his suit altogether, and they sent him word that so soon as the war should be closed they would treat with him on the subject. So encouraged, Columbus went to the court at Seville, but saw little prospect of success there. He felt impelled to seek aid at other European courts, but he did not wish to leave Spain. Diego was at La Rabida, and Beatrix and his infant son Fernando were at Cordova. So he turned from the monarchs to the rich nobles of Spain. But he found no one among them willing to embark in his enterprise. The Duke of Medina Celi, to whom he applied, advised him to make another application to the Spanish monarchs, and gave him a letter to the queen.

The proud spirit of Columbus would not permit him to again wait upon the court in the character of a suppliant. He had received an invitation from the king of France to come to Paris, and he resolved to go. He went to the convent for Diego, to place him with Beatrix, at Cordova. The good father, Marchena, was touched with tenderest pity when he saw that great man, after years of weary waiting, again standing at his gate as poor, almost, as when he first stopped at that portal and asked food for his famishing boy. The friar's patriotism was also enkindled when he heard from the lips

of the disappointed navigator that he was about to leave the country forever, for he wished Spain to be a sharer with Columbus in the brilliant honors which would be acquired by the great discoveries which Marchena believed he would soon make. He summoned his scientific friends of Palos to a council for consultation. Among them came Martin Alonzo Pinzon, the head of a wealthy family of navigators there. Pinzon approved the project of Columbus, and showed his faith in the theory by offering to engage in a voyage of discovery, with his person and his purse, and to pay the expenses of another application to the court. Columbus was willing to delay his departure for France, but he would not be a suppliant again at the feet of the Spanish monarchs. So the warm-hearted Father Marchena resolved to seek a personal interview with Queen Isabella. He had once been her confessor, and he knew that persons of his sacred order found easy access to the presence of that devout woman.

Isabella was then at the military city of Santa Fé. Thither Marchena sent a letter to the queen by an eminent navigator, who, within a fortnight, brought back a note from her majesty summoning the friar to her presence, and giving Columbus the assurance that he might confidently expect royal aid. That note was laid before the little junta of friends at the convent, and produced much joy. Before midnight Marchena had saddled his mule and departed secretly for Santa Fé, where the sovereigns were superintending the close investment of the capital of Granada. An audience of the queen was readily obtained, when the friar pleaded eloquently in behalf of Columbus and Spain. His honest zeal and earnest eloquence secured Isabella's favorable attention. Her favorite, the Marchioness of Moya, seconded Father Marchena's pleading, and the queen requested that Columbus should be sent to her again. She forwarded money to him wherewith to purchase clothes, a mule for his journey, and to bear his traveling expenses.

With renewed hope Columbus journeyed toward the camp before Granada, where he arrived in time to see the Moors surrender to the Spanish power. He was soon admitted to the presence of the sovereigns. "What do you expect?" asked the king. "To be invested with the title and privileges of an admiral and viceroy over all the countries I may discover," Columbus replied. "Also one-tenth of all the gains either by trade or conquest," he added. One of the courtiers said: "By such an arrangement you would secure the honor of a command, without any loss in case of failure." Columbus instantly replied: "I will furnish an eighth of the cost provided I may enjoy an eighth of the profits." His terms were pronounced to be inadmissible. Others were offered. He refused to compromise, and the conference seemed fruitless. Columbus, again disappointed and heartily dis-

gusted, turned with a heavy heart from the royal pavilion, resolved to go immediately to France. He mounted his mule and started for La Rabida. Some powerful persons who were zealous converts to his theory, learning of his departure, deeply deplored the event. One of these was St. Angel, receiver of the ecclesiastical revenues of Arragon. He obtained an immediate audience of the monarchs, and ably vindicated the judgment of Columbus. The king was not convinced; the queen was. "Our treasury," said Ferdinand, "has been too much drained by the war, to warrant us in engaging in the undertaking." "I will undertake the enterprise," said Isabella, "for my own crown of Castile, and, if necessary, I will pledge my jewels for the money." St. Angel said, with emphasis, "It will not be necessary."

A courier was sent to bring Columbus back to the presence of the queen. He was two leagues away when the messenger overtook him at the bridge of Pinos. The often disappointed mariner hesitated. The injunction, "Put not your trust in princes," was deeply impressed on his mind. When he was assured of Isabella's earnestness, he turned back. An immediate audience was granted. The queen received him graciously.

She was seated in a richly-cushioned chair by the side of her husband, whilst Columbus stood before her with St. Angel at his right hand. He was then fifty-six years of age; the queen was forty. In person she was of medium height, and exquisitely formed. Her complexion was fair, her hair a rich auburn color, and her eyes a clear blue. There was a mingled gravity and sweetness in her countenance which made it very winning, and a singular modesty which graced the firmness of her purposes, her earnestness of spirit, and her courage to do right. She possessed more genius and grandeur of soul than her husband; and could far better than he comprehend the theory



FATHER MARCHENA DEPARTING FOR SANTA FÉ.

of Columbus, and estimate the mighty results of his success should he achieve it.

The ambition of the navigator was lofty and noble. His piety was heartfelt; his religious convictions were deep and controlling, and his zeal was fed by an earnest desire to serve God and benefit mankind. And when, with a tongue that seemed to be touched with the flame of inspiration, he told the queen of his faith and hope,—a belief that he was ordained of God to bear the Gospel of Jesus to the heathen of unknown lands, and a hope that he should bring back to her the glad tidings of pagans converted to the true faith,—her face kindled with enthusiasm and beamed with angelic benignity. And when he spoke of giving to Spain the honors and emoluments of his anticipated discoveries, and promised to devote the profits of the enterprise to efforts for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem from the hands of the Paynim, the beautiful queen was transported with joy. She arose quickly from her chair, and stretching forth her clasped hands, sparkling with jewels, and with her soft eyes raised toward heaven, she fervently invoked the blessing of Almighty God upon the person and deeds of Columbus. The navigator stood in awe, with bowed head, before the seeming transfigured sovereign. The colder Ferdinand's soul was warmed, and to the uttered benediction he responded "Amen."

Isabella assented to all of the demands of Columbus, and urged him to depart on his great mission as speedily as possible. Ferdinand acquiesced in the arrangements. The contract was signed by the sovereigns, at Santa Fé, on the 17th of April, 1492. On the 30th of the same month, his commission of admiral and viceroy was signed by both of them in the city of Granada. By that instrument, the dignities and prerogatives of viceroy were made hereditary in the family of Columbus, and his heirs were entitled to prefix to their names the title of Don, a token of rank and estate. Early in May the queen appointed Diego, the son of Columbus, page to her majesty's son, Prince Juan or John. Then Columbus departed for La Rabida with a light heart, and was there received by the good Father Marchena with open arms.

The port of Palos had lately sinned against the monarchs, and the citizens had been condemned to serve the crown one year with two armed caravels—small three-masted vessels. Furnished with authority from the monarchs, Columbus went to the Church of St. George, in Palos, and in the porch of the fane, in the presence of the public officers of that seaport town and many citizens, he caused a royal order to be read commanding the authorities to have two caravels ready for sea within ten days, and they and their crews placed at the disposal of the admiral. By the same order he

was empowered to fit out a third vessel; and the people of that portion of the Andalusian coast were directed to furnish supplies for the three ships at fair prices.

When the destination of Columbus was made known, the greatest consternation spread amongst the seamen of Palos and their friends. The stories of the awful terrors of the far-western Atlantic, which everybody believed, made the stoutest hearts of the mariners quail. Many of them fled to avoid



QUEEN ISABELLA INVOKING BLESSINGS.

the service, and for weeks no progress was made toward the equipment of the vessels. Finally Martin Alonzo Pinzon, and his brother, Vincent Yañez, navigators of Palos, of great wealth and well-known courage and ability, having ships and seamen in their employ, came forward and not only engaged to furnish one of the vessels, but to go themselves with Columbus

on the perilous voyage, each as master of a ship; Martin also agreed to furnish Columbus with the money to pay his promised one-eighth of the cost. These acts of the Pinzons had a powerful effect upon the people, soothing their fears and inspiring them with confidence; and very soon three vessels—all that were required—were ready for sea. Two of them were no larger than our river and coast sailing vessels—without decks, pierced for oars to be used in calms, with each a forecabin, and a cabin in the high stern for the accommodation of the ship's company. The largest, which was fitted expressly for the expedition, was decked, and was named *Santa María* (or Holy Mary). She was the flag-ship of Columbus. One of the caravels was called the *Pinta*, and was commanded by Martin Alonzo Pinzon, who was accompanied by his brother, Francisco Martin, as pilot. The other caravel was the *Niña*, with lateen sails, and was commanded by Vincent Yañez Pinzon. There were three other pilots; an inspector-general of the armament; also a native of Cordova, Diego de Avana, as chief alguazil, an officer corresponding in his functions with our constable. Roderigo de Escobar was with Columbus as royal notary, an officer always sent with the armaments of the crown, as historian of the expedition. There were also a physician and surgeon, some private adventurers, servants, and ninety mariners; in all one hundred and twenty persons. After appropriate religious ceremonies in the Church of St. George in Palos had been performed, the expedition sailed on Friday the 3d of August, 1492. On the 9th, the little flotilla reached the Canary Islands, where they were detained more than three weeks, and early in September they passed the westernmost of the group, escaped some Portuguese caravels which had been sent out to intercept them, and sailed boldly toward the unknown. Columbus carried with him charts constructed on the basis of that which Toscanelli had formerly sent to him. Expecting to find the eastern coast of Asia, he also bore a letter from the Spanish sovereigns to the Grand Khan (Emperor) of Tartary, in whose service Marco Polo had been employed two hundred years before.

With wonderful endurance the three little vessels buffeted with the waves of the Atlantic. They encountered no heavy storms such as sometimes lash that sea into fury; nor did they observe any of the expected terrors of the trackless deep. Phenomena sometimes startled the mariners, and day after day they were agitated by alternate hopes and disappointments. The volcanic blaze of the peak of Teneriffe scared the sailors as it shot up behind them. When they were two hundred leagues or more westward of that peak, Columbus observed, for the first time in his life, a variation of the needle of his compass from a true line with the north star. It inclined five or six degrees to the northwest, and this variation increased as they sailed

on with no sure guide but the stars. Very soon they encountered vast masses of sea-weeds, which retarded the vessels, and seemed like a green island hundreds of miles in extent floating on the bosom of the ocean. It was doubtless the mysterious Sargasso Sea, now so well known to mariners, and which probably gave rise to the legends concerning fertile islands in the Atlantic. Then they were cheered by the sight of a flying heron and a tropical bird which were harbingers of land. The sailors, who had been mutinous at times, were quieted by these promises of nature; but when they seemed to be deceptive, the crews again became stormy and almost ungovernable. They reproached their sovereigns for trusting the ambitious Italian, who would sacrifice their lives "to make himself a great lord;" and they resolved to retrace their course and seek the shores of Spain. With kind words, tempting promises of reward, and threats against the more mutinous, Columbus quelled the rising insurrection for the time.

For eleven days after leaving the Canary Islands, the ships had sailed before the easterly trade winds; now gentle breezes came from the southwest, and often diminished into dead calms. At early twilight one evening, Martin Pinzon, standing on the high stem of the *Pinta*, and pointing toward the southwest, shouted to the admiral, "Land! land! señor; I claim my reward"—a pension promised by the sovereigns to the first man who should discover land. Believing the report to be true, Columbus knelt and returned thanks to God; and his own crew and that of the *Pinta*, sailing close by, joined with the commanders in repeating the *Gloria in Excelsis*. Alas! the apparition was only a cloud which vanished before the dawn.

Days passed on, and the sun each evening set in the waves. Martin Pinzon believed that a more southerly course would be wiser, and he was confirmed in his opinion by seeing a flock of parrots flying toward the southwest. He advised Columbus to follow them, but the admiral kept on his due west course. The crews again became discontented and mutinous. They had lost all hope, and in their desperation they defied Columbus. With great dignity and calmness, and with the coolness of true courage, he said: "This expedition has been sent out by your sovereigns, and come what may I am determined, by the help of God, to accomplish the object of the voyage." "We will cast you into the sea and return to Spain," said the exasperated sailors; and just at sunset, on the evening of the 11th of October, they were about to carry their threat into execution, when a coast-fish was seen to glide by; dolphins played near the surface; a branch of thorn with berries on it floated near, and a staff, artificially carved, came upon the waters to testify of human habitations near. Such unmistakable signs of land close by hushed the voice of rebellion, and the tigers became as meek

as lambs. After the vesper hymn to the Virgin had been sung at the close of twilight, as usual, Columbus addressed his crew in words of kindness and congratulation. Recounting the many blessings which they had received from God on the voyage, he assured them that a greater blessing was about to be bestowed upon them—that probably land would be seen in the morning. He enjoined them all to watch, and promised that to whosoever should first discover land should be given a doublet of velvet, in addition to the pension offered by the sovereigns.



COLUMBUS AND HIS MUTINOUS CREW.

Not an eye was closed. Eagerly every man watched far into the night. Columbus, sitting on the high poop of the *Santa Maria*, more eagerly than they, gazed upon the western horizon. At about ten o'clock he thought he saw the glimmer of a distant light. He called Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, who was one of the private adventurers, and inquired whether he saw a light. "I do," said Gutierrez. Columbus then called Sanchez, another adventurer, and after a few minutes they all three saw it, gleaming like a torch in a fisherman's boat, rising and falling with the waves. At

COLUMBUS IN THE PROW OF THE SANTA MARIA SCANNING THE
HORIZON FOR LAND, MORNING OF OCTOBER 12, 1492

From the original painting by H. B. Matthews

"The discovery of the New World by Columbus was the most dramatic incident in the secular history of mankind"

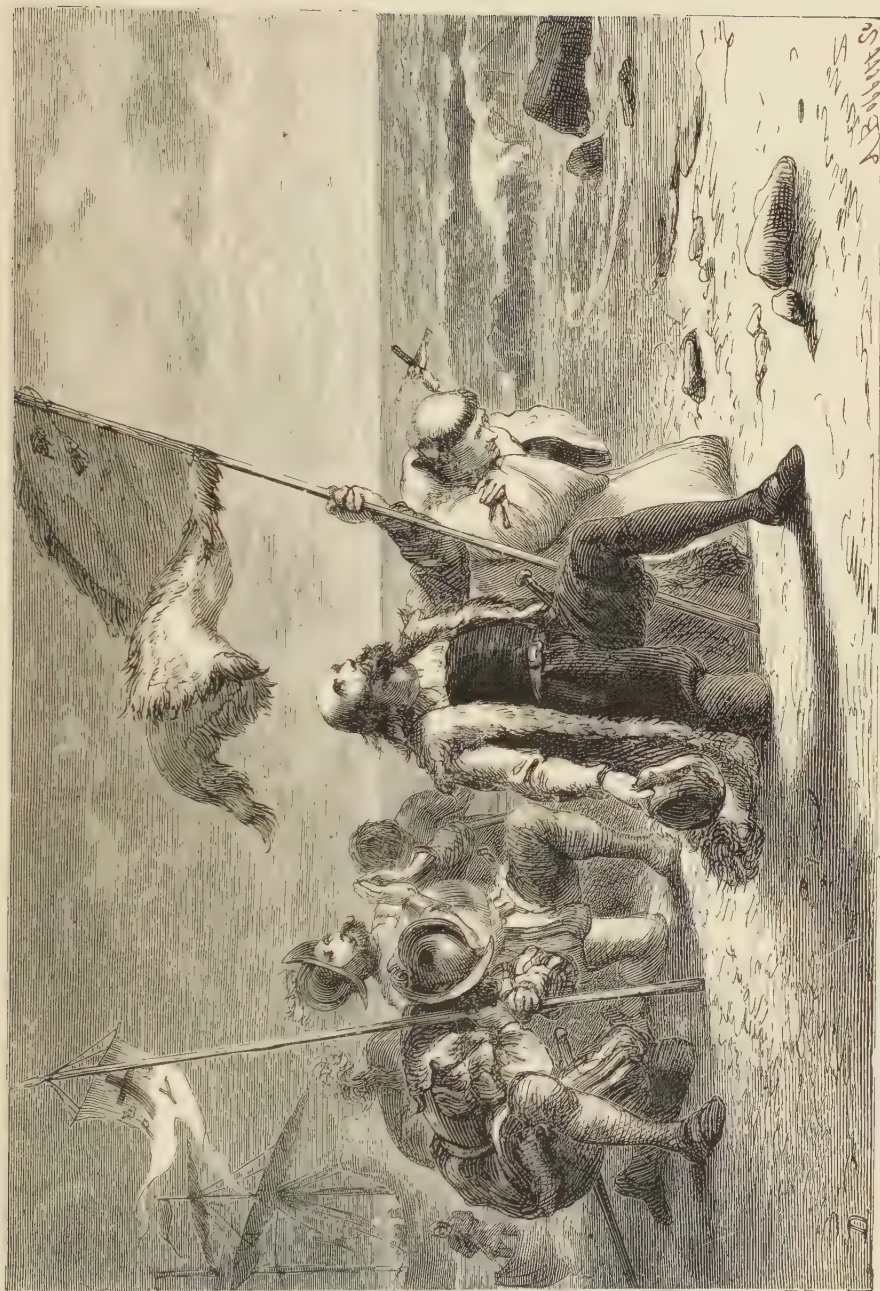


length, at two o'clock in the morning, whilst the vessels were continuing on their course, a gun fired on board the *Pinta* announced the joyful tidings that land had been seen. It was first observed by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triana, but, as Columbus had seen the lights several hours before, the award was given to the admiral. The land was clearly seen at a distance of about six miles. The vessels were laid to, and all waited impatiently for the dawn. When it came a beautiful picture was revealed. Wooded shores were in full view. The perfumes of flowers came upon the light land breeze. Birds in gorgeous plumage hovered around the vessels caroling morning hymns, which seemed like the voices of angels to the late despairing seamen. In spite of every difficulty and danger, Columbus had accomplished his object. "The great mystery of the ocean was revealed," says Mr. Irving. "His theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory as durable as the world itself."

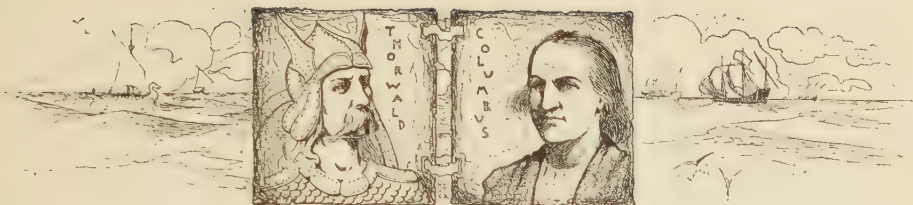
At sunrise, Columbus and his companions landed in small boats. Many naked men and one woman, with skins of a dark copper color, who had watched the movements of the Europeans with mingled feelings of curiosity, wonder and awe, now fled in alarm to the deep shadows of the forest. The admiral, dressed in gold-embroidered scarlet cloth and bearing the royal standard, first stepped upon the shore. He was followed by the Pinzons, each carrying the white silk banner of the expedition. It was pennon-shaped, emblazoned with a green cross, on one side of which was the letter F and on the other side the letter Y, the initials of Ferdinand and Ysabella, and each was surmounted by a golden crown. When the officers and crews were all landed, the whole company knelt, kissed the earth, and with tears of joy filling their eyes, chanted the *Te Deum Laudamus*. Rising from the ground, Columbus displayed the royal standard, and drawing his sword, took possession of the land in the name of the sovereigns of Spain. To the island (for such it proved to be) he gave the name of San Salvador--Holy Saviour. His followers crowded around him with the most extravagant demonstrations of delight. Those who had been most insolent and mutinous were foremost in the utterance of vows of faithfulness thereafter. Each gladly took an oath of obedience to him as admiral and viceroy, and the representative of Ferdinand and Isabella. Now the triumph of Columbus was complete.

The native inhabitants had watched the approaching ships since the dawn with fear and awe, regarding them as monsters of the deep; and when they saw the white men come from them, dressed in gay colors, with shining lace and glittering armor, they supposed them to be superior beings who had come down from the skies. Each party was a wonder to the other. The

naked people with dusky skins painted with a variety of colors and devices, the men without beards and both sexes having long black hair falling from their heads over their shoulders and bosoms in great profusion, were unlike any human beings of whom Columbus and his companions had ever heard. By degrees the alarm of the timid natives subsided, and they approached the Europeans giving and receiving signs of amity and good will. As the boats of the navigators moved along the shore, in an exploration of the coast of the island, the inhabitants of villages, men, women and children, ran to the beach, throwing themselves on the ground, and assuming attitudes of worship of the supposed celestial beings. They made signs for the Spaniards to land; and when they found that the boats kept on their way, many of them went into the sea and swam after them, and others followed in canoes. Believing that he was upon an island of Farther India, Columbus called these wild inhabitants *Indians*, a name which all the native tribes of America have since borne.



THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS



CHAPTER V.

Columbus Discovers Cuba and San Domingo—Leaves a Colony on San Domingo—Their Conduct There—Columbus Returns to Spain—Unrighteous Ambition of Pinzon Defeated—Columbus Invited to the Court—His Brilliant Reception at Barcelona—His Audience with the Sovereigns—Columbus at the Feast Given by Cardinal Mendoza—He Makes Other Voyages and Discovers South America—He is Falsely Accused and Sent from San Domingo to Spain in Chains—Indignation of Isabella—Ingratitude and Injustice of Ferdinand—Columbus Dies in Poverty and Neglected—His Remains—A Monument to His Memory in Genoa.

THE native name of the island whereon Columbus landed was Guanahana. To the Spaniards and others it is yet San Salvador; but the English having given it the vulgar name of Cat Island, persist in calling it so. It lies about two hundred and fifty miles E.S.E. of the southern point of the peninsula of Florida, and is one of the larger of the Bahama group. After examining it, the admiral cruised among others of the same group, naming some of them. He also touched at outlying islands as he sailed southward, and on the 28th of October he saw the northern shores of Cuba. Entering a beautiful river, which he called San Salvador, he anchored, and in honor of Prince Juan (John), the son of Isabella, he named the great island Juana. But it has retained its native name of Cuba. He sailed northwesterly along its coast as far as the eastern entrance to Laguna de Moron, which was the nearest approach to the North American continent ever vouchsafed to Columbus. There he first saw a weed, the leaves of which the natives rolled into long slim packages, called *tobacco*, and smoked. It was the modern cigar. The Spaniards considered the habit a nauseous indulgence, and did not adopt it. They left to an Englishman, born fifty years afterward, the fame of introducing this use of tobacco to Europeans.

Columbus persuaded several of the native inhabitants of Cuba, of both sexes, to go with him to Spain, and at the middle of November he sailed in that direction. Head winds and rough weather caused him to return to Cuba. He signalled for the Pinzons to follow him. Martin Alonzo did not heed the order, and very soon the *Pinta* disappeared on the eastern horizon.

Early in December, Columbus saw the eastern end of Cuba, and a few days later, as he sailed toward Europe, the charming vision of beautiful

Hayti, now St. or San Domingo, burst upon his sight. The country so much resembled Spain in its natural features, that he named it Hispaniola—Little Spain. On its shores he lingered with delight many days. He received an invitation from one of the leading caciques or native rulers to anchor his vessels near his residence, and whilst sailing along the coast for the purpose of casting anchor in the harbor of the friendly chief, the *Santa Maria* was wrecked late on Christmas eve, in consequence of bad steering. Columbus and his crew took refuge on board the caravel *Niña*, commanded by Vincent Pinzon, where a matin hymn to the Virgin was chanted by the admiral and his followers in the morning twilight, and utterances of thanksgiving went up to God for their deliverance from great peril on that holy festival of the church. When the cacique heard of the disaster, he sent men and canoes in abundance to unload the vessel. It was soon done with willing hands, for a truly Christian spirit animated these pagans. "So loving, and tractable, and peaceable are these people," Columbus wrote to Ferdinand and Isabella from Hispaniola afterward, "that I declare to your majesties that there is not in this world a better nation or a better land. They love their neighbors as themselves. Their discourse is ever sweet and gentle, and accompanied with a smile."

Satan had entered that paradise. Many of the followers of Columbus asked permission to remain on the island. The *Niña* was crowded; and, delighted with the idea of planting the germ of a Christian colony there, the admiral gave his consent. Of the wreck of the vessel they built a fort, which Columbus named La Navidad—the Nativity, in commemoration of their having escaped shipwreck on Christmas day. A fort! What need had they of a fort among such a people? Alas! it was a sign of premeditated wickedness. Thirty-nine remained. Arana, the alguazil, was placed in command of them, and they were conjured by Columbus to act honestly and live united in good-fellowship. As soon as the admiral had departed, they broke every promise. Each, bent upon private gain and incited by a desire and expectation of acquiring great wealth in a short time, broke from the social tie and acted independently. The gentle natives were compelled to yield to their avarice and lust. The golden ornaments of the women were seized, and two or three of them were made wives by each of the Spaniards. Robbery and licentiousness marked every step in the career of these Europeans. They went to different parts of the island in search of reported treasures, and soon found an incarnation of retributive justice in the person of a fierce Carib chief who ruled much of Hayti, and who slew the Spaniards and burnt their fortress to ashes. These acts of the intruders were only the beginnings of similar performances, as the Spaniards colonized

the West India Islands, and especially Hayti. These savage Christians made that Pagan Eden a wilderness and a land of unutterable woes, for the real Christian kindness of the so-called savages was requited by the most barbarous cruelty. Thousands of men, women, and children perished under the hardships imposed upon them as slave-workers in the fields and in mines, and many were made abject beasts of burden for the gain of their white conquerors.

Early in January, 1493, Columbus left La Navidad, in the *Niña*, and sailed for Spain. He soon saw the *Pinta*. The avaricious Pinzon had heard



CRUELTY OF THE SPANIARDS IN SAN DOMINGO.

of a region of gold, from one of the natives, and with a desire to secure the treasure for himself he had deserted the admiral. He had returned to Hispaniola, and there heard of the shipwreck of the *Santa Maria*, but he did not go to the assistance of Columbus because it might interfere with his own selfish projects. The admiral would have cruised longer among the islands, but this conduct of Pinzon, and the fact that the latter had kidnapped four men and two girls for the purpose of selling them as slaves in Spain, had destroyed his confidence in that commander, and he determined to hurry home and rid himself of so undesirable a companion. The *Niña's* prow was turned toward Europe, and the *Pinta* followed.

The caravels encountered dead calms and fierce tempests on that winter voyage, and were separated. In one of these storms, Columbus, fearing the destruction of the vessels and with them the loss of all knowledge of his discoveries, placed a written narrative of his adventures in a sealed cask, and committed it to the waves. The sailors, in affright, vowed that they would if spared, attend mass in their shirts only at the first Christian church they should come to. That vow they performed at the Azores, which they reached in February. They were all saved. At dawn on the 4th of March, about eight weeks after she had left La Navidad, the *Niña* appeared off the rock of Cintra at the mouth of the Tagus, in Portugal, and soon afterwards she was anchored in the waters of that river.

Columbus immediately sent a courier with a letter to Ferdinand and Isabella, in which he announced his great discovery. He also wrote a letter to John, King of Portugal, who was then at Valparaiso. That monarch sent a cavalier to Columbus with his congratulations and an invitation for the admiral to come to his court. Columbus went and was treated with distinguished attentions. A numerous train of cavaliers escorted him back to his ship. He stopped at a monastery on the way to visit John's queen, who had expressed a strong desire to see the great discoverer; and on the 13th of March he again put to sea. Two days later, at noon, the *Niña* entered the harbor of Palos, where the admiral was received with the greatest demonstrations of joy. It was then seven months and twelve days since he left that harbor for the regions of the unknown, and out of those mysterious regions he had brought the wonderful tidings of a new-found world.

On the evening of the same day, the *Pinta* sailed into the harbor of Palos. Martin Alonzo Pinzon, her commander, after she had been driven into the Bay of Biscay by a storm, had entered the port of Bayonne, and from thence had sent a letter to Ferdinand and Isabella recounting his adventures and the discoveries, hoping to gain for himself the prepossessions of the Spanish court. He also expected to be hailed at Palos with great acclamations, and to receive royal honors from his sovereigns, for he supposed Columbus was yet fighting the waves of the Atlantic, or was engulfed in their bosom. When, therefore, he saw the flag of the *Niña* fluttering in the breeze at Palos, and heard the praises of him whom he chose to regard as his rival, Pinzon, jealous, and fearing the admiral as his accuser, sought seclusion until the discoverer had left the port. And when an answer to his letter was received from the monarchs filled with reproaches, and forbidding him to appear at court, his "heart died within him." Killed by disappointed ambition and mortified pride, the body of Martin Alonzo Pinzon was laid in the grave a few days after the reading of the royal epistle.

Columbus hastened to Seville, where he received a letter from the monarchs expressing their delight because of his great achievements, and inviting him to repair immediately to their court at Barcelona. The letter was addressed to "Don Christopher Columbus, our admiral of the ocean sea, and viceroy and governor of the islands discovered in the Indies." To their presence the honored Italian hastened, taking with him six of the Indians whom he had brought from Cuba—four young men and two beautiful maidens. Great preparations had been made for his reception, for his discoveries and the recent conquest of the Moors were regarded by the sovereigns as special indications of the favor of God. A procession was formed on a brilliant April day (such as may be seen only in Catalonia), composed of priests, nobles, and military men. In that procession, among the hidalgos, rode the admiral, richly dressed, the cynosure of every eye, preceded by music, soldiers, and brilliantly dressed Catalonian guards, and followed by the dusky natives of the West Indies. The latter wore handsomely embroidered white tunics, with jewelled bands around their heads bearing lofty plumes of gay colors, and golden circlets around their bare arms and legs. They carried birds of strange and brilliant plumage from the tropical islands. After them came the crews of the vessels of the expedition, carrying a crown of gold sent by the friendly cacique of Hispaniola, and many curious things, such as images of stone rudely wrought; a masque with eyes of gold; a living alligator; palm branches with the fruit dried on them; reed arrows winged with beautiful feathers, and a hundred other strange objects from those far-off lands. Over these waved the Green Cross banner which had floated over those mysterious islands of the sea; also the modest white banner of the admiral, bearing the arms which had been granted to him, namely, those of the Spanish kingdom quartered by a group of islands surrounded by billows, and inscribed with the words, in golden letters,

POR CASTILLA Y POR LEON
NUEVO MUNDO HALLO COLON:

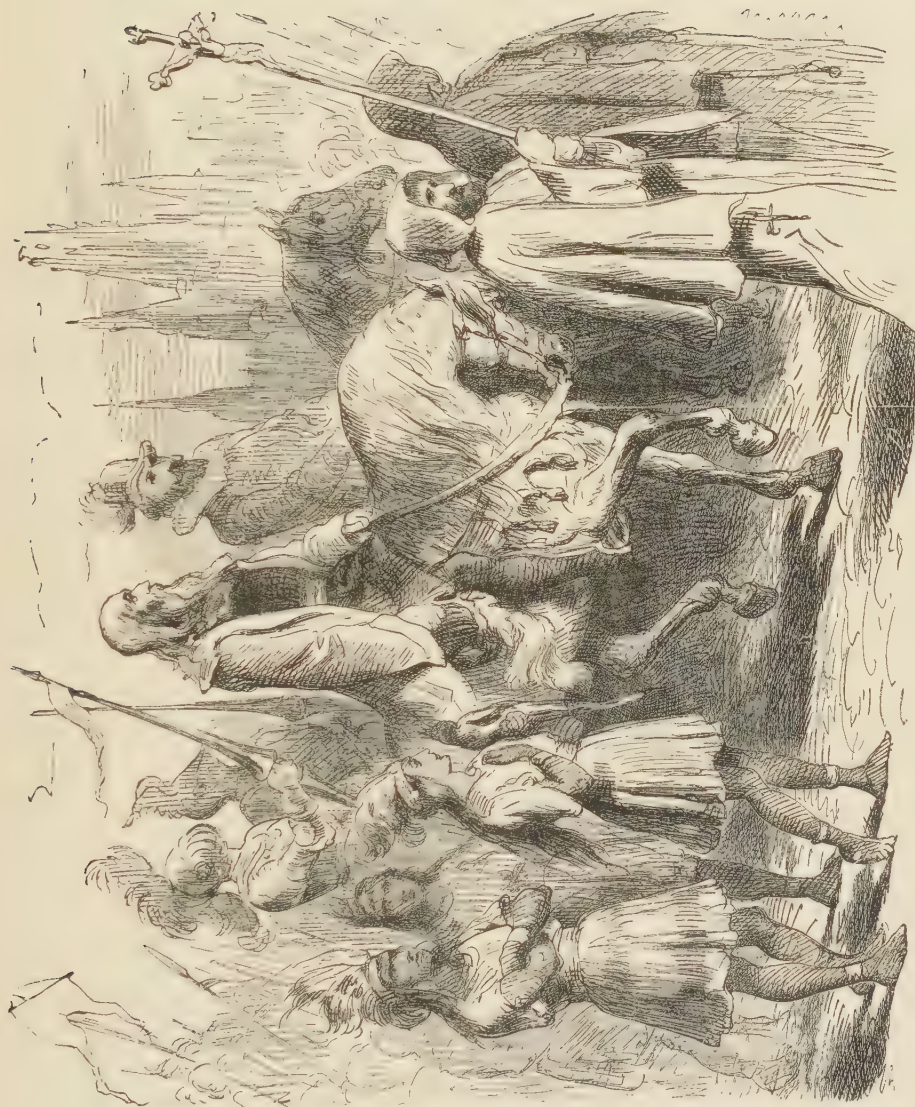
"For Castile and for Leon, Columbus has discovered a New World."

In a vast hall open to public view and access, two thrones had been erected under a rich canopy of brocade, and near them waved thirty Moorish banners captured at Granada and Malaga, trophies of the recent conquest. Seated upon these thrones, Ferdinand and Isabella waited the arrival of the discoverer. He entered among a crowd of brilliant Spanish knights, his tall and erect figure, his flowing gray hair and beard, his lofty bearing, his benignant aspect and his great deeds making him appear, as he really was, the noblest champion of them all. The sovereigns arose to receive him,

when a murmur of applause burst from the lips of the haughty grandees present. The admiral knelt before the monarchs, when the queen bade him rise. He then asked permission to kiss the hands of Ferdinand and Isabella, who, after God, had most favored him. The boon was granted, when the admiral took his seat among the nobles, and with a clear and steady voice he recounted the chief incidents of his voyage, exhibited gold and spices, and other productions of the country he had discovered, and then declared that all this was but the foreshadowing of greater marvels to be revealed. His words were listened to with the most profound interest and emotion. When they had ceased, the monarchs cast themselves upon their knees, and with tears coursing down their cheeks they fervently thanked God for so great a blessing. The whole multitude followed their devout example. As they arose to their feet, the choir of the royal chapel chanted the *Te Deum*. Every voice in the great hall took up the words of that glorious hymn of praise, "and it seemed," says Las Casas, "as if, in that hour, they communicated with celestial delights." The company were dismissed with the apostolic benediction by the Grand Cardinal of Spain, and the streets of Barcelona echoed and re-echoed with shouts of joy.

That Grand Cardinal of Spain, Gonzales de Mendoza, Archbishop of Toledo, who had hinted to a council that the theory of Columbus was irreligious, was now among the first, after the monarchs, to honor him. He invited the admiral to a feast, at which were gathered some of the highest prelates and nobles of Catalonia. To the navigator he gave the seat of honor at the table, and other marks of superior distinction. These attentions to one who was so lately a poor Italian mariner excited the envy of some of the guests. A courtier present, moved by a narrow feeling of personal and national jealousy, asked the admiral whether he thought that in case he had not discovered the Indies (which it was believed he had found), there were not men in Spain who would have been equal to the enterprise? Columbus immediately took an egg that was before him, and invited the courtier to make it stand on one of its ends. He could not. All the company tried in vain to do it. Then the admiral struck the egg upon the table so as to flatten the end by a fracture and left it standing. "Any one could do that," cried the courtier. "After I have shown the way," replied the admiral. "Gentlemen," continued Columbus, "after I have shown a new way to India, nothing is easier than to follow." The courtier was answered.

After giving an account of his voyage and discoveries in a letter to Sanchez, the treasurer of Spain (which was printed), Columbus, at the request of the monarchs, immediately fitted out another expedition to continue his researches in the western seas. The harbor of Cadiz was very soon



COLUMBUS AND HIS TRAIN ENTERING BARCELONA.

the scene of busy preparation, and late in September, 1493, the admiral left the bay with three large ships of heavy burthen, and fourteen caravels, with fifteen hundred men. We will not follow him in his subsequent voyages in detail, for they have no special bearing on the history of our country. It is sufficient to say that he made three others from Spain, and that during the last but one, he discovered the *continent* of America. When he left Cadiz on his second voyage in the autumn of 1493, his good fortune seemed to forsake him. His followers were largely selfish adventurers who went out in search of gold and other treasures. Quarrels and mutinies followed disappointed expectations. The chief blame was laid upon the shoulders of the admiral, and he finally became a victim to the intrigues of vicious men, who, envious of his fame and dignities, sought continually to build up their own fortunes out of the ruins of his character.

Columbus sailed on his third voyage, at the close of May, 1498, with six ships, from the port of San Lucar de Barrameda, near the mouth of the Guadalquivir. Passing the Cape de Verde Islands, he proceeded toward the equator in a southwesterly direction, and then sailed due west with the trade winds, in search of a continent. Supposing Cuba to be a great cape of Asia, he believed that under the equator he would find not only the main land, but every production of nature in greater profusion, perfection, and preciousness, than elsewhere. He was not disappointed, for on the 1st of August he saw the continent, not of Asia, but of South America, near the mouth of the Orinoco River. That was not many days after Sebastian Cabot, an English navigator, discovered North America.

Columbus coasted for awhile near the shores of South America, and then, broken in health by his labors, anxieties and exposures, he sailed for his colony on Hispaniola. There he found everything in disorder; and in his efforts to bring order out of confusion, he so interfered with the selfish projects of leading adventurers there, that they determined to ruin him. Preferring malicious and false charges against him at the court of Spain, they induced the sovereigns to send out a commissioner to inquire into the causes of the difficulties. Francisco de Bobadilla was sent. He was as ambitious and as unscrupulous as any of the adventurers, and after deposing Columbus from the vice-royalty, he sent him in chains to Spain. Valleja, who was sent with the admiral as a sort of guard, and also the master of the caravel in which Columbus was conveyed, were grieved by this cruel treatment of the man whom they revered. They would have removed his irons, but Columbus would not allow them to do so. "No," he said proudly; "their majesties commanded me by letter to submit to whatever Bobadilla should order in their name; by their authority he has put upon me these

chains; I will wear them until they shall order them to be taken off, and I will preserve them afterwards as relics and memorials of the reward of my services." It was done. "I saw them always hanging in his cabinet," said his son and biographer, Fernando, "and he requested that when he died, they might be buried with him."

When, after the arrival of the caravel at Cadiz, Isabella heard of the cruel treatment of Columbus, she was very indignant, and sent an order for his immediate restoration to liberty. The sovereigns wrote a letter to him couched in terms of affection and gratitude, expressing their grief because of his sufferings, and inviting him to the court. The people, too, were very indignant, and were loud in their denunciations of the treatment of such a benefactor of their country. When he arrived at Granada, in December, 1498, he was cordially received by the monarchs, who, disavowing the doings of Bobadilla as contrary to their instructions, promised that he should be dismissed from office. But the Spanish nobles, jealous of Columbus because he was evidently a royal favorite, persuaded the king, who was dissatisfied with the apparent unproductiveness of the admiral's discoveries, not to reinstate him in the vice-royalty. Another was appointed in the place of Bobadilla. After experiencing neglect, and alternate hope and disappointment, for almost four years, whilst others were reaping the harvest of his seed-time, the admiral was entrusted with the command of a small expedition to find a passage through "the sea" now known as the Gulf of Mexico, into the Indian Ocean. He sailed with four caravels and one hundred and fifty men, early in May, 1502, and after much suffering, returned to Cadiz in November, 1504, sick and dejected. Nineteen days after his arrival, the good Queen Isabella died. "She was one of the purest spirits



COLUMBUS IN CHAINS.

that ever ruled over the destinies of a nation," says Mr. Irving. With her died the hopes of the admiral, for he knew how cold and calculating was the disposition of the king. That ungrateful monarch, after torturing the discoverer with the cold politeness and evasive promises for which he was noted, rejected the legal and equitable claims of Columbus to the dignities and emoluments of vice-royalty which had been secured to him by royal contract; and this great and good man, then about seventy years of age, who had given more real honor and glory to Spain than had the whole line of her kings or the families of her nobles, was allowed to pass the remnant of his days in comparative poverty and obscurity. "I have," Columbus once wrote, "no place to repair to excepting an inn, and often with nothing to pay for my sustenance." At length, when he was utterly prostrated, and hopeless of justice, death came to his relief at Valladolid on the 20th day of May, 1506, as he was uttering the words, "Lord, into thy hands I commit my spirit." His remains were put into the convent of San Francisco, where, for seven years, no stone or inscription marked the place of his burial. Then the ashamed king, when the navigator's bones were removed to a monastery in Seville, ordered a marble tomb to be placed over them with the inscription:

A CASTILLA Y A LEON
NUEVO MUNDO DIO COLON.

"To Castile and Leon, Columbus gave a New World." He "asked for bread" and he gave him "a stone." More indelibly than on brass or marble, is the truth of that inscription engraved on the memory of mankind.

Columbus died with full faith that although princes might neglect him and wicked men might defraud him, God and eternal justice would vindicate his honor and his fame, and that the world would pay to him the just homage due for his services. He also died in the belief that he had discovered Farther India, and not an unknown continent; and such was the belief of all navigators and scientific men at that time.

In the year 1536, the remains of Columbus and of his son Diego, were taken to Hispaniola, and interred in the Cathedral at San Domingo. There they remained two hundred and sixty years, when, in 1796, they were conveyed with great pomp to Havana, in Cuba, where they now repose. A few years ago, a magnificent monument to the memory of Columbus, was erected in his native city of Genoa, in the centre of one of its public squares, where it is surrounded by flowers and shrubbery. It is composed of Carrara marble, and is about forty feet in height. On four panels between four pedestals are represented, in relief sculpture, four great events in his life, namely, his *Conference with the Council at Salamanca*; *the Landing in*

America; Presenting the Indians to Queen Isabella, and the Admiral in Chains. Upon each pedestal is a figure personifying respectively *Navigation, History, Astronomy* and *Wisdom*. On a round shaft which rises between these figures are sculptured in high relief the prows of ancient vessels. This shaft is surmounted by a slightly colossal statue of Columbus, resting his



MONUMENT IN HONOR OF COLUMBUS AT GENOA.

left hand on an anchor, whilst with his right hand he presents a naked Indian maiden, sitting modestly at his feet, holding in her hand a small cross upon which she is gazing intently, her head adorned with the plumage of birds. This figure represents *America*; and the faith of Columbus that the New World would receive the religion of Jesus Christ is indicated by the symbol of the Atonement.

In summing up the character of Columbus, Mr. Irving wrote: "In him were singularly combined the practical and the poetical. His mind had grasped all kinds of knowledge, whether procured by study or observation, which bore upon his theories; impatient of the scanty aliment of the day, 'his impetuous ardor,' as has been well observed, 'threw him into the study of the fathers of the church, the Arabian Jews, and the ancient geographers; while his daring but irregular genius, bursting from the limits of imperfect science, bore him to conclusions far beyond the intellectual vision of his contemporaries. If some of his conclusions were erroneous, they were at least ingenious and splendid. And their error resulted from the clouds which still hung over his peculiar path of enterprise. His own discoveries enlightened the ignorance of the age, guided conjecture to certainty, and dispelled that very darkness with which he had been obliged to struggle. It has been said that mercenary views mingled with the ambition of Columbus, and that his stipulations with the Spanish court were selfish and avaricious. The charge is inconsiderate and unjust. He aimed at dignity and wealth in the same lofty spirit in which he sought renown; they were to be part and parcel of the achievement, and palpable evidence of its success; they were to arise from the territories he should discover, and be commensurate in importance. No condition could be more just."

We have now traced, in brief outline, some of the principal causes which led to the discovery of America, and the chief events in the career of the great pioneer of such discovery. He demonstrated the fact that the earth is globular, and that fertile lands might be found by sailing westward from Europe across the Atlantic Ocean. Having discovered and pointed out the way to these lands, he retired, and other navigators and discoverers appeared upon the scene. The exploits of some of them, we will now consider.



CHAPTER VI.

Henry the Seventh of England—He Commissions the Cabots to Make Discoveries—Voyage and Discoveries of Sebastian Cabot—King Henry's Ambitious Designs—Cabot in Spain—Americus Vesputius—His Pretended First Discovery of America—How, by Fraud, Our Continent was Called by His Name—The Pope's Gift of America to the Spanish Monarch—Voyages of Cortereal to Labrador and Their Results—Young Columbus in San Domingo—Discovery of Central America—Ponce de Leon's Search for the Fountain of Youth, and Discovery of Florida—Discovery of South Carolina—Cruel Treatment of Natives and Their Revenge—Attempts to Colonize Central America—The Spaniards in Cuba—Their Introduction of Christianity to the Natives of that Island.

WHEN Columbus was about to leave Portugal for Spain, he sent his brother Bartholomew to England to ask assistance of the British monarch. The ship in which he sailed was robbed by pirates, but he reached England, where he appears to have lived several years. For reasons not made clear by the chroniclers, he did not apply to the monarch until about the time when his brother was on his first voyage of discovery. Henry the Seventh was then King of England. He was the first of the Tudor dynasty, of which Queen Elizabeth, in whose honor our Virginia was named, was the last. He was an energetic and enlightened prince, and responded to Bartholomew's request promptly and generously. He sent him to Spain in search of his brother, and to invite him to the English court. At Paris, whilst he was on his way, the Italian heard the joyful news of the great discoveries by his brother, and of Christopher's return in triumph to Andalusia.

When King Henry heard of the marvelous success of Columbus, he felt a disappointment because he had failed to secure for his crown and country the renown and advantages which their assistance in the great achievement would have given. But he was not thereby discouraged nor deterred from assisting in further attempts at discovery, though such assistance was, at first, only a permission. By royal charter he gave to John Cabot (a Venetian merchant at Bristol), and his sons, in 1496, permission to explore any seas with five ships and as many seamen as they might choose to employ, at their own expense, "to discover and occupy isles or countries of the heathen

or infidels before unknown to Christians, accounting to the king for a fifth part of the profit upon their return to the port of Bristol." It was then the favorite theory of both church and state that all lands occupied by pagans of right belonged to Christians. There is no positive evidence that the Cabots took advantage of this privilege, or that any of them engaged in a voyage of discovery before the year 1498, when John Cabot was dead.

All Europe was then ringing with the fame of Columbus, and excited by the wildest stories of the marvelous discoveries by Spanish navigators. Maritime nations and seamen everywhere were crazed with a desire to be discoverers of new lands and to gather immense riches from glittering mines. Englishmen caught the infection, and their ambitious and avaricious monarch was as eager as any to wear such laurels as then graced the brows of Ferdinand and Isabella, and to hold the key of a vast treasure-house. He was seeking to secure the hand of a daughter of the Spanish sovereigns for his eldest son Arthur, whose suit the cold King of Arragon repelled on pretexts of state policy. Piqued by this circumstance the proud Henry gladly promoted the English thirst for discovery, hoping by its results not only to gain riches and honor, but to either diminish the glory of his Spanish rival or win his favor by some splendid achievement in the new field of contest. So he listened with eager attention to a proposition of Sebastian, a young son of John Cabot, concerning a voyage of discovery.

Sebastian Cabot appears to have been an ardent student of geography and the kindred sciences, from early life. When he reached young manhood he was proficient in the theory and practice of the navigator's art. To him King Henry not only gave a commission to go on a voyage of discovery, but fitted out two small vessels for him, in the year 1498. The history of that event was given by Sebastian to the Pope's legate in Spain in a few quaint sentences. "When my father died," he said, "in that time when news were brought that Don Christopher Colonus, Genoese, had discovered the coast of India, whereof was great talk in all the court of King Henry the Seventh, who then reigned, insomuch that all men with great admiration affirmed it to be a thing more divine than human, to sail by the west into the east where spices grew, by a way that was never known before; by this fame and report, there increased in my heart a great flame of desire to attempt some notable thing. And understanding by reason of the sphere, that if I should sail by way of the northwest, I should, by a shorter tract, come into India, I therefore caused the king to be advertised of my desire, who immediately commanded two caravels to be furnished, with all things appertaining to the voyage."

All accounts of that voyage are very meagre, and most of them are some-

what contradictory. Sebastian Cabot had probably sailed as far as Cape Farewell, in Greenland, on trading voyages in his father's ships, and knew of the cold, icy sea beyond. Now he voyaged in the same direction, hoping to make a passage to India during the warm summer time. Leaving Bristol in May, 1498, with the two caravels and a full supply of men, he sailed to the northwest until the ice pack in Davis' Straits barred the way. Turning southward, he discovered land late in June or early in July, which he named *Prima Vista*—First View. Whether this was the northern shores of Newfoundland, or the continent on the coast of Labrador, near Cape Charles, cannot be determined. Unlike Lief the Northman, who sailed southward after seeing the land, Cabot turned northward in search of a passage to



CABOT IN DAVIS' STRAITS.

Cathay, and followed the coast of the continent almost to the sixtieth degree of north latitude, when the ice would permit him to go no further. Although it was then about mid-summer, the weather was very cold; and seeing no prospect of an open sea further northward, Cabot sailed back, discovered a large island which he called *New-found-land*—Newfoundland—and observed the immense numbers of codfishes which have continued to fill the waters there ever since. He divulged this secret to Europe after his return, and within five or six years thereafter fishermen from England, Brittany and Normandy were off Newfoundland gathering these treasures of the sea. Leaving Newfoundland, Cabot coasted as far as the shores of Maine, and some writers think no farther; but if the reports of his conversation with Butrigarius, the Pope's legate, be true, he went as far as the Carolinas.

"There," he said to that functionary, "my victuals failing, I departed from thence and returned into England, where I found great tumults among the people and preparations for wars in Scotland, by reason whereof there was no more consideration had to this voyage. Whereupon I went into Spain, to the Catholic king."

Henry was then struggling for his throne against righteous claimants. Ferdinand refused to give his daughter in marriage to Arthur whilst these claimants existed. The unscrupulous Tudor beheaded two of them in the tower, and eagerly depressed and despoiled the old nobility who were adherents of the fallen house of York, his rival. These things caused the 'tumults among the people,' mentioned by Cabot. The king's eagerness to enrich himself by despoiling that old nobility; the agreement of Ferdinand to bestow his daughter Catharine upon Arthur, and the failure of Cabot to bring back gold from America, all caused the monarch to give "no more consideration to this voyage." Prince Arthur died soon after the nuptials, and Catharine became the unfortunate wife of Henry VIII.

The discovery of North America, by young Cabot, then only twenty-one years of age, had conferred more immortal honor upon the English monarch and the English nation, than all the royal affiliations and the heaping up of gold. He was a native of England, and had opened a pathway for his countrymen to a new continent. But he was neglected by his king, and he finally went into the service of the Spanish sovereign whose daughter was then the wife of the monarch of England. On the death of Ferdinand, he was so annoyed by the jealousies of the Spanish nobles, that he returned to his native country, and not long afterward we find him on another voyage in search of a northwest passage to the Indian Seas. He penetrated to Hudson's Bay, and after fighting the ice-pack there, he returned to England discomfited, and never made another voyage to the coasts of North America. The successor of Ferdinand invited him back to Spain, and made him chief pilot of the realm. After several voyages, in one of which he made researches along the southeastern coast of South America, he, in his old age, resigned his office into the hands of the Spanish monarch, and returned to his native land. There he was highly honored and liberally pensioned by the "boy-king," Edward the Sixth. Queen Mary, whose husband was a son of the Spanish monarch whose third invitation to return to Spain was rejected by Cabot, neglected the eminent navigator, and he was allowed to die in comparative poverty, in the town of his birth (Bristol) [Venice], when he was eighty years of age. His happy temperament, which made him always cheerful, was displayed the year before his death, when he danced at an assembly of young seamen with all the vivacity of youth.

The name of Americus Vespuccius or Amerigo Vespucci, as the Spaniards call him, appears prominent in history as one of the discoverers of America. He has no valid title to that distinction. Proofs accumulate as investigations proceed, which show conclusively that he was the author or abettor of a stupendous historical fraud by which Columbus was cheated out of the honor of having his name given to this continent.

Vespuccius first appears in history as a mercantile agent of the Medici family of Florence, first in Barcelona and soon afterward in Seville, in Spain. He was then about forty years of age, having been born in Florence in 1451. In Seville he was actively engaged in furnishing supplies for ships fitting out for exploring and mercantile expeditions. In that capacity he had much personal intercourse with Columbus, whilst the admiral was preparing the large fleet for his second voyage. The narratives of the great Genoese inspired Vespuccius with a strong desire to make a mercantile venture in a voyage to the new-found world, and he had ambitious dreams of becoming a discoverer likewise. He studied geography and the kindred sciences, to fit himself for such an expedition; and when, in May, 1499, Alonzo de Ojedo sailed from Port St. Mary, opposite Cadiz, with four ships, following the southern route of Columbus to South America, Vespuccius accompanied him simply as an adventurer and self-constituted geographer. They discovered mountains in South America, when off the coast of Surinam, and then ran along the continent to the island of Trinidad, which Columbus had named the year before. Thence they cruised along the coasts and islands of Venezuela, and crossing the Caribbean Sea, touched at Hispaniola. Proceeding towards Spain, they engaged in kidnapping the natives of the Antilles, and in June, 1500, entered the port of Cadiz, the four vessels crowded with captives who were sold as slaves to the Spanish grandees.

Vespuccius, who seems to have been a shrewd, audacious, and unscrupulous man, immediately sent an account of the discoveries, in a letter, to one of the Medici family, assuming for himself the credit of that discovery; and in order to establish his claim to first discoverer of the American continent, he antedated the time of the commencement of the voyage, making it in 1497, the year before Columbus and Cabot made their respective discoveries, and saying that the expedition was absent from Spain twenty-five months. To this statement, the learned and conscientious Charlevoix says: "Ojeda, when judicially interrogated, gave the lie direct." Herrera, an early Spanish historian, accuses Vespuccius of falsifying the dates of two voyages in which he was engaged, and of confounding the one with the other, "in order that he might arrogate to himself the glory of having discovered the continent."

Vespuccius in other letters, told of other voyages and great discoveries which he had made whilst in the service of the King of Portugal, but cotemporary navigators and chroniclers made no mention of them. They were probably fictions of the boastful Florentine who had become expert in the construction of charts, and was familiar with the details of the numerous exploring voyages made from Spain and Portugal in his day. Finally, when Columbus was dead and no voice of accusation or denial could escape his lips, these letters of Vespuccius, giving an account of his pretended voyages and discoveries, were published at St. Diey, in Lorraine, and dedicated to the reigning duke of that country, which was then, as now, a German province. In that publication the name of *America*, as applied to our continent, was used. For this Vespuccius is responsible. It is possible that the letters themselves were forgeries, and that Vespuccius was not blameable for their publication; but he became an abettor in the fraud by not repudiating them. They were published in 1507, the year after the death of Columbus and four years before that of the Florentine.

That Vespuccius is responsible for the fraud involved in giving his name to the newly-discovered continent, seems clear from other circumstances. He was in communication with a learned German schoolmaster and cosmographer, named Woldseemüller, who pedantically transformed his name (Wood-lake-miller) into the Greek one of Hylacomylus. He was a correspondent of the Academy of Cosmography which the Duke of Lorraine had established at Strasburg, and at the request or suggestion of Vespuccius he proposed to the members of that academy, under whose auspices the letters of Americus were published, the name of *America* for the western continent. At about the same time Hylacomylus issued at St. Diey a little work entitled "Cosmographie Rudimenta," in which it was proposed to name the continent *America*. He took an active part in the publication of the letters of his friend, and he may be regarded as the chief perpetrator of the fraud with Vespuccius as the accessory, at least, because he sanctioned it by his silence. "Considering the intimacy of the two parties," says the learned Viscount Santarem, "there is no doubt that the geographer was guided by the navigator in what he did." Referring to the honor so conferred on Americus Vespuccius, the late Dr. Francis Lieber wrote to the author of this history: "Ethically speaking, there has never been erected a monument so magnificent, enduring and cruelly unjust; as if the Madonna di Sisto were not called by Raphael's name but by that of the man who framed it first." It is probably too late now, after centuries of use, to correct the injustice by changing the name of America. Washington, with his usual clear conception of right, did justice to Columbus by giving to the territory

in which the seat of our national government was permanently established, the name of the District of Columbia. Although Cabot probably discovered the continent a few days before Columbus touched the shores of South America, he is not entitled to the honor of giving his name to our continent. Voltaire justly declared: "The glory of having discovered the New World undoubtedly belongs to him who had the genius and courage to undertake the first voyage." Newton observed: "Those who follow are only disciples." Cabot was a noble disciple.



VESPUCCIUS.

COLUMBUS.

ISABELLA.

CABOT.

Many other voyages in search of new lands and great treasures, which were made from Spain at the beginning of the sixteenth century, had no immediate relation to the history of our country, and we will pass them by unnoticed. Others had a direct or indirect connection with further discoveries and final settlements in this region of the world, and these we will consider.

When the discoveries of Columbus were made known, the King of Portugal felt a strong desire to send out a similar expedition at the expense of the crown. But the Spanish monarchs had, with wise sagacity, obtained from Pope Alexander the Sixth (the pontiff who, by accident, took a fatal draught from a poisoned bowl which he had prepared for another), the gift of all lands that lay three hundred leagues westward of the Azores; and the Portuguese sovereign dared not interfere with these rights of Spain. But when the news of Cabot's discovery of a continent in the northwest, reached Lisbon, King Emanuel the Great, immediately fitted out two caravels for

a voyage toward that continent, and placed them under the command of Gaspar Cortereal. He was a gentleman of enterprising and determined character, who had been reared in the household of the Portuguese monarch, and ardently thirsted for glory. He first touched the northern extremity of Newfoundland, and, it is believed, discovered the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He went up the coast of Labrador almost to Hudson's Bay, discovering nothing of importance not already seen by Cabot. The natives appeared to him rugged and strong, and capital subjects for slaves; so he seized fifty-nine of them, carried them on board his vessels, and with this living treasure he returned to Portugal. There he made a profitable sale of his captives. "They are extremely fitted to endure labor," wrote the Venetian ambassador at the Portuguese court, "and will probably turn out the best slaves which have been discovered up to this time."

The profits of this voyage excited the cupidity of Cortereal and his king, and they determined to engage in an active slave-trade with Laborador (Labrador), so named because of the admirable qualities of the natives as laborers. Cortereal went on a second voyage in 1501, and was lost at sea. His brother Michael went in search of him and was never heard of afterward. The king sent a ship to search for the brothers, but no tidings of them were brought back. These disasters frustrated the cruel designs of the slave-traders, and the Portuguese monarch sought to win glory for his favorite and his crown, by claiming that Cortereal was not only the first discoverer of Newfoundland, but that he was the first to see the continent in that region. In a Portuguese map published in 1508, the coast of Labrador is called Terra Corterealis or Cortereal's Land; and in support of the claim that he was the first discoverer of it, maps were actually forged. But all efforts to deprive Cabot of that honor failed.

The new-found continent at once became an object of great interest and attraction to adventurers of every kind, and a thirst for gold occasioned the fitting out of expeditions for further discoveries on the coasts of the main north and west of Hispaniola. That island, where the first Spanish settlements were made, became the centre of operations in the seas around, and on the coasts of the adjacent main after its complete subjection to Castilian rule. Don Diego Columbus, the son and successor of the admiral, was appointed governor, and there, with pomp and ceremony, he and his "vice-queen" held a sort of court which spread a halo of romance around that West Indian empire. Diego had married a daughter of the renowned Duke of Alva, and in June, 1509, had sailed from San Lucar with his wife, his brother Don Fernando who had grown to manhood and was well educated, and his two uncles. They were accompanied by a numerous retinue

of cavaliers with their wives, and young ladies of rank and family who were more distinguished for high blood than riches. The latter were adventurers also—sent out to find rich husbands among the settlers in Hispaniola. They were successful, for all of them were soon married to the wealthiest colonists, and refined the rude manners which prevailed among them.

Not long after Diego's arrival Juan Ponce, commonly known as Ponce de Leon, who had borne a conspicuous part in the subjugation of Hispaniola, as a military commander, was appointed by the king governor of Porto Rico, a large island east of Hayti. Distinguished in the wars with the Moors, and a companion of Columbus in his second voyage, Juan Ponce was regarded with reverence by many, for his locks were white with age, and he had a noble Castilian lineage. He was then an old man animated with the ambitions of youth; and he was still seeking renown and wealth. The enjoyment of life had ever been an exquisite pleasure to him, and his desire to prolong his earthly existence in vigor was intense. That desire made him readily believe the marvelous tales told by some of the natives, of crystal waters flowing from living springs among the Bahama Islands, or on the coast of a beautiful country near them, in which he who bathed would be instantly endowed with immortal youth and great beauty. They told him that these fountains of youth were among magnificent trees which bore golden fruit, where the air was perpetually laden with the most exquisite perfume of flowers, and that these fruits were gathered and given to strangers by beautiful maidens. Here was the old story of the Gardens of the Hesperides in another form, which Hesiod said lay "beyond the bright ocean." Ponce dreamed of these gardens, their fountains, their golden fruit and the beautiful maidens, until he could no longer repress his desire to go in search of them. So, at the beginning of spring in 1512—a month after Vespuccius expired at Seville—he sailed from Porto Rico for the Bahamas, with ships fitted out at his own expense. On reaching the group, he went from island to island tasting of and bathing in every stream and lake that met his vision. Finally, disappointed but not disheartened, he extended his researches in a northwesterly direction. A few days afterwards, west winds brought the delicious perfumes of flowers. The heart of the old cavalier leaped with joy and hope. Soon a long line of wooded shores were in view, and as he drew near, Ponce saw lofty trees (magnolias) whose marvelous blossoms were tinting the forest, and burdening the air with their delicate fragrance. He believed he was on the borders of the fabled paradise.

It was Easter morning when Ponce and his companions landed near the site of St. Augustine, on the southeastern borders of our Republic. After he and his followers had chanted a joyous hymn commemorative of the resur-

rection of Jesus, he took possession of the great island, as he supposed it to be, in the name of the sovereign of Castile. Because of its wealth of flowers, some say, or because he first saw the land on Palm Sunday (*Pascua Florida*), as others tell us, he gave to the country the name of Florida, now one of the States of our Union. Among its forests and savannahs he sought in vain for the miraculous Fountain of Youth and Beauty, exciting the suspicions of the natives. Then he cruised along its shores, doubled Cape Cañaveral, and struggling with the Gulf Stream, sailed southward until he became entangled in a group of small islands abounding with huge turtles. This group he called the *Tortugas*—the Turtles—their present name. On another group he discovered only a single inhabitant—an old Indian woman—who was not a realization of his dream of beautiful maidens in the gardens of the *Hesperides*. He took the wrinkled hermitess with him, hoping that she might tell him where among the Bahamas he should find the *Bimini*, the beautiful island with the miraculous fountain. After buffeting the elements for several days, Ponce transferred the old woman to the ship of *Ortubia*, one of his trusted captains, who was instructed to pursue the search. Then he returned to Porto Rico, an older if not a wiser man. He had not secured for himself immortal youth, but he had won the immortal honor of being the discoverer of Florida, a part of the North American continent before unknown.

Ortubia soon arrived at Porto Rico. The old woman had guided him to *Bimini*, where he found beautiful groves and sparkling springs and limpid streams, but not one of the waters could restore to an old man the vernal greenness of his youth. So Ponce turned his thoughts to more practical subjects. Returning to Spain a few months later, he told the sovereigns of the beautiful land he had discovered, and received the appointment of Governor of Florida on condition that he should plant a colony there. This was not attempted until several years afterward. He had been moping in disappointment at Porto Rico, after an unsuccessful expedition against the Caribs, until he was assured that Florida was not an island, but a part of the continent. Then ambitious desires moved his sluggish heart, and the brilliant achievements of Cortez in the west, aroused the slumbering energies of the old cavalier. With nearly all of his wealth in two ships, he sailed from Porto Rico in 1521, and landed on the shores of Florida, not far from where he had first discovered that land, to prepare for founding a colony there. He was met by a crowd of natives who had gathered near the beach with bows and arrows and long javelins, to defend their land from the intrusion of the pale faces, for they had lately been taught, by the bitter experience of their neighbors, to look upon them as children of the Evil Spirit. A

sharp battle ensued. Several of the Spaniards were killed, and Ponce de Leon, badly wounded in his thigh, was carried on board his ship and conveyed to Cuba, where he died. Upon his tomb was written the following inscription, in Latin:

IN THIS SEPULCHRE REST THE BONES OF A MAN WHO WAS LION BY NAME AND
STILL MORE BY NATURE.

Meanwhile, the avarice of the Spaniards in Hayti had been greatly excited by the reports of a mariner who had accidentally visited the coast



near the entrance to the Savannah River, where the natives presented him with gold and pearls. He also represented the masculine natives as athletic and fine looking. A commercial company was soon formed in Hayti to visit that country to obtain gold and slaves. Luke Vasquez D'Allyon, a wealthy colonist who owned extensive mines in Hayti, was at the head of the company. His chief object in the movement was to obtain slaves to work in his mines, for cruelty had almost exterminated the native men of the island. With two ships he sailed in a northwesterly direction in the year 1520, and

arrived on the coast of South Carolina through St. Helen's Sound. The natives, believing the ships were sea-monsters, crowded the shores in wonderment. When they saw clothed and bearded men come out of them, they fled to the woods in alarm. Two of them were caught and carried on board D'Allyon's ship, where they were feasted, dressed in Spanish costume, and sent back. Their appearance so pleased their sachem, that he sent fifty of his subjects to the vessels with fruits and provisions. When the Spaniards took long excursions through the forests, he sent men with them as guides and servants. In some of these excursions they were presented with gold



Chicora, as the native South Carolinians called their country; and he was vested with authority to plant a colony there. Under this commission he fitted out three ships at Hayti, and with the mariner Miruela, who first saw the coast near the mouth of the Savannah River, he sailed for Chicora, and passing through St. Helen's Sound reached the continent near the mouth of the Combahee. There he opened traffic with the natives, who seemed to be indifferent to his crime, and when he had finished trading he proceeded to plant his colony on an island in the waters of Port Royal Sound, near the site of the present town of Beaufort, South Carolina.

A part of D'Allyon's company had landed and prepared to lay the foundation of a town, when a deputation came from the sachem of the Combahee and invited the Spaniards to a great feast at his village at the mouth of that river. About two hundred of them went to the banquet, and were treated with the most friendly hospitalities. For three days and three nights the feast went on, and at the end of it, whilst the guests were soundly sleeping, the Indians fell upon and massacred the whole of them. They had fully matched the treachery of the pale-faces, but they were not satisfied. Hastening to the site of the projected town, they slew many there. Among them was D'Allyon,



given in charge of one man, named Saint Peter, who had his seat at Rome, all the nations of the earth with all the lands and seas on the globe; that his successors at Rome called Popes, were endowed in the same way by God; that one of them had given to the Spanish monarchs all the islands and continents in the Western Ocean; that all natives yet found had given cheerful submission to whatever the soldiers and priests required of them, and that the natives of the land before him were expected to do the same. In the

event of their willing submission, he promised them many favors. "If you do not this," he said, "or wickedly and intentionally delay to do so, I certify to you, that, by the aid of God, I will powerfully invade and make war upon you in all parts and modes that I can, and will subdue you to the yoke and obedience of the Church and his majesty; and I will take your wives and children and make slaves of them, and sell them as such, and dispose of them as his majesty may command; and I will take your effects, and will do you all the harm and injury in my power, as vassals who will not obey or



Chicora, as the native South Carolinians called their country; and he was vested with authority to plant a colony there. Under this commission ~~to receive their swords, and all the arms and munitions of war, and to oppose them.~~ And I protest that the deaths and disasters which may in this manner be occasioned, will be the fault of yourselves, and not of his majesty, nor of me, nor of these cavaliers who accompany me."

This infamous proclamation which justified murder and robbery under the sanction of that religion the chief attributes of which are justice, benevolence and mercy, was adopted as the formula, and indicated the spirit of

the Spanish invaders of America afterwards. Although read aloud by the friars, the pagans could not understand a word of it. The Christians did not expect them to understand it. Their offices were fulfilled when the Latin words had gone into the ears of their dusky listeners. The consequences must be borne by the wondering heathen!

Delay in making a willing submission was speedily followed by violence. The natives were attacked by the intruders and some of them were killed. Some were sent captive to the ships. Ojeda, apprehending no danger, permitted his followers who were on shore to roam in quest of booty. He was mistaken. The outraged Indians gathered stealthily and attacked the Spaniards furiously with poisoned arrows. Ojeda and a few soldiers took refuge in a small cabin, where all but himself were slain. He was a small man and found shelter from a shower of arrows under his buckler for awhile, when he sprang from his covert like a tiger and, cutting his way through the multitude uninjured, he found shelter and concealment among the matted roots of mango trees at the wooded base of a mountain. There he was found by his followers, almost dead with fatigue and hunger, and was carried to his ship.

At this juncture Nicuesa appeared with his squadron. The two governors soon agreed upon a plan of operations. Four hundred men and some horses were landed, and all started for the village of the Indians, which they desolated with fire and sword. No quarter was given to age or sex. Men, women and children were slain with weapons or perished in the burning cabins. Having gathered much spoil, the governors parted, Nicuesa for his prescribed province, and Ojeda for another part of his, for he would not attempt to plant a colony on the scene of his disaster.

The wants of his followers caused Ojeda to sail for Hayti for supplies. His crew rebelled and put him in irons, but when a great storm arose, they



NATIVE CUBANS WORSHIPPING A PICTURE.

released him for the sake of mutual safety. The vessel stranded on the southern shores of Cuba which was then under native rule, and a place of refuge for the unhappy inhabitants of Hispaniola. The shipwrecked mariners suffered dreadfully in morasses, and more than half of them perished. They feared the natives and tried to avoid them; but hunger made the survivors bold, and a part of them, led by Ojeda, followed a path into an Indian village. The pagans there treated the suffering Christians with the most tender care and unstinted hospitality. The cacique sent men with provisions to hunt up survivors in the morasses; and when Ojeda departed, he sent guides and servants to conduct the Spaniard and his companions to a part of the island nearest Jamaica, on which his countrymen had lately settled. To that island Ojeda was taken, and thence to Hispaniola, where he died. At his own request his body was buried at the portal of the Cathedral of San Francisco. He chose that spot that every one who passed the portal might "tread upon his grave." So he sought to expiate his crimes by such post-mortem or after-death humiliation.

The natural kindness of the Cubans was requited the following year (1516) in the usual way. The Spaniards of Hayti, inflamed by Ojeda's account of the wealth of Cuba, conquered it, and there established the horrid social and political system which had made Hispaniola a land of mourning for its native inhabitants. The pious Ojeda had planted a germ of the Church in Cuba, and so gave the pagans there, as he believed, an equivalent for any disabilities which they might suffer under Spanish rule. In his distress he had made a vow to the Virgin, that if she should deliver him from the great peril, he would build a chapel in the first Indian village he might find, and over its altar place a precious little Flemish painting of the Sacred Mother, which he carried with him, and leave it there. He did so. The character and attributes of the Virgin, as the mother of God who rules the universe, he explained to the simple-minded cacique and his people, who, at the outset, were taught to revere the picture as a blessing from the skies. They kept the chapel swept clean; made votive offerings; composed couplets to the Virgin and sang them with accompaniments of instrumental music, as they danced in the groves around the sacred place; and in other similar ways they commended themselves to their pious conquerors as hopeful converts to Christianity. So it was that the Christian religion was introduced into Cuba nearly four centuries ago.



CHAPTER VII.

The Spaniards on the Isthmus of Darien—Their Cruel Treatment of the Natives—Story of the Discovery of the Pacific Ocean, by Vasco Nunez de Balboa—He Takes Possession of it in the Name of the Spanish Monarchs—Tidings of Peru—Death of Nunez—Cuba Conquered—Hernando Cortez—Story of the Conquest of Mexico—Success and Cruelties of the Spaniards in Mexico—Capture of Its Capital—Destruction of Idols—Attempted Conquest of Florida by Narvaez—Dreadful Sufferings of that Leader and His Followers—Their Destruction.

THE Pacific Ocean, whose waters lave the western shores of our Republic along a distance, as a bird flies, of sixteen degrees of latitude, from San Diego on the south to Cape Flattery on the north, was discovered by one of the Spanish adventurers who accompanied the expedition under Nicuessa, to the coasts of Central America. That discoverer was Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, an active and energetic young man of noble lineage but of small fortune, who crossed the Atlantic to the West Indies in search of wealth, in the year 1501. On Hispaniola he had acquired a moderate competence, but having fallen in debt, he escaped his creditors by being carried in a cask (supposed to contain provisions) on board a ship commanded by the Bachelor Enciso, one of Nicuessa's lieutenants. When the vessel was fairly out at sea, Nuñez came from his cask. Enciso, astonished, and angry because of the deception, threatened to leave him on the first uninhabited island they should discover, but Nuñez succeeded in pacifying his commander and gaining his friendship.

At Carthagena, Enciso was joined by Pizarro, who had been left by Ojeda in charge of the remnant of his colony. With that remnant, much wasted by sickness, hunger, and the arrows of the natives, he was making his way back to Hispaniola, in a brigantine. He was persuaded by Enciso to remain and return with him to the place of Pizarro's departure. They were about to weigh anchor when they heard of a province called Zenu, lying at the westward, whose mountains they were told abounded with the precious metals, and where there was an ancient cemetery in which, for centuries, the Indians had been buried with all their golden ornaments. Enciso determined to hasten to that country, dig treasures from the mountains and sack

the sepulchres, for he felt no compunction at the idea of rifling the graves of pagans. The whole expedition sailed for the coast of Zenu, where they were met by two caciques and many armed followers, who opposed the invasion of the Spaniards. Then Enciso caused the formula used by Ojeda to be read and interpreted to the caciques, expounding the nature of God, the supremacy of the Pope and the right of Roman Catholic sovereigns to all the lands by virtue of a grant from the occupant of the papal chair at Rome. The caciques courteously listened to the Spaniards, and then one of them said: "No doubt there is only one God, but the Pope must have been drunk to give away what was not his own, and the King of Spain must have been crazy to ask from him what belonged to others. We are lords of these lands and want no other sovereign, and if this king should come to take possession, we would cut off his head and put it on a pole."

Enciso attacked and defeated the Indians, but in rifling the tombs of their ancestors, he did not find sufficient treasure to assuage his grief at the loss of two of his men who had perished by poisoned arrows. He now proceeded to the seat of Ojeda's colony, where he found the fort and cabins erected there in ruins. Nuñez, who had been there before, with another adventurer guided Enciso to a village on the bank of a river which the natives called Darien, and there the seat of government was established, after expelling the natives. Discontents soon arose among the Spaniards, and Nuñez taking advantage of them, succeeded in having Enciso deposed and himself made chief magistrate. When Nicuessa came to assume chief command, the colonists, under the influence of Nuñez, refused their allegiance to him, and the usurper became governor. He expelled Nicuessa from the country, who, with a few followers, embarked in a crazy vessel for Hispaniola, and were never heard of afterwards. Enciso, seeing no chance for the recovery of his power whilst the energetic usurper lived, returned to Spain with feelings of revenge.

Nuñez was soon joined by two Spaniards who, to avoid punishment, had fled from Nicuessa's ship and found refuge and the kindest treatment with Careta, the cacique of Coyba. They requited this hospitality of the pagan chief by advising Nuñez to attack Careta in his dwelling, where he would find immense booty. The governor prepared to do so. One of the Spaniards returned to Careta to assist Nuñez in his betrayal, and the other acted as guide to the invaders. Nuñez was kindly received by the cacique and his people, and departed with presents. He halted a little way from the village, and when the Indians were all asleep, he led his men into the town at midnight and made Careta, his wives and children and many of his people captives. With them and a considerable booty, the treacherous Nuñez

returned to Darien, when the good cacique, distressed at his situation, said: "What have I done to thee that thou shouldst treat me thus cruelly? None of thy people ever came to my land that were not fed, and sheltered, and treated with loving-kindness. When thou camest to my dwelling did I meet thee with a javelin in my hand? Did I not set meat and drink before thee, and welcome thee as a brother? Set me free, therefore, with my family and people, and we will remain thy friends. We will supply thee with provisions, and reveal to thee the riches of the land. Dost thou doubt my faith? Behold my daughter! I give her to thee as a pledge of my friendship. Take her for thy wife, and be assured of the fidelity of her family and her people."

Careta's daughter was young and beautiful. Nuñez was deeply impressed by her charms. He granted the prayer of Careta, took his daughter to be his wife according to the usages of her country, and becoming very fond of her, she soon acquired great influence over him. He assisted Careta in wars against his enemies, and they became fast friends. Whilst visiting a powerful cacique, a friendly neighbor of Careta, Nuñez was told by the son of that chief, that beyond the mountains toward which he pointed, was a mighty sea that could be discovered from the summits of the great hills; that the sea was navigated by vessels almost as large as the Spanish brigantines and equipped like them with sails and oars; that the rivers which flowed down from the southern slopes of the mountains abounded with gold, and that there was a country further southward, bordering on that great sea, where the kings ate and drank out of golden vessels, and that gold was as plentiful there as iron was among the Spaniards.

This information seemed like a revelation from heaven beaming into the mind of Nuñez. He felt a sudden impulse to abandon his wayward life, and an ambition to be ranked among the great discoverers of his age. If he could first see that mighty ocean and the precious rivers and the country where its kings ate and drank out of golden vessels, he would surely be elevated to fame and fortune. He eagerly inquired how the summits of the mountains and the borders of that sea might be reached. "You will have to fight your way to the top and down their slopes, and through the plains beyond, with powerful caciques and brave warriors," said the young man. "You will need at least a thousand men, armed like those who follow you."

Nuñez hastened back to Darien to make preparations for his journey. His thoughts were wholly occupied with plans for the discovery of the great sea beyond the mountains. He pondered the subject when awake and it gave color and shape to his night-dreams. With gold of the value of fifteen thousand crowns which he sent to Don Diego Columbus, in Hispaniola, to

be forwarded to the king as the royal share of the winnings in Central America, he sent an appeal to that officer for aid in men and provisions, to enable Nuñez to fight his way across the isthmus. Whilst awaiting an answer he made several expeditions from Darien, and everywhere he heard the story of the great sea beyond the mountains. Finally, one hundred and fifty armed men, with ample supplies, arrived at Darien from Hispaniola, and Nuñez determined to march for the mountain summits. With one hundred and ninety men and a number of bloodhounds, he made his way to



DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC.

Coyba, where Careta furnished him with guides and Indian warriors; and on the 6th of September, 1513, the expedition set off for the great hills which loomed up in the southern horizon. They fought their way victoriously, spreading terror among the natives by their guns, which, to the Indians, seemed like demons vomiting lightning and thunder.

At ten o'clock in the morning of the 26th of September, Nuñez and his followers emerged from a thick forest high up in the mountain range. Only sixty-seven of his Spanish soldiers now remained, who were able to climb that rugged height. The bald rocky summit alone remained to be ascended. Commanding his followers to halt, and not a man to stir from his place, he climbed to that summit, when the glorious apparition of a broad sea burst upon his vision. It seemed to him that a new and unknown world, separated from the known by the

lofty mountain barrier on which he stood, had been unfolded to him. It was even so. Overcome by mingled feelings of awe and joy, he fell upon his knees and fervently poured out his thanks to God for permitting him to be the first of Europeans to discover that mighty sea. He then shouted to his followers to come up; and when they had gathered around him on that breezy height, and beheld the sea stretching out interminably, he exhorted them to be faithful to him and valorous in the conquests of rich heathen lands before them, and so give glory to God and their king and win riches for themselves. They embraced their leader and made vows of fidelity to

him even unto death. Then they chanted the *Te Deum Laudamus*. So it was that the Pacific Ocean was discovered by Vasco Nuñez de Balboa. It was called by him the South Sea, but Mageilan, who sailed into it through the straits which bear his name, a few years later, called it the Pacific Ocean, because its waters were far less turbulent than those of the Atlantic which he had just crossed.

Nuñez now called all of his followers to witness the fact that he took possession of that sea, with all its coasts and islands, in the name of the sovereigns of Spain; and the notary drew up a testimonial to that effect, which the leader and his sixty-seven warriors signed. Then a tree was cut down and wrought into a cross; and on the spot where Nuñez first saw the ocean, it was planted with solemn religious ceremonies, whilst the Indians looked on in wonder, not comprehending the meaning of the sacred symbol nor the significance of the act. It marked the subjugation of their land by an avaricious race.

Descending the mountains on their southern sides, Nuñez and his followers made their way to the sea. As the tide came flowing in upon the sandy beach, the leader took a banner on which the Virgin and Child were painted, and under them the arms of Castile and Leon. Then drawing his sword and throwing his buckler over his shoulder, he marched into the water until it covered his knees, and waving his banner he with a loud voice again proclaimed that he took possession of that sea and its islands, in the name of the sovereigns of Spain. A testimonial to that effect was again signed by all, and the conquest was regarded as complete. After that Nuñez made voyages along the coast of the Pacific, and heard tidings of the rich kingdom of Peru, where the Incas or monarchs ate and drank out of vessels of gold. That kingdom, then eminent for its civilization, was afterward conquered by Pizarro, with circumstances of great cruelty and wickedness. Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, falsely accused of traitorous intentions by his jealous rival and successor, Davila, was beheaded at Acla, in Central America, by order of that officer, in 1517, when he was in the forty-second year of his age.

At about the time when Central America was first colonized, Cuba was conquered by three hundred Spaniards under Diego Velasquez, who had been sent from Hispaniola for the purpose, by Don Diego Columbus, in 1511. Hernando Cortez, destined to make a conspicuous figure in history, accompanied the expedition, and was made the chief magistrate of Santiago, the Spanish capital of the island. He was a handsome, well educated, enterprising young man, then only twenty-six years of age, and had just married one of the young ladies who came from Spain with the Vice-Queen of Hispaniola. Cortez soon amassed a considerable fortune. He was a cruel

worker of the natives in his mines. "How many of the Indians died in extracting gold for him," wrote Las Casas, "God will have kept a better account than I have."

Mexico had just been discovered by Juan de Grijalva. Cortez was sent with an expedition to conquer it. He set out from Cuba late in 1518, with five hundred and fifty Spaniards, nearly three hundred Indians, a few negroes, thirteen horses and ten brass cannon, in ten ships, and landed on



RAISING A MEMORIAL CROSS.

the shore of Tabasco, on the 4th of March, 1519. There he had a battle with the natives, and so terrified them with his horses and great guns that they fled in dismay. They gave him as a peace-offering, a beautiful Mexican slave girl, the daughter of a cacique, whom Cortez caused to be baptized with the name of Donna Marina. She was very intelligent, and bore a conspicuous part in the fortunes of Cortez. "Without her aid," says Arthur Helps, "his conquest of Mexico would never have been accomplished."

Pushing into the interior, Cortez was met by deputies of Montezuma, a native emperor and ruler of an empire which had existed full three hundred years. The emperor hearing of the approach of the Spaniards, sent to

inquire what was their errand. "Has your king any gold?" asked Cortez. The deputies answered, "Yes." The invader replied: "Let him send it to me, for I and my companions have a complaint—a disease of the heart, which only gold can cure." This was the dreadful malady which afflicted all of the Spanish discoverers and conquerors; and the records of their search for the remedy have stained the pages of history with pictures of the most horrid crimes.

Cortez took possession of the country in the usual form, and planted the seeds of a colony on the site of Vera Cruz. He destroyed his ships to pre-

vent malcontents among his followers returning in them ; and, winning to his standard several native tribes who had suffered from Montezuma's tax-gatherers, and were ready to rebel, he marched toward the Mexican capital in the month of August, over the same route which was pursued by General Scott and his conquering army more than three hundred years afterward. He fought his way against overwhelming numbers who were terrified by the flashing of the armor of the Spaniards and the thunders of their cannon. The simple people regarded the invaders as divine personages and made human sacrifices to placate them ; but the avarice and ambition of the Spaniards could not be appeased until they themselves had sacrificed thousands of human beings on the altar of their lust.

Discontented or alarmed, Mexicans continually flocked to the standard of Cortez. He fought and conquered the powerful Tlascalans and made them his allies ; and early in November, after murdering a large number of Cholulans that fell into his hands, he appeared before the City of Mexico—Mexico the superb, sitting on the bosom of a beautiful lake and alive with more than three hundred thousand people. With him were six thousand native warriors and four hundred and fifty Spaniards. Montezuma and his nobles received the invaders with great pomp and kindness. A beautiful palace was assigned to Cortez for his quarters. Believing that a display of power would greatly increase his strength and influence, that leader made an attack of a few Mexicans upon some of his followers, a pretext for seizing the emperor in his own palace and confining him in chains in that of his guest, whilst seventeen of the offenders were burned alive before the gate of the imperial residence. Cortez also compelled his royal prisoner to acknowledge himself a vassal of Charles the Fifth, then Emperor of Spain, and to induce his nobles and tributary caciques to do likewise. He made that vassalage a pretext for exacting tribute, and in the name of his royal master, Cortez extorted from the fallen monarch gold to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars.

This audacious robber, from the time when he left Cuba, had been rebellious towards his superiors. Another adventurer, named Narvaez, was sent with nine hundred men, eighty horses and a dozen cannon for the field, to displace the rebel and send him back to Cuba. When Cortez heard of the landing of his appointed successor, he hastened with a part of his Spanish troops and native warriors toward the coast. He had guessed the errand of Narvaez, and at once attacked him in his camp. Cortez was victorious. The defeated troops joined the standard of the victor, and all marched for the City of Mexico, where the great leader had left a small garrison under the cruel Alvarado. The inhabitants there had risen in insurrection because

Alvarado, on suspicion of meditated rebellion, had caused to be murdered six hundred unarmed Mexican noblemen at the end of a solemn festival. The revolt had become formidable when Cortez returned, and in an attempt to appease his people, Montezuma had been slain. This event increased the horror and indignation of the Mexicans. The Spaniards were driven out of the city, and their rear-guard were cut in pieces. They fled before the



VASCO NUNEZ DE BALBOA TAKING POSSESSION OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

exasperated Mexicans, for the space of six days, dreadfully harassed by their pursuers. Finally, on the plain of Otamba, the fugitives turned upon the Mexicans, and on a hot day in July, 1520, a pitched battle was fought there. The Spaniards were victorious, and the fate of the dynasty of Montezuma was sealed.

Cortez now marched to Tlascala, where he was joined by an auxiliary

native army. After subduing the neighboring provinces, he turned his forces toward the City of Mexico. The siege which ensued was one of the most remarkable recorded in history. It continued seventy-five days, when, on the 13th of August, 1521, the city was captured by the Spaniards with immense slaughter of the inhabitants. More human beings were that day offered upon the altar of ambition than had been slain in sacrifice before the Mexican gods in the space of ten years. The victory over the Mexicans

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Spain, and with the name of his monarch. His officers then took an oath of allegiance to him as their governor; and had he known how potent kind treatment would have been in securing the friendship of the Indians, he might have ruled the province in peace and good will and with abundant prosperity. Instead of pursuing this wise course, he relied upon force and cruelty to effect the subjugation

tion of the natives. The consequences were disastrous to him and those who came after him. His cruel mutilation of a captive chief after his first hostile encounter with the natives, by causing his nose to be cut off; and his making Cuban bloodhounds tear in pieces the mother of the cacique in the presence of her children, created such intense horror and hatred among the people in all that Gulf region, that vengeance followed the footsteps of



the Spaniards closely and implacably, with the tenacity of their own savage dogs.

Narvaez marched with high hopes from Tampa, to explore the country, directing his ships to sail along the coasts for the same purpose. He had been told that not far off he would find Apalachee, a city and country of

plenty. He crossed the Suwanee high up, and then the Ocktockonee. Every day he expected to come upon a city sparkling with wealth—filled with gold and food, like those of Mexico and Peru; and palaces of caciques with magnificent courts, and a country in which they might riot in luxury won by plunder as Cortez and Pizarro had done. Alas! it was an idle dream. All before him were but creations of imagination; all behind him were the dark realities of disappointment. The captives whom Narvaez forced to act as guides, led the invaders into dark forests, tangled morasses, and arid sands. Men and horses suffered dreadfully from the pangs of hunger. When a horse died from starvation, these cavaliers were compelled to eat it to avoid starvation themselves. At every rood they met hostility and treachery; and when they came to Apalachee, instead of a splendid city and fields and granaries burdened with food, they found a village of forty thatched huts in the midst of scattered fields of growing maize or Indian corn. There were no roads nor bridges, nor other evidences of civilization; and poverty was the common aspect of nature and people. The men had fled, but soon returned for their women and children with offers of friendship. These offers were accepted, and all might have been well had not Narvaez, in imitation of Cortez in Mexico, seized the principal cacique of the Apalacheeans, and held him as a hostage for the good behavior of his people. Narvaez believed this spirited act would awe the inhabitants; but he had a more warlike people to deal with than the soft Aztecs of Mexico. They flew to arms to avenge the wrong; attacked the Spaniards with great fury; burned their own houses that they might not give shelter to their enemies, and then fled to their cornfields and the forests with their families.

Narvaez was now on the Appalachicola River. He learned from the captive cacique that he was in the richest region of that whole country; that forests and lakes and morasses everywhere abounded, and that he would be met at every step by expert and hostile bowmen. He told him that nine days journeying southward would bring him to the sea-coast and a better country, and assured him that gold had never been found in the region which he had penetrated. Misfortune made Narvaez listen patiently to these discouraging words, and he and his followers turned their faces toward the sea. Their sufferings on that march were dreadful. The country was broken into lakes, swamps, morasses and forests. They were compelled to wade through water sometimes waist deep and work their way through tangled vines and bristling brambles, every moment exposed to the arrows of expert bowmen who hung upon their flanks and rear. When they reached the sea—the Gulf of Mexico—at near the mouth of the Appalachicola, sickness was rapidly wasting Narvaez and nearly all his men. They

had devoured for food all but one of their horses, and they were in the most pitiable plight. All thoughts of gold and dominion had left their minds, and they stood upon that shore, with no signs of their fleet visible, the victims of a cruel policy of their own. They had now no thought but the question, How shall we save our lives?

There was no other way of escape from death than by the sea. Surmounting the greatest difficulties, they built some frail boats, and provisioned them with Indian corn. With this, and some water in half-tanned horse-hides, they embarked, and coasted toward the Mississippi. Their food and water soon failed, and their sufferings were horrible. One by one they died, when a storm—a “norther”—struck and dispersed the flotilla. The boat that bore Treasurer de Vaca was stranded on an island, and he and his companions were kindly treated by the Indians. Narvaez was never heard of afterward. De Vaca seems to have been the only Spaniard who survived and returned to Spain. After eight years of captivity amongst the Indians, he made his way on foot, from tribe to tribe, until he had crossed the continent, and arrived at a port occupied by his countrymen on the Gulf of California. Thence he made his way to Spain, where he appeared at the court as one risen from the dead. His narrative was soon published, and it was read with an appetite such as the most marvelous romance creates. His revelations of the heroism of Narvaez made the deeds of that adventurer compare favorably with those of Cortez and Pizarro. Narvaez had not only fought hostile men with a handful of followers, but he had fought the climate and topography of Florida. Cortez had struggled in a salubrious climate seven thousand feet above the sea, and Pizarro had marched into the country of the Incas of Peru over a splendid highway built by that extraordinary people along the summits of the Andes. Narvaez was never, probably, one hundred feet above tide-water, in Florida, and much of the time he was breathing the deadly malaria of the Everglades.



CHAPTER VIII.

De Soto Commissioned to Conquer and Govern Florida—His Experience in the Dominions of a Creek Chief—A Friendly Indian Queen on the Savannah River—De Soto's Treachery—His Kind Reception in the Coosa Country—De Soto's Perfidy—His March through Alabama—De Soto is Outgeneralled by the Emperor Tuscaloosa—Terrible Encounter with the Alabamians at Their Capital—De Soto Goes Further into the Interior—Fatal Encounters with the Barbarians—He Discovers the Mississippi River—He Crosses that Stream and Marches toward the Rocky Mountains—De Soto Returns to the Mississippi and Dies—His Followers Reach Mexico—Death of His Wife.

THE hideous story of the disastrous adventures of Narvaez and his companions in Florida seems sufficient to have deterred others from undertaking further enterprises among the fierce Apalachians, either for gold or dominion. But the effect was otherwise. Spanish chivalry had been stimulated, and thirst for glory had been intensified by the valorous exploits of the discoverers and conquerors in America, and the more hazardous the performance the greater was the renown. The very difficulties in the way seemed to sharpen desire; and when Hernando de Soto, who, as one of the conquerors of Peru under Pizarro, had returned to Spain with great wealth and reputation, proposed an expedition for the conquest of Florida, hundreds of young men, the flower of the Spanish and Portuguese nobility, flocked to his standard.

De Soto longed to rival Cortez and Pizarro in the brilliancy of his deeds. He had appeared at the court of Charles the Fifth in great splendor, as one of the richest men in Spain, and had been favorably received. He had lately married Isabella de Bobadilla, a scion of one of the most renowned of the Castilian families, and his influence at court was thereby strengthened; and when he offered to undertake the conquest of Florida at his own expense, the permission of his sovereign was readily given. Charles also commissioned him governor of Cuba, from which island he would sail for Florida, and made him captain-general of the provinces which he might secure by conquest on the main.

De Soto was of gentle birth; of known pre-eminence as a soldier; wise in council; prudent in action; brave to rashness in conflict, and his reputa-

tion was without blemish. In person, he was elegant; in deportment, courtly; as a horseman, expert; and in age, thirty-seven—the prime of young manhood. With these qualities and his generous offer to aid young cavaliers who needed assistance in equipping themselves in accordance with their rank and position, he soon gathered a band of six hundred brilliant adventurers. Some of the wealthier came in gorgeous suits of armor, rich dresses and trains of servants. Many of them had sold houses, lands and vineyards to enable them to embark in the enterprise, for De Soto believed there was more gold in Florida than in Mexico and Peru together, and had said so.

With this brilliant armament, and accompanied by his beautiful young wife and other noble ladies, De Soto embarked at San Lucar de Barrameda, at the mouth of the Guadalquivir, early in April, 1538, a little less than eleven years after Narvaez sailed on his unfortunate expedition from the same port. His armament consisted of seven large and three smaller vessels; and the flag-ship was the *San Christoval*, of eight hundred tons burthen. Their departure was cheered by the braying of trumpets and the shouts of a great multitude; and the fleet was followed by twenty-six merchant vessels bound for Mexico.

So bountifully had De Soto furnished his ships with stores, that every man was supplied with double rations; and in their enjoyment of plenty and wastefulness, they almost adored their munificent leader. Gayety and festivity—music, dancing and feasting—prevailed on board the *San Christoval* during that sunny voyage, in which richly-dressed ladies were conspicuous, with handsome young pages to do their bidding, especially on mild and brilliant moonlit evenings within the tropic of Cancer. All were joyous, for they thought they were on the way to an earthly paradise. At near the close of May the ships all entered Cuban waters. The bright sea-pageant vanished, for then the real business of the expedition was begun in earnest. There De Soto occupied a whole year in arranging affairs of government and preparing for the great enterprise in view.

Towards the middle of May, 1539, De Soto sailed from Havana with a fleet of nine vessels, large and small, and about a thousand followers with many horses, cattle, mules, and a herd of swine. He left public affairs in Cuba in the hands of his wife and the lieutenant-governor, where, for several days, he had given feasts and entertainments such as might be appropriate *after* a great conquest. A vessel had been sent to Florida to find a safe harbor and to kidnap some Indians to act as guides and interpreters. So prepared, De Soto bade Isabella de Bobadilla farewell on board his ship, with the full expectation of returning speedily with the rich fruits of a

glorious conquest. Alas! clouds soon gathered in the firmament of his hopes, and his brilliant dream was never realized. His voyage was pleasant; and when the armament anchored in Tampa Bay, near where Narvaez had landed, delicious perfumes came from the shores, for all Florida was in bloom. It was the 30th of May.

Had De Soto been wiser than the other conquerors, and conciliated the Indians by friendly acts, all might have been well. But he was no wiser than they. He sent armed men to capture natives, that he might obtain knowledge of the country, and so he imitated his predecessors. The savages had learned to be cautious from their contact with Narvaez, and they were too wily in their movements, and too expert with the bow and arrow, to be taken.

In one of their little excursions the Spaniards were startled as they were charging upon a band of Indians, by the voice of a man crying out in the Castilian tongue: "I am a Christian! I am a Christian! Slay me not!" The stout trooper stayed his lance, lifted the suppliant to his horse, and carried him to the main encampment. The Castilian in savage guise proved to be Jean Ortiz, a native of Seville, who had been a captive among the Indians for several years. He had heard of the landing of the Spaniards, and had hastened to meet them; and he was a godsend to De Soto because he was a valuable interpreter. The governor furnished Ortiz with clothes and a horse, and attached him to his personal staff.

De Soto was now ready to enter upon the conquest of Florida. His troops were clad in coats of steel to repel arrows, and bore breast-plates and helmets of the same metal. They had strong shields, swords, lances, arquebuses (a kind of rude short guns), cross-bows and one cannon. The cavaliers were mounted on one hundred and thirteen horses. Savage blood-hounds from Cuba were the allies of the Spaniards, and the Castilians were plentifully supplied with iron neck-collars, handcuffs and chains for their captives. With these instruments of cruelty, a drove of swine, many cattle and mules, and accompanied by mechanics, priests, inferior clergy and monks with sacerdotal robes, holy relics, images of the Virgin and sacramental bread and wine wherewith to make Christians of the conquered pagans, De Soto began his march in June, 1539. From the outset he was met by the most vigorous opposition. In narrow defiles and other exposed places, he and his followers were assailed by clouds of arrows from the hands of a multitude of natives who had been made intensely revengeful because of the cruelties of Narvaez and his men. They had resolved to fight the invaders until not one should be left upon the soil. Cruelty was met by cruelty. When a Spaniard was captured, he was mercilessly slaughtered. The cap-

tive Indians were loaded with chains and made beasts of burden, without regard to age or sex. The antagonism of the races was fearful. When De Soto, hoping to conciliate Acuera, a powerful Muscogee or Creek chief, whose territory he had entered, and invited the cacique to a friendly inter-

view, he received this haughty reply :

"Others of your accursed race have, in years past, disturbed our peaceful shores. They have taught me what you are. What is your employment? To wander about like vagabonds from land to land; to rob the poor; to betray the confiding; to murder the defenceless in cold blood. No! with such a people I want neither peace nor friendship. War — never-ending, exterminating war — is all I ask. You boast yourselves to be valiant — and so you may be; but my faithful warriors are not less brave; and of this you shall one day



THE CAPTIVE INDIANS.

have proof, for I have sworn to maintain an unsparing conflict while one white man remains in my borders; not openly in the battle-field, though even thus we fear not to meet you, but by stratagem, ambush, and midnight surprisal."

In reply to a demand that he should yield obedience to the emperor, Acuera as haughtily said: "I am king in my own land, and will never become the vassal of a mortal like myself. Vile and pusillanimous is he who submits to the yoke of another when he may be free! As for me and my

people we prefer death to the loss of liberty, and the subjugation of our country!" De Soto pressed his suit for a friendly interview, but was always answered by the cacique that he had given him all the reply he had to make.

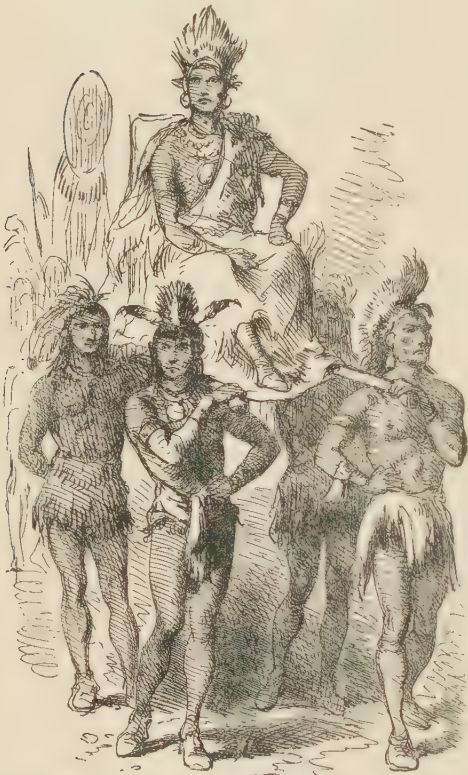
De Soto remained twenty days in the dominions of Acuera, continually suffering from the enmity of that cacique. A Spaniard could not go a hundred paces from his camp without danger of being shot, and his severed head carried in triumph on a pike to the presence of the chief. In that way fourteen Castilians perished, and many were wounded. "Keep on! robbers and traitors!" said Acuera. "In my province and in Apalachee you will be treated as you deserve. We will quarter and hang up every captive on the highest tree!" And they did so. In open fight the Spaniards were always victors, but in ambush and skulking, the Indians were expert and fearfully dangerous.

Cutting his way through hostile tribes, De Soto reached the fertile region of Tallahassee, where he wintered. An expedition which sailed westward in his ships, to explore the coasts, returned in February with a report that the skeletons of the men and horses of Narvaez's party, who had perished at St. Marks, the place of that adventurer's last embarkation, had been discovered; also the sheltered bay of Pensacola. The commander of the vessels was ordered to return to Cuba immediately, and thence convey provisions and other supplies to Pensacola, whilst De Soto should march across the country to the same point. For this purpose the governor broke up his winter encampment in March, but being told that gold abounded in the north, he first went in that direction as far as Silver Bluff, on the Savannah River. On the opposite side of the stream (in Barnwell District, S. C.) lived an Indian "queen," young, beautiful and a maiden, who ruled over a large extent of country. In a richly wrought canoe filled with shawls and skins, and other presents, the dusky cacica glided across the river, and with kind words welcomed the governor and offered him her services. Presents were exchanged. A magnificent string of pearls was upon her neck. This she drew over her head and hung it around the neck of De Soto as a token of her regard. Then she invited him and his followers to cross over to her village. In canoes and on log-rafts they passed the stream, and encamping in the shadows of mulberry trees, they soon received a bountiful supply of turkeys and venison. There they remained until early in May, when they departed, De Soto requiting the hospitality of the royal maiden with treachery. He carried her away a prisoner, and kept her near his person as a hostage for the good behavior of her people towards the Spaniards. She finally escaped and returned to her home, a bitter enemy of the perfidious white people.

The Spaniards marched to the headwaters of the Savannah, in Habersham county, when they turned their faces westward, and crossing northern Georgia, through the picturesque Cherokee country, went over the Oostanaula near its confluence with the Etowah, and entered the large village of Chiaha, on the site of modern Rome. There they were received with the kindest hospitality by the young chief, who gave the intruders plenty of food and to their leader a string of pearls two yards in length, each pearl as

large as a filbert. The streams in that region then abounded in the pearl-bearing mussel.

For thirty days the Spaniards remained at Chiaha. Then marching eastward, they entered northeastern Alabama, and were soon in the beautiful and fertile Coosa country. They were everywhere kindly received and bountifully fed by the inhabitants. Cultivated fields stretched out on every side, and granaries were filled with corn. Plum trees abounded, resembling those of Spain, and grapes hung in delicious clusters from vines that climbed the tall trees. It was now late in July, 1540. When the army came in sight of the capital of Coosa, the chief, a young man less than thirty years of age, borne upon a cushioned chair on the shoulders of four men, met him in the remote outskirts of the town, followed by a thousand warriors, tall, active



Darke

THE CHIEF OF THE COOSA INDIANS.

and well-proportioned, with scanty garments and plumed heads. The cacique was clad in a mantle of marten skins thrown gracefully over his shoulder, and on his head was a diadem of brilliant feathers. Musicians attended him, singing songs and playing flutes; and the whole procession was almost as gorgeous as that of the Spaniards in their glittering armor.

The cacique received De Soto with joy, set apart the royal house for his accommodation, and dined with the governor every day. Finally, he besought De Soto to found a Spanish colony anywhere in his dominions. The governor, charmed with the delicious climate, would have done so but for the avaricious desire to find the great gold region which, he believed, was not far off. He declined the generous offer, with polite thanks, at the same time holding the chief as a hostage for the double purpose of securing the friendly offices of his people and extorting provisions and slaves. The natives were enraged at the indignity offered their sovereign, and fleeing to the woods prepared for war. The Spaniards pursued them, and returned with men and women in chains, many of whom they carried off as slaves when they departed in August. So, at every step, hospitality was repaid by injustice and cruelty. The Spaniards by their conduct justly earned the fate which finally overtook them.

De Soto continued his march through the beautiful regions of Alabama, taking with him the cacique of Coosa, as far as the great town of Tallase, where he was dismissed. Pushing southward, the Spaniards approached the temporary residence of Tuscaloosa, the renowned chief known as the Black Warrior, who was gigantic in stature, and the head of the Mobilian Indians. They found him seated on a commanding eminence upon a cushioned seat with beautiful mats under his feet and surrounded by numerous attendants. He was forty years of age, a head taller than any of his warriors, with a handsome face of grave and severe aspect. Lord of many tribes, he was feared by his neighbors and subjects; and his influence was widely spread over the region of the Alabama River to that of the Mississippi. He received De Soto with haughty courtesy; and when the governor ordered one of his largest pack-horses to be brought for the use of the giant chieftain, the latter mounted with sullenness and evident reluctance. He and De Soto rode side by side, and it was soon evident to Tuscaloosa that he was a prisoner of the Spaniards after the manner of other caciques who had been held as hostages. They crossed the Alabama a short distance below Selma, and passed down the right bank of that stream in the direction of the sea. De Soto now discovered signs which made him uneasy. The deference which had been paid to him since he left the Apalachee country had assured him that the conquest of Florida would be an easy matter. Indeed, he had regarded it as already accomplished. But the demeanor of Tuscaloosa caused him to doubt. The chief was in close and continual consultation with his principal followers, and was constantly sending runners to his capital, with messages, telling the Spaniards that he was preparing for their honorable reception. De Soto did not believe him, and took precau-

tions against treachery. Side by side he and Tuscaloosa rode into the Mobilian capital, a large palisaded and walled town on a high plain by the side of a broad river, and called Manbila. The most acute students of the Spanish narratives believe that Choctaw Bluff, in Clarke county, about twenty-five miles above the confluence of the Alabama and Tombigby rivers, was its site.

It was at about eight o'clock on a bright October morning, when De Soto and Tuscaloosa rode into Manbila together, and were received in the great square with songs, the music of flutes, and the dancing of Indian girls. They alighted, and were seated under a canopy of state, when Tuscaloosa requested not to be held as a hostage any longer. The governor hesitated. The angered cacique sprang to his feet and with a proud and haughty step walked into a house close by. Ortiz, the interpreter, followed, and invited him to breakfast with De Soto. Tuscaloosa refused to return, saying: "If your chief knows what is best for him, he will immediately take his troops out of my country." The suspicions of the Spanish leader were confirmed, and he had scarcely recovered from his surprise when one of his spies came with information that ten thousand warriors, followers of Tuscaloosa and neighboring chiefs, were in the houses; that a vast amount of weapons and missiles, such as bows and arrows, javelins, clubs and stones, had been gathered in the town; that the old women and children had been sent to the forests, and that the Indians were then debating as to the proper hour to fall upon the Spaniards. It was a startling announcement for De Soto, for a greater part of his army was then lagging behind in fancied security, many of them scattered and hunting in the woods. The governor, anxious to postpone an attack until his army should come up, by regaining the person of Tuscaloosa, approached the cacique with smiles and gracious words. The haughty chief turned scornfully away, and mingled with his warriors. At that moment a chief rushed out, and with a loud voice denounced the Spaniards as robbers, thieves and assassins who should no longer impose upon their leader by depriving him of his liberty. Balthazar Gallegos, the greatest soldier of the expedition next to De Soto, angered by this insolence, cleft the chief, with his sword, from his head to his loins. That act let loose the fury of the people. Like bees from a hive the savages swarmed out of the houses by hundreds and thousands, and gradually pushed the invaders out of the ponderous gates into the plain. The Manbilans seized the Indian slaves of De Soto, together with all his baggage. The latter was stored within the walls, and the former, having their manacles knocked off, were armed and made to fight their late masters. In that first encounter, five Spaniards were killed and many were wounded, among them De Soto.

Unmindful of his wound, the governor, at the head of his cavalry, charged upon the mass of savages, and drove them back into the town with fearful slaughter. The Indians rushed to their wall-towers and loop-holes, and from these sent clouds of arrows and tempests of stones which drove the Spaniards back. As they receded, the Indians dropped from the walls and rushed out of the gates with huge clubs, beating the intruders and seizing their keen swords and deadly spears. The hand-to-hand conflicts were fierce and fatal, especially to the savages. For three hours the battle lasted, victory surging from side to side like the ebbing and flowing of the tides of the sea. The lagging army hearing the noise of battle had hastened forward, and were now coming up to the aid of their comrades. The daring of De Soto, who was everywhere in the battle, had already compelled the savages to take a permanent position within the walls of Manbila; and the priests, who on their knees had uttered copious prayers for victory for the Castilians, now sang the joyous *Te Deum*.

Having all of his forces in hand, De Soto now formed the foot soldiers in four divisions, who, armed with bucklers and battle-axes, charged upon the walls and portals. The Indians had closed and barricaded the gates and again fought from the towers and loop-holes. But the siege was not a long one. The gates were forced, and through these and over the walls the assailants made their way into the town. A dreadful carnage ensued. The cavalry remained outside to catch and slay any who might attempt to escape whilst the butchery was going on within. The Indians fought with all the gallantry and desperation of patriots defending their country. Although the ground was covered with the dead, not one of the survivors asked for quarter. Young women, in large numbers, fought side by side with the warriors, with equal bravery and skill, and their blood flowed as freely. At length De Soto, at the head of his cavalry, made a furious charge into the town, with a shout of "Our Lady and Santiago!" and made fearful lanes through the ranks of fighting men and women. As he arose to hurl his lance at a powerful Indian warrior, a heavy arrow pierced deeply into his thigh. Unable to pull it out or sit in his saddle, he continued to fight, standing in his stirrups. At length the houses were fired and the combatants were shrouded in the blinding smoke. As the sun went down, the sights and sounds of slaughter and groans of the dying were awful. When the twilight deepened into night, the contest was over. It had lasted nine hours. Manbila was a smoking ruin, and its inhabitants had perished.

That conflict was disastrous to both races. Eighty-two Europeans perished, among whom were some of the brightest flowers of Spanish chivalry. It was estimated that eleven thousand native Alabamians fell in the battle

or were burned in the houses. It is believed that Tuscaloosa remained in his house and perished in the flames. Forty-five horses were slain. All the camp equipage and baggage were consumed in the place where the Indians had stored them; all the clothes, medicines, books, pearls, relics and robes of the priests with their flour and wine used in the eucharist or sacrament of the Lord's Supper; instruments, and much of the armor with many other things which could not be obtained in the wilderness, were utterly destroyed. Among the ghastly ruins and piles of the dead, the Spaniards passed the night after the battle. Many of them were wounded and dying. Only one surgeon was left. Seventeen hundred severe wounds called for his care, but his instruments had perished in the flames. De Soto, though badly wounded, bestowed all his care upon his suffering companions. For eight days they remained in the town, and then went out to the Indian huts on the plain. Foraging parties were sent out who found villages abounding in provisions. They brought in beautiful captive maidens from whom they learned that Tuscaloosa had formed a plan for the destruction of the Spaniards weeks before. When the Talases complained to him that their chief had given their people to De Soto for slaves, he said: "Fear nothing; I shall shortly send the Spaniards back from my country to Talase in chains, led by your people, whom they have enslaved. The whole land will be rid of the robbers." De Soto also learned from these captive maidens that his squadron was in the bay of Pensacola.

The fire at Manbila deprived the Spaniards of two widely differing sources of consolation, namely, wheat flour and wine for the eucharist, and playing-cards. Gambling was the besetting sin and most exciting pleasure of all; and they often staked their money, horses, jewels and even feminine slaves, at play. The priests went through all the religious forms excepting consecration, and the unusual ceremony was called Dry Mass. Cards were made of parchment and lent from one company to another, and deep gambling was resumed.

The news of his ships that were doubtless laden with clothing and provisions gave De Soto joy; but his spirits were soon clouded by a conspiracy which had been formed among some of his followers, to abandon him and sail in the ships from Pensacola to Spain or Peru. This discovery changed his plans. He resolved to turn his back upon his ships and go deeper into the wilderness. This determination was announced on the 18th of November, 1540. The order to march northward fell upon the ears of the discontented ones like a clap of thunder. It was made potential by a threat to put to death the first man who should speak of the ships.

Northward the Spaniards marched, and on reaching the waters of the

Black Warrior River, they were met by a large force of Indians in battle array, who longed to avenge the destruction of their friends at Manbila. The news of that tragedy had spread over a vast region, and kindled the fiercest hatred of the Spaniards in the hearts of the natives. Hundreds of opposing warriors were swelled to thousands, and De Soto was compelled to fight his way inch by inch through the land of the Choctaws. At length, after passing over the uplands of Mississippi—a beautiful, fertile and populous region—he reached the upper tributaries of the Yazoo River in Yalobusha county, and encamped in front of the town of Chickasa, the capita!



THE SPANIARDS GAMBLING.

of the Chickasa nation. It was now December. Ice and even snow appeared and chilled the troops, and De Soto resolved to pass the winter there in a sheltered camp. The chief of the Chickasas feigned friendship for the Spaniards. It might have been real had the latter been wise and just. But they were not. Cruelty and wrong, as before, marked their dealings with the natives. When March came and De Soto thought of marching forward, he demanded of the Chickasa chief two hundred men as burden-bearers. The cacique answered the demand by a furious attack upon the Spanish camp on a dark night, during a wild gale from the north. The

assailants came in four columns, with horrid yells and the hideous sounds of wooden drums and blasts on conch-shells. Before the sleeping Spaniards were fairly roused from their slumbers, their huts, made of cane and straw, were in flames, fired by arrows bearing torches. Blinded by the smoke, they ran out of the houses half-dressed, some leaving their weapons behind them. Horses in stables perished, and many swine, in roofed pens, were burned to death. The conflict that ensued was terrible. The Spaniards fought valiantly as best they might, and finally drove their dusky assailants into the forests. But the disaster to the Europeans was greater than that which befel them at Manbila. They had lost forty of their diminished number. The only Spanish woman in the camp—the wife of a soldier—was burned to ashes. Fifty horses had perished, and most of the men saved nothing excepting what they had on their backs or in their hands.

The remainder of the inclement season was passed by the Spaniards in great wretchedness. Cold and hunger, and grievous wounds tortured them; and the Indians fell upon them night after night like fierce tigers. At length, the warm sun of April alleviated their sufferings, and De Soto moved on in a northwesterly direction, in search of the land of gold about which he had dreamed so long. The exasperated savages assailed him everywhere, and at a town called Alibamo, he had another desperate encounter with them. Then he moved on, and in May he stood upon the banks of the Mississippi River, in Tunica county, near the lower Chickasa Bluffs, above the mouth of the St. Francis River. The mighty Mississippi, then full to the brim, filled De Soto with admiration. He had not found gold, but he was the first European who found the great river upon whose bosom floats, annually, wealth a thousandfold greater than the mines of Mexico or Peru ever yielded. He was not the conqueror of a country teeming with a weak people; but he had achieved a conquest far more glorious than Cortez or Pizarro had done, and had secured immortality for his name and deeds.

Still thirsting for gold, and expecting to find the Pacific Ocean not far off, De Soto crossed the Mississippi River; traversed the lagoons of Arkansas; climbed over the great Ozark hills, and penetrated the country westward almost to the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains. For a year he wandered in those wild regions; wintered far up the Arkansas River, and in the month of May, 1542, returned to the Mississippi at a point a little north of the mouth of the Arkansas. He now gave up gold-seeking; and on the eastern bank of the great river, in Bolivar county, Mississippi, he selected a site for a colony among a tribe of savage sun-worshippers. They showed intense hostility to the Spaniards; and when De Soto, in an address to them demanding their submission to his arms, called himself a child of the Sun,

they ridiculed him. "If you are a child of the Sun," they haughtily replied, "return to him, dry up the Mississippi, and we will submit to you."

De Soto was now utterly discouraged, and he began the construction of two brigantines wherewith to communicate with Cuba. Exhausted in body and mind, he was soon prostrated by a malignant fever. Satisfied that he could not live, he ordered his attendants to carry him out of his hut into the balmy air under a wide-spreading live-oak, where he received the holy ministrations of the priests. Then he appointed Moscoso, his lieutenant, to be his successor in office and commander of the ragged remnant of his troops who gathered around him in silent grief. One bore a broken helmet, another a battered cuirass, a third a splintered lance, and a fourth a jagged sword. Some were dressed in skins, and some were half-naked. All, in person and equipment, were only shadows of the brilliant retinue who had gathered under his banner at San Lucar about five years before. He exhorted them to keep together, bade them farewell, and then died! To conceal the fact of his death, and to protect his body from desecration by the savages, his followers placed it in a trough made of live-oak; and at midnight, when darkness was intense, they sunk it to the bottom of the river. So perished the discoverer of the Mississippi, in the beautiful month of May, 1542, at the early age of forty-two years.

But little more need be said about this wonderful expedition. Moscoso led the Spaniards into the wilderness west of the Mississippi again, hoping to find Mexico. For a year they wandered there and then returned to the Mississippi, where they built brigantines and floated in them upon its bosom toward the sea. The once splendid army of one thousand men was now reduced to three hundred and twenty. Taking with them the beautiful young women whom they had captured at Manbila, and several of the best horses that survived, they sailed out into the Gulf of Mexico, crossed it, and after enduring untold miseries, they reached Panuco, a Spanish settlement on the coast of Mexico, in September. They went to the City of Mexico, where they were entertained by the viceroy; and the elegant Castilian ladies at that petty court were enraptured by the beauty of the dusky Mobilian girls, whom they caressed, and feasted, and dressed in Spanish costume.

Maldonado, the commander of De Soto's ships, had waited long for him at Pensacola. He had made several voyages in search of him, and finally, in the spring of 1543, while he was at Vera Cruz, he had heard of De Soto's death on the Mississippi, and that only three hundred of his followers lived to reach Mexico. This sad news cast a gloom over Havana; and poor Doña Isabel, the wife of the great leader, who had so long anxiously awaited his return, died of a broken heart.



CHAPTER IX.

Voyage of Verazzani—He Explores the Coasts from North Carolina to Newfoundland—Kidnaps an Indian Boy—Cartier Discovers the Gulf of St. Lawrence—On a Second Voyage He Discovers the River St. Lawrence and Names Both—He Explores the River to the Site of Montreal—Takes a Daughter of a Huron Chief to France—He Winters at the Site of Quebec—Cartier Kidnaps the “King of Canada” and Some of His Chiefs, and Takes Them to France—English Explorers—Their Sufferings in Newfoundland—Cartier’s Third Voyage to the St. Lawrence—Hostilities of the Natives—The Lord of Roberville on the St. Lawrence.

WE will now leave the Spanish discoverers, and turn our attention to others who made voyages to the coasts of North America on similar errands.

Francis the First, one of the most energetic as well as enlightened sovereigns of France down to the sixteenth century, becoming jealous of the glory acquired by his rival of Spain, by discoveries and conquests on this continent, fitted out four ships late in the year 1523 for explorations on the North American coasts. They were placed under the command of John Verazzani, a Florentine, of whose career very little is known. He appears to have been a somewhat eminent navigator, but the narrative of his voyage to our country is so obscure in many parts that it is difficult to discover the truth. The account of that voyage on which historians have most relied, is given in a letter which, it is alleged, the navigator wrote to King Francis after his return, by which it seems he sailed for the Madeiras in December, 1523, and left them on the 27th of January, 1524, proceeding due west. Three of his ships were soon disabled by a tempest that swept over the Atlantic, and put back; and he went on with only one vessel. In that he reached the American coast in north latitude 34° , or not far from Cape Fear in southern North Carolina. That was in the month of March. He speaks of the climate as salubrious; of the coast as abounding with lakes and ponds—the numerous bays and inlets there; of the people as black-skinned, “not much differing from Ethiopians,” with thick black hair worn tied back upon the head in the form of a little tail; and going entirely naked excepting at the loins, from which depended from a girdle of braided grass, a marten skin. These people gathered on the beach in considerable

numbers, and made many friendly signs. A young sailor, more courageous than the rest, swam toward the shore with little bells, looking-glasses and other trifles as presents for them, and when he was near the beach, he tossed them to the natives, and turned to swim back. The surf was high, and he was thrown by it upon the sands, so much exhausted that he seemed to be dead. But he was sufficiently alive to scream lustily when the natives bore him away from the water, for he expected to be killed and eaten by them. They stripped him, and viewed with astonishment his white skin. Then they made a large fire on which, his companions imagined, they were about



THE SAILOR ON THE SEA SHORE.

to roast him for their dinner, but it was only an act of kindness to restore warmth to his limbs. When he had recovered sufficiently to show by signs, that he wished to return, they hugged him with great affection, withdrew to a little sand-hill, and watched him until he was safely in the boat from which he swam.

Verazzani then went further up the coast, probably as far as the vicinity of Albemarle Sound, where he landed, with twenty men. A short distance from the sea, the land was covered with large trees, among which were noble cypresses. From these forest trees trailed luxuriant vines which were clustered with delicious grapes, the natives said, in early autumn. The people fled in fear to the woods. They were fairer than those further south, and were covered with a light drapery made of "certain plants which hung down from the branches"—Spanish moss?—tied by threads of wild hemp. Their

heads were uncovered. They lived in huts made of saplings and shrubbery, and navigated canoes dug out of a single log without any iron instrument whatever. In the tall reedy grass, the mariners found concealed "a very old woman and a young girl eighteen or twenty years of age. The old woman carried two infants on her shoulders, and behind her neck a little boy eight years of age." The women shrieked and made signs to the men, who had fled, to come to their rescue. "We took the little boy from the old woman," says the Florentine, "to carry with us to France, and would have taken the girl, who was very beautiful and very tall, but it was impossible because of the loud shrieks she uttered as we attempted to lead her away; so we determined to leave her, and take the boy only." The story of this kidnapping was soon spread over all that region, and planted the seeds of intense hatred of the white man in the bosoms of the natives. Their products were the bane of Raleigh's settlement on Roanoke Island on that coast sixty years later.

Verazzani coasted further northward, and it is evident, from his topographical description, that he entered the harbor of New York and discovered the mouth of the Hudson River. He made a very brief tarryance there. The land seemed full of people, who received the mariners kindly. They did not differ much in appearance from the inhabitants further south, and were dressed in cloaks made of the beautiful plumage of birds. Weighing anchor after a very brief intercourse with these people, he sailed eastward, as the coast lay, discovered Block Island, off the Connecticut shore, and came to a beautiful hilly country in latitude forty-one degrees and forty minutes. He was then, evidently, in Narragansett Bay, and beheld the shores of Rhode Island, where the Northmen had settled more than five hundred years before. There he found the "finest looking tribe and the handsomest in their costume" of any he had seen on the voyage; larger in persons than the average European. "Among them," Verazzani said, "were two kings more beautiful in form and stature than can possibly be described;" the oldest, about forty years of age, wearing "a deer's skin around his body, artificially wrought in damask figures; his head without covering; his hair tied back in various knots, and around his neck he wore a large chain ornamented with many stones of different colors. "Their women," he said, "are of the same form and beauty, very graceful, of fine countenances and pleasing appearance in manners and modesty; wearing no clothing except a deer-skin, ornamented like those worn by the men; some wear very rich lynx skins upon their arms, and various ornaments on their heads composed of braids of hair which also hang down upon their breasts on each side. Others wear different ornaments, such as the women of Egypt and Syria use."

The inhabitants were kind, but shy. The men could never be persuaded to take their wives on board the ship of the Florentine. "One of the two kings," he said, "often came with his queen and many attendants to see the vessel," but the women were kept at a distance. The country seemed to be very fertile, and abounded in their season with apples, plums, filberts and other kinds of fruit and nuts; and in the forests were great numbers of deers, lynxes and other wild animals. The dwellings of the people were generally circular in form, and built of split logs; and sometimes they were large enough to accommodate a family of twenty-five or thirty persons.

From Narragansett Bay, Verazzani sailed eastward early in May, passing among the numerous islands off the coast of Massachusetts, and touching somewhere, probably, on the coast of Maine. There he found the people coarser in appearance, less friendly, and more fierce and warlike. They were clad in the skins of the bear, the lynx, the deer and the seal. No signs of cultivation appeared, and the inhabitants seemed to live almost wholly on the products of the forest and the waters. The hills were covered with vast woods; and far in the interior he saw lofty mountains. The voyagers had very little intercourse with these savages, and sailing eastward and northward, came to Newfoundland. Thence they turned their prow toward Europe and sailed to France. Verazzani had traversed the borders of the North American continent, as his ship sailed, about two thousand miles, and he named the vast country *New France*.

Verazzani's object was to find Cathay, in the extreme eastern limit of Asia, hoping there to discover a passage into the Indian Ocean, for which Columbus and Cabot had sought. What became of him after this marvellous voyage is not certainly known. He appears to have left the service of the French king, who was then warring desperately with Charles the Fifth of Spain and Germany. Early in 1525, Francis was defeated before Pavia, wounded, made a prisoner and carried captive to Madrid, where he was detained almost a year. His projects for foreign discoveries were, of course, abandoned for a time, and it was several years before they were resumed. Meanwhile, Verazzani, it seems probable, made two other voyages to America, but not as a commander. He appears to have had some communication with Henry the Eighth of England, and possibly was in his service, for an old chronicler says that he presented to that monarch a map of America, after he had made three voyages to this continent. It is certain that Henry sent out two exploring ships in 1527—the *Samson* and the *Mary of Guilford*—and it is asserted that Verazzani sailed in the first mentioned vessel. We have a record of another expedition having been sent to America by Henry, in 1536, for discovery or settlement.

For several years voyages for discovery from Europe to America ceased. Meanwhile, the brave Admiral de Brien (Chabot, Comte de Charni), who was a favorite at the French court, had urged his king to attempt making a settlement somewhere in New France, and so secure its possession for his crown. But it was not until ten years after Verazzani's voyage, that Francis yielded to the importunities of Chabot. Then a plan for making settlements in America was arranged under the direction of Chabot, and two ships, of sixty tons each, were fitted out at St. Malo, a fortified seaport of France, for that purpose, and placed in charge of Jacques Cartier (James Carter), a native of that port and then in the service of the French monarch.

After appropriate religious ceremonies in the cathedral of St. Malo, in which Chabot participated, Cartier sailed for America. He left St. Malo on a bright afternoon (April 20. 1534), with a crew of one hundred and twenty men in each of his vessels. The voyage was prosperous, and with generally fair winds he reached the eastern coast of Newfoundland in twenty days. Then he sailed northward, entered the Straits of Belle Isle, and touching the coast of Labrador, he formally took possession of the country in the name of his king by planting a cross and hanging upon it the arms of France. The natives, who had been fishing near, gathered around the Frenchmen in considerable numbers, with their chief, and looked with wonder as the mariners raised that symbol of the atonement made of the trunk of a tree, and thirty feet in height. The shield they hung upon it bore the lilies of France—the royal insignia—and over it they carved, in antique letters, *Vive le Roi de France!*—"Live the King of France." Then the mariners all knelt, and with hands stretched toward the skies, they thanked God for his mercies. The savage chief faintly comprehending the significance of the shield with the Gallic arms as a token of claimed sovereignty, told Cartier, by signs, that he could not allow a cross to be set up without his consent, whereupon the mariner satisfied him by the assurance that it was only as a beacon to guide other voyagers in those waters.

After spending some weeks in exploring the great gulf west and southwest of Newfoundland, discovering the Magdalen Islands, the northern coasts of Cape Breton and the bays of Chaleurs and Gaspé, now at the eastern extremity of Canada, Cartier landed and held friendly intercourse with the Indians. There he set up a huge wooden cross, as before, with a shield and the French lilies, and took possession in the name of King Francis. His kindness inspired the natives with such confidence that one of the chiefs offered to Cartier two of his sons to accompany him to France, on the condition that he should return them to their home the next year.

From Gaspé Bay Cartier sailed northeast, and doubling the east end of great Anticosti Island, he went up that branch of the St. Lawrence some distance, without suspecting that he was in the mouth of a great river whose chief sources were immense inland seas of fresh water. As the season of autumn storms was approaching, he turned back, passed through the Straits of Belle Isle, and sailed away for France, reaching St. Malo early in September. His voyage was considered successful. Chabot was delighted, and Francis was encouraged to make new efforts on a larger scale, in the same direction. Three ships were fitted out late in the following spring—*La Grand Hermione*, *La Petite Hermione*, *L'Emerillon*. The first was a vessel of one hundred and twenty tons burthen; the second was sixty tons, and the third was smaller. Cartier was commissioned "Captain and Pilot of the King." He gathered his companions and seamen in the cathedral at St. Malo, at the middle of May, where the whole company received absolution—pardon of their sins—from the Bishop, and also his blessing. It was Whit-Sunday—a festival when all newly-baptized persons appear in the church in white garments. Beautiful and picturesque was the scene, and joyous was the occasion; and impressions of the pageant remained on the memory of each mariner long after he left the holy fane that day, and embarked for his voyage.

Cartier sailed from St. Malo on his second voyage to New France, with several French noblemen, on the 19th of May, 1535—*Le Grande Hermione* was his flagship. Storms soon separated the vessels, but they met at an appointed rendezvous in the Straits of Belle Isle, on the 26th of July. Going westward, they entered the gulf on which Cartier had sailed the previous year; and on the day dedicated to St. Lawrence, they passed into the waters between Anticosti and the main, on the north, to which Cartier gave the name of St. Lawrence. This title was afterward given to the gulf and to the great river at whose mouth Anticosti lies. That island, Cartier named L'Assumption. Its



CROSS ON THE COAST OF LABRADOR.

Indian name was Natiscotec, the sound of which from the lips of the natives was, to English ears, Anticosti, and so they called it.

Voyaging on, Cartier found himself in a broad but narrowing and freshening river; and on the first of September, he was at the mouth of the dark and mysterious Saguenay River, where the St. Lawrence is ten miles in width. Proceeding more than a hundred miles further up the great stream, with high mountains a little way from its shores on his right and gentle slopes from the water's edge on his left, Cartier came to a large island which he called The Isle of Bacchus. It is now the Island of Orleans, in sight of Quebec. He went on shore with the two young men whom he had taken to France the year before, and the next day a handsome Algonquin chief, named Donnacona, who was "Lord of Canada," came to *La-Grande Hermione* in a beautifully wrought canoe to confer with Cartier. The conference was easy, for the two young men were interpreters. "We have been to France," they said, "and have been well-treated. The whole country is full of riches. Great castles, great armies, great ships, great cities are there, and our master is a great man in his country." Donnacona was pleased. He asked Cartier to stretch out his bare arm. The king kissed it, and laid it about his own neck in token of affection. "Go to my village of Stadacona yonder," said the dusky prince. "You will find a safe harbor there and a welcome." Then entering his canoe he glided swiftly over the waters toward a bold, rocky promontory in sight, around which came sweeping into the St. Lawrence, from the West, a gentle stream. Cartier followed. Passing a high waterfall on his right, he was soon in the safe harbor, with scenery around him whose beauty and grandeur were enchanting. He was in the harbor of Quebec. The little stream which he called the St. Croix (Holy Cross) was the present St. Charles, and the lofty cascade was the famous Falls of Montmorency. Stadacona, the capital of the "Lord of Canada," was, it is believed, on the site of the present suburb St. Roque in the city of Quebec, on the border of the St. Charles.

Cartier left his larger vessels at Quebec, and in the smaller one he ascended the St. Lawrence as far as Lake St. Peter, an expansion of the river. The two young men refused to go any further with him, because he had broken his promise to leave them at their home on Gaspé Bay. So Cartier had no interpreter on his voyage up the St. Lawrence. Obstructions in the stream near Lake St. Peter caused him to leave his ship and in a small boat, with three volunteers, make his way against the currents. They rowed up as far as the Indian town of Hochelaga, which, Cartier said, contained fifty houses, "about fifty paces long and twelve or fifteen broad, covered over with the bark of the wood as broad as any board, very finely and cun-

ningly joined together," and having many rooms. On their tops were garrets, wherein they kept their corn. The town was circular in form, stockaded, and environed by three courses of ramparts made of timber and about thirty feet in height. There was only one gate or sally-port, which was closed with heavy timbers, stakes and bars. On the ramparts were magazines of stone for the defence of the city.

Dressed in his most brilliant attire, Cartier visited the town on the day following his arrival, where he was kindly received by the Huron king. With that monarch he climbed to the top of the lofty mountain back of the town, from which he beheld, with great admiration, a vast extent of level wooded country and the course of the mighty river for many miles. He called the great hill, Mont Real (royal mountain); and the city which lies upon the site of the Huron capital, bears the same name — Montreal. Such, also, is the name of the island containing the city and the mountain.



CARTIER AND DONNAONA.

After enjoying the hospitalities of the Hurons two or three days, Cartier departed, carrying with him the pretty daughter of one of the chiefs, about eight years of age, whom her father lent to him to take to France. He joined his little vessel, returned to Stadacona, and as the season was far advanced, it being near the middle of October, he resolved to winter there. His vessels were moored in the

St. Croix (St. Charles), and there the Frenchmen endured the terrible cold of a Canadian winter from November until late in March. Their sufferings were grievous. The scurvy which prevailed among the natives at Quebec, extended to the Frenchmen, and of the one hundred and ten Europeans there, eight died, and nearly all of the others were sick.

The ice remained so long in the St. Lawrence that Cartier could not depart until May. On the third of that month he erected a huge cross, thirty-five feet in height, on the site of Dalhousie Bastion, the highest point of Cape Diamond, the promontory at Quebec, and upon it he hung the arms of France with a Latin inscription: "*Francis First, by the grace of God King of France, reigns.*" On the same day, Donnacona, whose unstinted kindness Cartier had enjoyed, was invited with nine of his chiefs to a feast on the French flag-ship, where they were treacherously detained, and were borne away captives three days afterward. Cartier sailed out of the St. Lawrence on the southern side of Anticosti. He reached the open sea from the gulf, between Cape Breton and Newfoundland, and reached St. Malo on the 6th of July, 1536. The *Petite Hermione* was found to be so unseaworthy that she was left in the St. Charles, where her remains were found in the year 1848, imbedded in the mud.

At about the time when Cartier sailed from Quebec, two English vessels, the *Trinity* and the *Minion*, sailed from Gravesend, with the good wishes of Henry the Eighth, bearing "thirty gentlemen and ninety seamen," to explore the region of the St. Lawrence, and to plant a colony in Newfoundland. The expedition was organized by "Master How, of London, a man of goodly stature, and of great courage, and given to the study of cosmography." His companions were young men of rank and fortune. The ships were two months on the voyage to Cape Breton, where they first touched and then sailed to Newfoundland. There the company came very near starving to death. The famine was so great that some of the stouter sailors killed weaker ones in the woods, and ate them. The "gentlemen" were about to cast lots to determine which of their number should become food for the rest, when a French fishing-vessel, amply provisioned, came into the port. The Englishmen seized her, and with that vessel and their own they returned to England. The Frenchmen laid their case before Henry, who, when he learned how great had been the necessities of his countrymen when they took possession of the vessel, did not punish them, but paid the foreigners the value of their property out of his private purse.

Cartier's report of his second voyage was not cheering. The rigors of the climate on the St. Lawrence in winter; the ice-bound condition of that stream for several months, and the barrenness of the land in precious stones

and metals, were so discouraging that more than four years passed away before another like expedition from a French port was planned. The king was then fighting Charles with more intense hatred than ever under the impression that the emperor had caused the death of the eldest son of Francis, who died from the effects of poison. For two years the father could think of nothing but revenge, when through the intervention of the Pope and the Queen of Hungary, the two monarchs whose mutual exasperation was intense, became reconciled and embraced and kissed each other as friends. But the French treasury was drained by long wars, and Francis would not listen to propositions for colonization in America, until late in 1540. Then Francis de la Roque, Lord of Robertval, in Picardy, importuned the king for permission to make further discoveries and plant a colony in New France. The monarch had, meanwhile, talked with Donnacona and learned much about Canada which Cartier could not know. He told him of the large numbers of fur-bearing animals in its woods and waters; the delicious salmon in its rivers, and the richness of its soil and value of its pine timber. Francis was willing to make another trial, and he gave his consent to the fitting out of ships according to the plan of De la Roque. He commissioned that gentleman Viceroy and Lieutenant-General of "Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, Newfoundland, Belle Isle, Cape Breton and Labrador;" and as the services of Cartier were indispensable, he was recommissioned "Captain and Pilot of the King," and appointed chief mariner of the expedition, in which six or seven ships were to be employed. De la Roque was authorized to make conquests in the name of France and to plant a colony. To obtain men for the latter purpose—for the founders of a State—the prisons of France were ransacked, and many desperate characters were mingled with good men in making up the required number. The work of preparation went vigorously on, and the harbor of St. Malo was alive with busy men in the spring of 1541. Every thing and every body were in readiness late in May excepting De la Roque.

Cartier was not pleased with being made subservient to the Lord of Robertval, in the enterprise before him, and when five vessels were ready, he was glad to find De la Roque dilatory. He gathered the whole company that were to go in them, in the cathedral, where all received absolution and blessings, and on the 23d of May they sailed from St. Malo for the St. Lawrence, leaving De la Roque to follow when he pleased. Storms arose when they approached the tracks of the polar icebergs as they were voyaging toward the tropics, and chilling fogs lay along their paths. It was late in August when the squadron entered the harbor of Stadacona or Quebec. The people there, led by King Agona, the successor of Donnacona, pressed

eagerly to the ships to welcome their old monarch, for Cartier had assured them that he would bring him back. Alas! Donnacona was no more. He and his eight chiefs had been baptized in France, but had grieved themselves to death in slavery. All of them had died before Cartier's departure on his third voyage. The mariner dared not tell the whole truth to the people for fear of their resentment; he only acknowledged that Donnacona was dead, and then told them that the other chiefs had all become great lords in France, had remained there, and would never return. In token of his good faith he showed them the pretty little daughter of the Huron chief at Hochelaga, whom he had brought back. The people had grave doubts. They were sullen and unfriendly. The kidnapping—the inexcusable treachery—had left a bitter sting of wrong in their hearts. Their sullenness grew more cloudy, and very soon signs of absolute hostility were manifested.

Cartier sailed up the river a few leagues above Quebec, where he found a better anchorage; and at the beginning of September he sent two of his vessels back to France with an account of his doings, and to communicate the fact that De la Roque had not arrived. He again visited Hochelaga to ascertain whether there were serious obstructions to navigation above that town, and to give back to her father the little Indian princess. He gave to the chief a "cloak of Paris red, which cloak was set with yellow and white buttons of tin, and small bells." These acts made a favorable impression upon the Hurons, and they loaded him with favors. After visiting the rapids between Montreal and La Chine, he returned to Quebec, when the temper of the natives was so manifestly hostile that he was admonished to provide for the safety of himself and his followers. He accordingly built a fort on the island of Orleans, and made his winter quarters there, mooring his vessels in a cove. He waited patiently for the coming of the Viceroy, but he had not appeared when the St. Lawrence was bound with ice.

The winter was long, cold and gloomy. The Frenchmen were almost buried in the snow-drifts, and suffered much; and when the spring opened, the natives were evidently preparing to attack them. Their provisions being almost exhausted, and no tidings of De la Roque reaching him, Cartier left the St. Lawrence toward the end of May, 1542, and sailed for France. Running into the harbor of St. John near the southeastern extremity of Newfoundland, he there found De la Roque, Lord of Robertval, with three ships and two hundred men, and about twenty French fishing-vessels. De la Roque had left Rochelle in France on the 16th of April, and reached the harbor he was in on the 8th of June. He had been there several days when Cartier arrived. They held a conference, when the Pilot told the Viceroy that he had left the St. Lawrence because he could not withstand the

natives, who were becoming very hostile. The country, he said, did not seem very fertile, and there were no mines of precious stones and valuable minerals. A few "diamonds"—quartz crystals—which he had gathered, and a small quantity of gold, were all that he had to show of mineral wealth, and he advised De la Roque to go no further, for he could never make a colony on the St. Lawrence profitable to himself or his king. The Viceroy regarded this advice as selfish, believing Cartier's object to be to bear all the honor of his discoveries, and the glory of founding a new empire, himself. De la Roque therefore determined to go on, and ordered Cartier to go with him to the St. Lawrence, not doubting that their united forces might overawe the Indians and secure peace and prosperity. But the Pilot resolved not to submit to the Viceroy. With apparent compliance with the commands of his superior, he returned to his ship. At twilight he secretly conferred with the captains of his two other vessels, and at midnight, when the heavens were cloudy and moonless and the darkness was intense, he escaped from the harbor with his little squadron and sailed for St. Malo. Cartier was then about fifty years of age, and seems to have abandoned the sea, for he afterward lived quietly at St. Malo and at a little village near, alternately. When and where he died is not known. It is believed that he lived in comparative poverty, and died soon after his return from his third voyage to Canada.

Toward the end of June, De la Roque left Newfoundland for the St. Lawrence, passing through the straits of Belle Isle. He did not stop at Quebec, for he found the natives very hostile, as Cartier had told him they were. He went further up the river, probably to the place where the Pilot's vessels were anchored when he sent the two ships back to France the previous year. There De la Roque built a fort, but there is no record of what else he did in Canada, excepting that he and his companions suffered severely during the following winter, and early in June, 1543, made an exploring voyage to the Saguenay, where one of his vessels was lost. In the autumn of that year he returned to France. Finding his king again warring fiercely with his old enemy Charles, against whose empire he had hurled five different armies at as many points, the Viceroy abandoned all projects of foreign colonization and re-entered the military service in which he had often before distinguished himself. Six years later, when Francis was dead (having perished because of his personal excesses at the age of fifty-three years), and Henry the Second, who had married Catharine de Medici, was on the throne of France, the Lord of Robertval again sailed for the St. Lawrence, and was never heard of afterward.



CHAPTER X.

The Protestant Reformation—The Huguenots or French Protestants—Coligny and Catharine de Medici—Permission Granted for a French Protestant Settlement in America—A Settlement Planted on the Coast of South Carolina—The Colony Neglected—Helped by the Natives—A Huguenot Colony in Florida—Friendship of the Natives—They Build a Fort on the St. John's River—Appearance there of a Spanish Fleet—The Colonists Warned Concerning it—The Spaniards Land at the Site of St. Augustine—Fruitless Expedition Against Them.

NOW was the period of those earnest theological discussions and intense theological antagonisms in Europe, known as the Era of the Reformation. There had been a revolt in Germany, led by Luther and Melancthon, against the Italian hierarchy or rulers in the Christian Church whose head was the Bishop or Pope of Rome. A similar revolt had broken out in Switzerland, led by Zwingli. It was a movement in favor of intellectual liberty—the perfect equality of *all* men, in Church and State, in the exercise of the inalienable rights of private judgment in matters of religion and politics. When, at a Diet or Congress held at Spire, in 1529 (at which Luther and several princes who were in sympathy with him appeared), the Church, by a decree, was made master in both spiritual and temporal affairs, the reformers entered a solemn *protest*. So they acquired for their party the name of *protest*-ants or PROTESTANTS. They found the Church so strong that they soon afterward formed a league for mutual defence, and so first *organised* the Reformation as an aggressive moral power. This led to theological and political combinations which resulted, twenty-five years later, in the freedom of the Germans from the domination of the Italian Church. So popular were the doctrines of the Reformers, in Germany, that as early as 1558 not more than one-tenth of the people there were adherents of the Church of Rome.

But that Church was not disposed to yield its supremacy without a struggle, and it put forth all its energies for the maintenance of its power. By the mighty agencies of its traditions, its vantage-ground of possession, the Order of Jesuits which it had just created, and the Inquisition which it had re-established with new powers, its warfare was keen and terrible, and its

victories were many. Those of its enemies were postponed. In the heat of that conflict, which has continued ever since, have been evolved the representative government, the free institutions, and the liberty, equality and fraternity which are the birth-rights of every American citizen of whatever hue or creed.

In France the Reformation met enemies in the court, the Church and a majority of the people, and its progress was slow and fitful. John Calvin was the chief reformer, and was banished. He took refuge in Switzerland, where he died in 1564. But he left devoted followers in France. Among these, Admiral Coligni, a favorite of Catharine de Medici when she was acting regent, was one of the most conspicuous leaders of the Huguenots, as the French Protestants were called. All parties admired him for his valor and his virtues and his eminent deeds in the service of his country. He persuaded Catharine to attempt to reconcile, by a conference, the contending religious factions. He failed. When the peace conference ended in a quarrel, war ensued. The Duke of Guise, a descendant of Charlemagne, and claimant of the French throne, whom Catherine feared and hated, led the Roman Catholics. The Prince of Condé led the Protestants. The latter being greatly in the minority suffered much. Grieved because of their forlorn condition, Coligni resolved to procure an asylum for them in the milder regions of North America, far removed from civilized men, where they might enjoy perfect religious and civil freedom, unmolested by foreign powers or hostile factions.

Coligni sought an audience with Catharine. It was readily granted. That proud and unprincipled daughter of Lorenzo de Medici, was then a little more than forty years of age, stout and fair, and was wielding power



with a prodigal hand. Coligni found her seated on a rich divan covered with blue damask satin. On her head was a coronet sparkling with a single large diamond. Around her plump neck glittered a circlet of gold and pearls, emeralds and rubies. She wore a skirt of gold embroidered white silk, and over this a rich robe of royal purple velvet, trimmed with a narrow band of ermine at the front and bottom, and with a close-fitting bodice edged at the top with rich lace. Her full puffed sleeves were of the finest linen and lace, with brilliant gems at the wrists. A gold chain fastened at her bosom with a diamond brooch extended to her feet and terminated in a golden cross studded with seed pearls. Near her, and playing with a fawn-colored Italian greyhound, was her royal son, who had lately ascended the throne of France as Charles the Ninth. The king's hair hung in ringlets about his shoulders, for he was a boy only ten or twelve years of age, and his fair complexion was heightened by his rich suit of royal purple velvet, with slashed sleeves, revealing white linen beneath. Only a single minister of state was present, and he and a young woman, a court favorite and cousin of the King of Navarre, who sat by a vine-trailed window embroidering, were the only companions of royalty when the Admiral entered the room.

Coligni was tall, elegant in figure and deportment, grave in aspect, with flowing hair and beard slightly streaked with gray, for he was about forty-five years of age. He was dressed in the uniform of his rank, and carried in his hand a rich green velvet cap, bearing a long ostrich plume. His doublet of crimson velvet with short skirt was sprinkled with golden lilies, and encircled with a belt from which depended a straight sword. The sleeves terminated at the elbows, and the rest of the arm to the wrist was covered with embroidered linen. His trunk-hose of velvet extended to the middle of the thighs, and was slashed and elegantly embroidered with gold thread. Up to this, tight-fitting stockings wrought of fine white wool, extended, and on his feet were buskins of polished russet leather, sparkling with diamond buttons that fastened silk rosettes to the insteps. From his shoulders hung an open short Spanish cloak of blue velvet, and around his neck was a modest ruff. A massive gold chain, bearing the Order of St. Louis, was seen upon his breast. Such was the group who appeared in the audience-chamber of the Regent of France, late in the year 1561, to confer upon the subject of discoveries, and the planting of a Protestant colony in America.

That conference was short. In few words Coligni set forth the happiness which the carrying out of his scheme would confer upon his suffering countrymen; and he dwelt specially upon the fact that it might redound to the glory of France. Catharine, who was a pauper in moral and religious convictions, and had espoused the cause of the Protestants only as a measure

of state policy, was then the friend of Coligni. She readily granted all that he desired, in the name of the little king then playing with the greyhound; and the child's signature, hardly legible, was afterward placed to the charter given to the admiral, by which he was authorized to send an expedition to Florida and establish a colony there.

Coligni lost no time in making use of his privilege. He quickly fitted out two vessels of the character of Spanish caravels, chiefly for a voyage of discovery, and placed them under the command of John Ribault, an experienced mariner of Dieppe, who was an earnest Protestant. Ribault sailed from Havre de Grâce on the 18th of February, 1562, with sailors and soldiers, and a few gentlemen of fortune who were prompted by curiosity, the love of adventure, or the prospect of gain, to accompany him. They arrived off the coast of Anastacia Island (it is supposed) below the site of St. Augustine, at the close of April. Sailing along the "sweet-smelling coast" northward, the two vessels entered the broad mouth of the River St. John, where the company landed and were most kindly received by the natives. The Frenchmen were delighted with everything—the soft climate; the sweetest blossoms; the magnificent trees festooned from root to top with grape-vines; birds of gay plumage and sweetest notes; and mulberry trees, on "the boughs of which were silkworms in marvelous numbers," and with people of finest forms and kindest natures. They seemed to have entered a paradise.

"It is a thing unspeakable," wrote Captain Ribault, "to consider the things that be seen there, and shall be found more and more in this incomparable land, which, never yet broken with plough irons, bringeth forth all things according to its first nature, wherewith the eternal God endowed it."

Under the shadow of a wide-spreading magnolia tree laden with blossoms at the edge of a green savannah, with half-naked men, women and children, painted and decorated with gold and pearls—wondering sun-worshippers—



D.

DUKE OF GUISE.

standing a little way off, the Christians knelt upon the soft sward and poured forth thanksgiving to God for his mercy in giving them a safe voyage to such a delightful land. It was a bright May-day. At twilight they returned to their ships, and early the next morning the whole company went ashore again, in small boats, carrying a column of hard stone upon which was carved the arms of the French king. They set it up on a broad grassy knoll surrounded by tall cypress and spreading palmetto trees and sweet flowering shrubs; and with the usual ceremonies, they took possession of the country in the name of Charles the Ninth. They were probably not far from the lowest point to which Verrazzani had sailed almost forty years before.

On the 3d of May the Huguenots went northward, visiting numerous islands and inlets, and toward the end of the month they entered the fine harbor of Port Royal on the coast of South Carolina, passing the high shore of Hilton Head on the left and the low grounds of St. Helena Island on the right. They anchored off Port Royal Island and went in small boats up the Broad River, and into the Coosaw and the Combahee. They were in the land where D'Allyon had committed his atrocities and met retributive justice about half a century before, yet they were kindly received by the natives and secured the friendship of the Indians by giving them kindness in return. Charmed with everything, Ribault, after exploring the surrounding country several days, called his people together on Port Royal Island near the site of the present town of Beaufort. He told them that he thought they were at the best place for a colony he had yet seen. He spoke of the advantages of a settlement there, and the glory they might acquire for themselves and France by planting in that beautiful and fertile land the seed of a great empire. Who will undertake the glorious work? he asked. The result was marvelous even to that hopeful man. So many were anxious to remain, that if all of them had stayed, Ribault would not have had sufficient men to navigate the ship back to France. A colony of thirty persons was organized by the choice of Captain Albert De la Pierria as governor. At the request of the volunteers, Ribault built them a fort and provisioned it before his departure, and named it Fort Charles (Fort Carolus or Carolina) in honor of his king. It was constructed on the eastern bank of Port Royal Island, about a mile and a half from Beaufort, where its remains were yet visible when I visited the spot in the spring of 1866. Near it were magnificent live-oaks draped with the trailing Spanish moss, which were there, probably, when Ribault built the fort.

After completing the little fortress, Ribault said to the men who were to remain: "Be kind to each other, and prudent with your provisions. Let

each love God and his neighbor. Your interests are mutual. Let no jealousies grow, nor disputes make you live apart, but cultivate brotherly love and you will prosper. Farewell!" Then he went on board of his vessel, and both ships sailed out of the harbor after exchanging salutes with the fort by firing guns. It was then near the middle of June, and Ribault attempted to explore the coasts northward, but foul weather opposed him and he sailed for France, whence he expected to return immediately with supplies for the colony.

Coligny was delighted with Ribault's report, but he was then unable to do anything for his colony. A civil war was raging in France between the theological factions—Roman Catholics and Huguenots—with unrelenting violence. The monarch, the court and Coligni were so involved in the strife that Ribault pleaded in vain for help for the colony in Florida. As soon as



it subsided, the admiral renewed his efforts in its behalf. The regent and her son provided him with money and three armed ships—the *Elizabeth of Honfleur*, Captain John Lucas; the *Petite Britain*, Captain Vasseur, and the *Falcon*, Captain Marchant. The little squadron was placed under the general command of Renè Laudonnière, who accompanied Ribault in the preceding voyage. With him went many young men of family and fortune; mechanics and laborers; Jacob Le Moyne as artist and geographer to the expedition, and two skillful pilots, the brothers Vasseur, of Dieppe. Laudonnière left Havre de Grâce on the 22d of April, 1564, and at the end of two months

he saw the coast of Florida; but he did not go to the relief of the colony at Port Royal Island. Why?

The colonists at Port Royal cultivated the friendship of the Indians, and were very happy for awhile, but when the provisions began to fail and Ribault did not return, they lamented their folly in not exercising forethought. They had not cultivated a rood of land nor made any other provisions for sustenance, and they were soon compelled to look to their Indian neighbors for their daily food. That was then scanty; and being informed of a rich country and a munificent king further south, a part of the company went thither in a little pinnace which they had constructed, and returned with it loaded with corn and beans. They had evidently been to the banks of the Savannah River, and there they had beheld a marvelous vision in the capital of King Ouadé. His house was adorned with tapestry formed of richly-colored feathers; white couches finely embroidered and fringed with scarlet; handsome mats made of woven split cane; and the monarch and his young queen richly adorned with golden chains and strings of great pearls. Better than these were his large granaries of food, from which their pinnace was so bountifully supplied; but their treasure was destined to suddenly disappear. Soon after their return to Fort Charles, their house, in which everything was stored, was burned, and they were left desolate. Their savage neighbors did all in their power to relieve their distress, and the munificent Ouadé furnished them with another pinnace full of corn and beans.

Dissension, the child of idleness, now appeared among the colonists. Governor Pierria applied the rules of discipline so harshly, that the people were exasperated, rose in mutiny and put him to death. They chose Nicolas Barré to be their leader, but their forlorn condition produced intense discontent. Gaunt famine was before them, and a growing distrust of the Frenchmen which appeared among the Indians menaced them with starvation. They determined to desert Port Royal and return to France. With the assistance of their neighbors they constructed a frail brigantine and sailed for home. She was scantily provisioned; and calms and headwinds kept them so long upon the ocean that their food was almost exhausted. Then a furious tempest beat upon their frail barque and nearly engulfed her. A tremendous wave turned her upon her side, and so she floated. Starvation came. The sufferers tried to subsist upon their shoes and leather doublets, but one after another died and fell into the sea. The living had concluded to make the next victim their food, when another wave righted the crazy vessel, with some of the provisions uninjured. Half filled with water, she nevertheless floated. Again starvation came, and lots were about to be cast

to determine who should be made food for the rest, when there was a feeble cry of "Land!" from one of them. They were, indeed, in sight of a green shore. Very soon a small English vessel came to their relief. One of her seamen was a Frenchman who had sailed with Ribault, and recognized the famished men. He gave them food and drink, and told them of home and friends. Upon what shore they were landed, it is not known, but it is certain that a part of these French adventurers were taken into the presence of Queen Elizabeth of England, and that their account of the beauties of Florida created an intense desire on the part of the English to colonize that region.



LIVE-OAK GROVE NEAR FORT CHARLES.

Laudonnière and his companions resolved to make the banks of the St. John's River, in Florida, their abiding place. At a council, he said: "If we should pass further north to go in search of Port Royal, this step would be neither very advantageous nor convenient, at least if we may rely on the report of those who have dwelt there a long time." He evidently had heard the report of those who had abandoned Fort Charles, before he left France. This answers the question, Why did he not go to Port Royal?

Laudonnière anchored his ships in the St. John's where Ribault had rested his, and he was received with marked kindness by the chief who

dwelt near. He came to the captain with several of his noblemen gayly plumed and wearing short cloaks of marten skins or feathers, and besought him to go with them to the column which Ribault had set up. When they came to the grassy knoll they found the pillar surrounded with palm leaf, baskets of corn, and garlanded with fresh sweet flowers. Savages then kissed the stone with much reverence, extending their arms toward the skies as they assumed their erect position. They requested the Frenchmen also to kiss the stone, which they did. The attendants of the chief then brought spring-water to their guests in ornamented earthen jars, and presented to Laudonnière two live eagles. It was a ceremonial token of friendship, which pleased the captain, and with the permission of the cacique he proceeded to erect a fort on the south bank of the river. In this work the Indians gave him great assistance, for they were very expert palmetto-leaf thatchers, and covered the barracks with excellent roofs. When the work was finished, it was called Fort Carolina, in honor of King Charles.

Very soon rumors came to the willing ears of the Frenchmen of mines of gold and silver in the interior, and such a thirst for the precious metals was created that an expedition went far up the river, in small boats, in search of them. Everywhere they had heard of gold and precious stones "further on," and they returned with such extravagant stories of their abundance somewhere far inland in the hands of dusky kings, that the colonists were made half-crazy. The fever was at its height when, in July, the ships were sent back to France for supplies. Every man seemed anxious to seek treasure on his own account, and Laudonnière was compelled to threaten severe penalties against any person who should traffic for gold or precious stones, excepting for the benefit of the whole company. The delusion soon vanished. When it was known that the stories of the savages about the abundance of precious metals and stones in the interior were sheer fictions, the gold fever instantly subsided, and was followed by indolence and disappointment, with their attendant evils. The bane of the Port Royal colony was seen in this. There were too many idle and improvident persons among them—too many "gentlemen" who would not soil their hands with labor. Discontent soon created a mutinous spirit, and plots against the life of Laudonnière were planned and discovered. At length, some of the soldiers and seamen seized two small vessels, and, sailing toward Cuba, engaged in piracy in the West Indian Seas. On their return, three months afterward, the ringleaders were shot. Great excitement ensued, and the colonists were kept from open mutiny only by being engaged in explorations of the country, or in wars with the enemies of friendly chiefs around them. They neglected the rich soil, and famine threatened them. Discontent became more ram-

pant, and the captain determined to return to France with the whole company. They were delayed for want of sufficient vessels. Meanwhile, Sir John Hawkins, of England, sailed into the St. John's with several ships. Laudonnière bought one of them, and was about to embark for Europe in her, with his whole company, when Ribault appeared with a squadron of



STARVING HUGUENOTS ON THE SEA.

seven ships from France, bringing a fresh company of colonists. Amongst them were several women and children. He had sailed from Dieppe late in May, with a commission as governor of all the French on that coast, and arrived at the St. John's at near the close of August, 1565.

A few days after Ribault's arrival, five ships were seen coming in from the sea. They anchored within speaking distance of the French ships at the bar, and after a long silence the commander of the intruding squadron

hailed the nearest vessel. He was answered, "France." "And what are you doing in the territories of King Philip?" he asked. "Begone!" The questioner was a Spaniard, and the Spanish monarch claimed all Florida by right of pre-discovery. The Spanish officer then asked: "Are you Catholics or Lutherans?" and was answered, "Lutherans of the new religion." The French officer then inquired who the Spaniard was and what was his errand, when (according to Barcia, the Spanish historian) he replied: "I am Pedro Menendez, commander of this armament, which belongs to the king of Spain, Don Philip the Second. I have come hither to hang and destroy all the Lutherans whom I shall find either on land or sea, according to my orders received from the king, which are so precise as to deprive me of the power of saving any one whatsoever; and these orders I shall execute to the letter; but if I should meet with any Catholic on board your vessels, he shall receive good treatment. As for the heretics, they shall die."

Ribault was not taken altogether by surprise, for just as he was about to sail from Dieppe, he was handed a letter from Coligni, in which the admiral wrote in postscript: "While closing this letter, I have received certain advice that Don Pedro Menendez is about to depart from Spain to the coast of Florida. You will take care not to suffer him to encroach upon us, any more than he would that we should encroach upon him."

The threat of Menendez and the hostile attitude of his ships caused the captains of the French vessels to cut their cables and put to sea. The Spanish vessels followed, firing the contents of heavy bow-guns after the fugitives. They chased them far, but in vain. "These enraged devils," wrote Mendoza, the chaplain of Menendez' squadron, "are such adroit seamen, and manœuvred so well, that we could not take one of them." The Spaniards finally turned back toward the coast, followed by the Frenchmen, who saw the smaller Spanish vessels enter a river several leagues south of the St. John's, and the larger ones, with the galleon of Menendez, anchor at its mouth. They also saw Spanish soldiers and provisions landed not far above that anchorage. With this important news the Frenchmen hastened back to the St. John's and reported to Ribault all they had seen. He immediately prepared to go in search of his enemies and attack them with his ships and his whole land force.

Whilst Ribault was holding a council in which Laudonnière opposed the measure suggested by the governor, an Indian came with tidings that the Spaniards were fortifying themselves on the bank of the river where they had landed. Ribault believed that they were preparing to march overland and attack Fort Carolina, and he hastened his preparations for seizing their ships, attacking them in their quarters, and so spoiling their scheme and

possibly destroying them totally or driving them from the coast. Was he sure that he could seize their ships? The more cautious Laudonnière thought not, and still opposed the perilous expedition. The more fiery Ribault persisted in his resolution, and gathering as many soldiers on three ships (his larger one, the *Trinity*, being yet at sea) as they could conveniently carry, he sailed out of the river and down the straight coast, in full expectation of gaining a complete victory. He was sorely disappointed. A dead calm and a very low tide, when he first approached the enemy, prevented his attacking the Spanish ships, and whilst he was waiting for a favoring breeze and a flood tide, there arose a very sudden and violent storm which drove the French vessels far out to sea, and exposed both ships and men to a sad fate, as we shall observe hereafter.

Meanwhile, Menendez dispatched one of his small vessels to Spain, and the galleon to Cuba, the latter for the purpose of bringing to Florida a reinforcement of Spanish troops known to be at Havana. But the galleon *Sz. Pelayo*—a large three-deck ship—did not reach its destination. There were several French prisoners on board of her whom Menendez had ordered to be sent to the Inquisition in Spain by way of St. Domingo. Soon after the great ship put to sea, these prisoners joined the sailors in a mutiny, and taking the command from the officers, they sailed for Europe and entered a port in Denmark.



CHAPTER XI.

Menendez—His Landing on the Coast of Florida—The French on the St. John's Massacred by the Spaniards—Complaints of the Outrage Unheeded by the French Monarch—The Chevalier de Gourgues Avenges the Crime by Retaliation—The French Court Favors the Roman Catholics—Wickedness of Catharine de Medici—The Murder of Coligny—Queen Elizabeth Espouses Coligny's Plan for Settlement in America—Reports Concerning the Warmer Regions of America Received from Walter Raleigh—Frobisher's Voyage in Search of a Northwest Passage to India, and for Gold—His Discoveries—The Globe Circumnavigated by Drake—His Exploits Against the Spaniards.

MENENDEZ (or Melendez) seems to have been rather too harshly treated by historians, for his career in Florida was not wholly voluntary. He was a native of Avila, in Spain, and at the period under consideration, he was about forty-six years of age. He had already risen to the highest rank in the Spanish navy, and was a man of large fortune. In 1554, he commanded the vessel which bore his king to England to marry Queen Mary; and in 1561, he commanded the great treasure-fleet of galleons on their voyage from Mexico to Spain. One of the vessels containing his son and several relatives and friends disappeared, and was never heard of afterward. When he had delivered the fleet in Spain, he asked permission to go back in search of the lost vessel, but was then refused. Finally, after two or three years delay, his request was granted, but on condition that he should explore and colonize Florida. He fitted out an expedition for the purpose at his own expense, but when he was about to sail, orders came to him from Philip to exterminate all Protestants he might find there, or in whatever corner of the world he should discover them, on land or sea, in forests or marshes.

Philip had heard that the Huguenots who had fled from persecution in France were hiding in the forests beyond the Atlantic, and his zeal was so kindled for the domination of his church, that he gave the order to Menendez to extirpate the heretics. The mariner had no alternative but to obey or lose the opportunity of searching for his son. He was not even allowed to choose the alternative, for disobedience would have led him to the dungeons of the Inquisition. So he obeyed. The king, regarding it as a holy enterprise, added ships and treasure. Soldiers and seamen flocked to the

standard of Menendez in great numbers, and he sailed with a fleet of eleven ships (one of them a galleon of nine hundred tons) with over twenty-six hundred persons, consisting, besides the soldiers and sailors, of adventurers and priests. This was the armament, the sailing of which Ribault had been apprised by Coligni. Storms and other disasters in the West Indies scattered it, and when it arrived on the coast of Florida, it was reduced to a squadron of only five vessels (one of them the great ship), bearing about a thousand persons of all descriptions.

When Menendez landed from the galleon, on the coast of Florida, he made the event an occasion for a pompous ceremonial. As he left the great ship in a boat with six oarsmen, accompanied by Mendoza, his chaplain, and followed by other boats filled with gentlemen and ecclesiastics, loud trumpets sounded, drums beat, cannon thundered, and flags were displayed on the ship and on the shore, where his soldiers had already begun the construction of a fort. As they touched the beach, the chaplain walked before, bearing a large cross and chanting a hymn. Menendez followed with his train, carrying aloft, with his own hand, the royal standard of Spain unfurled. He and his followers reverently knelt before the priest, who was arrayed in rich sacerdotal robes, and kissed the sacred symbol of the atonement which Mendoza held in his hand. It was firmly planted in the sand by the side of the flagstaff from which fluttered the royal banner in a gentle breeze; and a shield bearing the arms of Spain was leaned against the cross. Then Menendez drew his sword and formally took possession of the whole country in the name of King Philip of Spain. On that spot, and with such consecration, were laid the foundations of the city of St. Augustine, in Florida, forty years earlier than those of any other town in America, north of Mexico.

Menendez soon marched upon Fort Carolina, on the St. Johns, to execute his dreadful mission. His journey was in incessant rain over oozy ground, but zeal gave strength to his four hundred soldiers. The feeble Huguenot fort was in command of Laudonnière, who had only a handful of soldiers (for a greater portion had gone with Ribault), and he was burdened with civilians, men, women and children. With the ferocity of tigers, the Spaniards fell upon them. They were close to the fort before their presence was suspected. No person was spared on whom the assailants could lay hands. In their beds, in prayers for mercy, in flight, they were slaughtered. A few escaped to the woods without food and with scanty clothing. Many perished for want of food, and a few made their way to two small French ships, in which they sailed for Europe. Among them was Laudonnière. According to the chaplain, Mendoza, one hundred and forty-two of the Huguenots were slain, whilst the Spaniards did not lose a man. The women

and children were butchered. A few men were hanged upon trees, and over them was placed the inscription :

NOT AS FRENCHMEN, BUT AS LUTHERANS.

Leaving a garrison of three hundred men in Fort Carolina, and naming it Fort Matheo, Menendez returned in triumph to St. Augustine. His chaplain has left a glowing account of his reception there, and bestows unstinted praise on that leader as one of the most zealous of Christians. He was supported, he says, in his great fatigue by a "burning desire to serve our Lord and destroy this Lutheran sect, the enemy of our holy Catholic religion."

Ribault's vessels, meanwhile, had all been wrecked near Cape Canaveral, on the Florida coast. All of his people were saved from the sea, but perished at the hands of the less merciful Spaniards. They tried to make their way to Fort Carolina, ignorant of its sad fate. Ribault, with one hundred and fifty men, was betrayed by one of the sailors who had deserted Laudonnière and turned pirate, and under a promise of mercy he cast himself upon the clemency of Menendez. That leader proceeded to put to death the brave captain and his companions. "Seeing that they were Lutherans," says Mendoza, "the General condemned them all to death; but as I was a priest, and had the bowels of a man, I besought him to accord to me the favor, that he would not put to death those whom we should discover to be Christians. He granted my request. I made inquiry, and found ten or twelve, whom we selected from the number. All the others were executed because they were Lutherans, enemies of our holy Catholic faith." They were led out in parcels of ten, and with their hands tied behind them and at a line drawn in the sand with a cane, by Menendez, they were butchered. So, also, says Barcia, the Spanish historian, who regarded Menendez as the chosen instrument of the Almighty to vindicate his cause. Mendoza tells us, when writing of the massacre at Fort Carolina, that "the Holy Spirit enlightened the understanding" of the commander "to enable him to gain so great a victory."

A knowledge of these horrid crimes in Florida and the avowed cause of their commission, excited the greatest indignation throughout Europe, and the unchristian spirit of revenge glowed in many a manly bosom. The French Roman Catholics were greatly moved by this outrage upon their countrymen by the hated Spaniards. The relatives of the victims appealed to the French king to vindicate the wrongs of the emigrants who had been sent out under his sanction and authority. Coligni joined in the appeal; but

the king and court, ruled by Catharine, whose theological views were then in a transition state, were profoundly indifferent. No remonstrances or complaint was sent to the Spanish court. No doubt information of the expedition of Ribault had been sent from the French court to Philip and caused the issuing of his bloody commission to Menendez. The courtiers of Charles the Ninth, who feared and hated Coligni because he was a Huguenot and a patriot, rejoiced at the failure of his scheme, and he was utterly unable to do more for his colony.

At this juncture a fiery avenger appeared. It was the Chevalier Dominic de Gourges, a gentleman of Gascony, member of an eminent family and a devoted Roman Catholic. In the military service of his country he had been made a prisoner by the Spaniards, who compelled him to do slave's work in Spanish galleys. His hatred of the Spanish blood thereby engendered was undying. When he heard of the treatment of his countrymen in Florida, at their hands, he was in retirement. Filled with indignation because of the crime and the criminal indifference of his king, he determined to fit out an expedition at his own expense, to punish the offenders. That was in 1567. He sold his property, borrowed money of his friends, and fitted out three small vessels, manned by one hundred soldiers (many of them gentlemen volunteers), and eighty mariners prepared with cross-bows and picks to act as soldiers. His vessels were so flat-bottomed that they might pass over the sand-bars of rivers.

De Gourges kept his destination a secret, and sailed from Bordeaux late in August for the coast of Benin, in Africa, as he publicly pretended. After various vicissitudes and delays, his little squadron left the extreme western end of Cuba for Florida, when, for the first time, he revealed to all his followers his destination and designs. In a speech glowing with enthusiasm, he so warmed their hearts for the work that was before them, that they were impatient to reach the coast. Their eyes were gratified with a sight of Florida in the spring of 1568, when the squadron entered the mouth of a small river north of the St. John's. The Indians, supposing the new comers to be Spaniards, showed much hostility. De Gourges' trumpeter, who had been with Laudonnière, and understood a little of the Indian tongue, volunteered to go ashore. There he was delighted, not only by the discovery that the cacique was an old friend of Laudonnière, but that he was accompanied by a young Frenchman who had escaped the massacre of Fort Carolina. The cacique received the trumpeter kindly, and sent an invitation to De Gourges to come on shore and hold a conference. He did so, and his young countryman acted as interpreter. The cacique, painted and bedecked, was seated on a log in a beautiful grove, with several allied chiefs sitting in a

semicircle around him. He placed De Gourgues on another log, and then opened the conference with bitter complaints against the Spaniards, because of their cruelties. They had driven the Indians from their homes, murdered their children, and desolated their fields because they had treated the Frenchmen kindly. The Chevalier was pleased with this discourse, but was cautious. He told the cacique that the Spaniards should be punished for their crimes. "Do you intend to make war upon them?" quickly asked the cacique. "I do," as quickly answered De Gourgues. "We will join you!" said the cacique with vehemence as he sprang to his feet; and the same words came from the lips of the other chiefs with equal vehemence as they seized their arms which they had laid upon the grass, and brandished their javelins in great excitement. An alliance against the Spaniards was made on the spot between the French and Indians, and steps were immediately taken to attack the common enemy. Other alliances were made between the French and Indians, many generations afterward, which were instruments of dire distress to the English settlers in America, as we shall observe as our story goes on.

The allies met at an appointed place not far from the St. Johns, on which the Spaniards had built two forts below Fort Carolina, on opposite banks of the river. Moving cautiously, they crossed a little stream behind a wood, arm-pit deep, the soldiers carrying their powder flasks on their helmets, an arquebuse in one hand and a sword in the other. Gathering in battle array near the little fort, the allies rushed forward with shouts and yells, and took it by surprise. The entire garrison, sixty in number, were slain, excepting a few who were reserved for another fate.

De Gourgues now hastened across the river, with eighty men in boats, to attack the fort on the opposite side, followed by the Indians, who were so eager for the fray that they could not wait for the return of the little vessels. They plunged into the water, each holding a bow, javelin and quiver of arrows in one hand, and swimming with the other. Appalled by the number of pale and dusky enemies that threatened them, the garrison of sixty men fled in the direction of Fort Carolina (or Matheo), three miles above. They were overtaken by the French and Indians in the woods, and the whole company were slain, excepting a few who were held as prisoners. From these prisoners and from a spy who was discovered in the camp, the French commander learned that Fort Carolina was not very strong; that its garrison consisted of two hundred and sixty men, and that they were greatly alarmed by a report that the allies were two thousand in number. Encouraged by this information, De Gourgues, after two days' preparation, marched with his whole force against the doomed fortress. After some severe fighting, the



FRENCHMEN ATTACKING THE SPANISH FORT ON THE ST. JOHNS

fort was captured. The flower of the garrison had already been slain in a *sortie* or sallying out to attack the assailants, and many of the remainder had fled to the woods, where they were met by the Indians and slaughtered. There was an indiscriminate massacre as before, a few only being reserved as prisoners. Now these, with others who had been so reserved, were placed in a row under the very trees whereon the Huguenots had been hung, *not as Frenchmen, but as Lutherans*. De Gournes addressed them, and then suspended them all by their necks. Over them he placed the inscription, burned into wood with a hot iron :

NOT AS SPANIARDS AND MARINERS, BUT AS TRAITORS, ROBBERS, AND MURDERERS.

So was concluded the savage and unchristian work of retaliating upon the innocent the crimes of the guilty. Could the blow have fallen upon King Philip of Spain, or Menendez his executioner, or Mendoza his apologist and coadjutor, and not upon the mere machines of government—the common soldiers—retributive justice would have been more divinely vindicated. But we must judge Philip, and Menendez, Mendoza and De Gournes, leniently, in the light of the spirit of the age in which they lived. No Spanish monarch now ; no military chief, no truly Christian minister in any Christian country, to-day, would do such horrid work for such a cause. The seminal idea of the protest at Spire has worked beneficent wonders in making men less savage and more divine, since it was projected into human society.

Too weak to brave the wrath of Menendez, who was at St. Augustine, De Gournes, with the assistance of the Indians, utterly destroyed the forts on the St. John's, and then sailed for France, where he arrived just in time to avoid vessels which Philip had sent out to intercept him. He was received with coldness at court. Philip had demanded of the weak Charles the head of De Gournes, and the Queen-mother, Catharine, had espoused the cause of the opponents of the Huguenots. In poverty De Gournes concealed himself for some years, declining an invitation of the Queen of England (Elizabeth) to enter her service. At length he died, whilst on his way to a seaport to take command of a fleet that was about to wage war on Philip.

Menendez firmly planted a colony at St. Augustine, and sent an expedition, with Jesuit missionaries, to explore the waters of Chesapeake Bay, plant a settlement there, and scatter the seeds of Christianity among the pagans. But his death in 1574, when he was High Admiral of the Spanish navy, arrested this enterprise, and no further attempts seem to have been

made by the Spaniards to plant settlements within the domain of our Republic.

Coligni was deserted by his sovereign and his inhuman mother, and became a martyr. Catharine, with a strange perversion of a mother's natural instincts, after she became regent, plunged all of her children, in the flower of their youth, into a whirl of sensual pleasure, that soon weakened their minds and bodies beyond recovery, as she intended they should be. Her royal son, when he reached his majority, seemed incapable of resisting any temptation put in his way by his mother, and he was easily persuaded by her to order the destruction of the Protestants throughout France, on the eve of St. Bartholomew, in August, 1572. She had failed in a plot to bring the Duke of Guise to the scaffold, and now she had joined the league against the Huguenots, of which he was a leader. Coligni was selected as one of the first victims for sacrifice on that fatal night. Behme, a German assassin in the employ of the Duke of Guise, led a band of murderers to the room of Coligni, with concealed weapons excepting a boar-spear which he held in his hand. When he entered, the majestic presence of the Admiral and the serenity and dignity of his deportment so abashed the leader, that he was about to retire, when one of his followers whispered in his ear, "Coward!" Behme instantly recovered his self-possession and plunged the spear into the heart of Coligni, who fell dead at the feet of his murderers. His body was thrown out of the window into a court, where the Duke of Guise was waiting for the consummation of the crime. The Admiral's head was severed from his body and carried to Catharine, who had it embalmed and sent as a present to Pope Gregory the Thirteenth, at Rome. The Admiral's body was dragged through the streets of Paris amidst the execration of an infuriated mob, and then was hanged on a gibbet where Charles the Ninth and his courtiers viewed it.

We have observed that a remnant of Ribault's company who abandoned Port Royal were picked up at sea by an English vessel, and taken to the presence of Queen Elizabeth. She was the daughter of Henry the Eighth and the beautiful Anne Boleyn, and had succeeded her half-sister Mary as sovereign of Great Britain in 1558, when she was twenty-five years of age. She had not been long on the throne when these Huguenots were brought into her audience-chamber. They were treated kindly, for Elizabeth was in theological sympathy with them. She had always been a Protestant at heart, but to avoid many personal perils and even death during the reign of her half-sister, who was wife of Philip of Spain, she had so deported herself with singularly adroit hypocrisy, that she was only *suspected* of heresy. So completely did she deceive everybody, that only the day before she ascended

the throne as queen, the Spanish ambassador at the British court wrote to his royal master: "She is a true Catholic; she declares that she prays to the Virgin and acknowledges the real presence [of the real body and blood of Christ] in the sacrament." That was at the middle of November. On Christmas she placed herself at the head of the Protestant world, by refusing to hear mass in the Royal Chapel; and yet, only three weeks later, when



THE ASSASSINATION OF COLIGNI.

she was crowned in Westminster Abbey, the religious ceremonies were all in accordance with the liturgy of the Church of Rome, and she partook of the sacrament at the hands of a Romish Archbishop. She was simply an adroit politician, and was moved altogether by political motives. For years she endeavored to gain the favor of *all* her subjects, Romanists and Protest-

ants, by favoring both ; and there was a ludicrous mixture of the two ceremonies in the public worship of the realm.

At the time the distressed Huguenots were brought into the presence of Elizabeth, she was on the point of affording aid to their co-religionists in France and the Netherlands. She favored Coligni's scheme for colonization in America, and she listened with delight to the accounts given by these castaways of the beauty of the country, the amenities of the climate, and the fertility of the soil of the mysterious land peopled by a mysterious people, which they had been compelled to abandon. The enlightened and sagacious queen readily perceived the glory and advantages she might win for her country, by carrying forward Coligni's plan, with her own countrymen and the French Huguenots as the materials for a powerful colony. She felt a strong desire to do so, but she was then too deeply engaged in more important state work, and her desires did not ripen into action until several years afterward, although they grew in intensity. From her subjects who went over to France in considerable numbers to fight under the Prince of Condé and Coligni, she continually heard more and more of the grandeur and richness of the warmer regions of North America. From none of them came more vivid pictures than from Walter Raleigh, a young Devonshire gentleman who came from an ancient family, was well educated, and who was one of a small body of troops sent by his queen to assist the Huguenots in France. He served five years under Coligni, and then proceeded to the Netherlands to fight the Spaniards, under the banner of the Prince of Orange. He was in that service abroad when De Gournes returned from his foray in Florida, and Raleigh heard much of that region from the lips of the Chevalier. To his friends at home and to his court, he wrote letters filled with accounts of the wonders of the West, and when he returned to England he found the minds of many of the leading men of the realm, as well as that of his queen, filled with projects for making settlements in the warmer regions of North America.

Meanwhile, English navigators had been again trying to solve the question which Cabot had failed to do more than half a century before, namely, the existence of a northwest passage to Asia from the British Isles. Among them was Martin Frobisher, a Yorkshireman, whose zeal and patience were remarkable. He spent fifteen years in fruitless endeavors to get up an expedition to accomplish that object, when he was fortunate enough to secure the patronage of Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick. The queen and her government took a lively interest in the undertaking, and early in June, 1576, Frobisher sailed from Deptford, on the Thames, with two barks of only twenty-five tons each and a pinnacle of ten tons, with the avowed pur-

pose of making the discovery or to die in the attempt. When the little flotilla passed by the palace at Greenwich, the queen, who was watching its movements from an open window, leaned out and waved her hand toward the commander in token of her good-will and a farewell.

Frobisher touched at Greenland, coasted up the shores of Labrador and entered a strait or inlet above the entrance to Hudson's Bay, which bears his name. There he landed and formally took possession of the country in the name of Elizabeth. Impenetrable pack-ice, the loss of some of his men and the growing discontent of others, caused him to return to England in the autumn, at the twilight of the polar night, taking with him some of the products of the new region which he had added to the British Empire. Among other things was a heavy dark stone, a fragment of which the wife of a man to whom Frobisher had given it threw into the fire, in a passion. Her husband snatched it out and quenched the glowing mineral in vinegar, when it glittered like burnished gold. On fusing it, a small quantity of the precious metal was found in it. The fact was soon noised abroad and produced a gold-fever. Many persons eagerly offered money to enable Frobisher to make another voyage to those high latitudes, and in May, 1577, he sailed from Harwich in a vessel of the royal navy, which the queen placed at his disposal, accompanied by two barks of thirty tons each.

Only for gold were these adventurers ordered to search. They were not to seek the mysterious passage to India. Indeed Frobisher had demonstrated the impossibility of passing the polar ice-fields. On the shores of Frobisher's Inlet, the whole company landed, freighted the ships with the black stone, and returned to England. A commission was appointed by the queen to determine the value of the discoveries made. Very little gold, if any, was procured from the cargoes of stone, but the commission, for reasons not made clear, deemed it expedient to send out another expedition. Frobisher was now placed in command of a fleet, for he had twelve



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

ships in addition to the three with which he made his second voyage. With these he sailed from Harwich on the last day of May, 1558, instructed to make search for genuine gold-ore, or for a northwest passage. Storms and currents scattered the fleet, and not more than half of the ships reached their destination. Some turned back, and two of them went to the bottom of the North Atlantic Ocean. No effort was made to force the vessels that reached Frobisher's Inlet to penetrate the ice-pack northward. They were laden with the dark stones (out of which not a particle of gold was obtained), and returned to England.

The three expeditions under Frobisher were unsuccessful, excepting in the discovery of several bays, inlets and islands on the northern coasts of America, before unknown. The brave leader, however, won the honors of a discoverer and the fame of having been the first European who had penetrated so far toward the Arctic Circle, for Frobisher's Inlet is under the sixty-third degree of north latitude. For these exploits and other brave deeds, especially as one of the chief captains in the British fleet that confronted the "Invincible Armada" of Spain, he received the honors of knighthood.

Whilst these expeditions were in progress, Francis Drake, another Devonshire man, was circumnavigating the globe; a feat performed by the Portuguese navigator, Magellan, half a century before. Drake had suffered much in person and property from the Spaniards, and had vowed vengeance and retribution. His friends fitted out five vessels for him to go on a voyage of discovery and plunder. Promising the queen gold and conquest, he sailed under her sanction at the middle of November, 1577, from the harbor of Plymouth, making the *Pelican*, of a hundred tons burthen—the largest vessel in his squadron—his flag-ship. After touching at Brazil, and other places down the east coast of South America, he passed through the Straits of Magellan at the southern extremity of the continent, early in September, 1578. Then he ran up the western coast, plundering the Spanish settlements in Chili and Peru, capturing a royal Spanish galleon heavily loaded with treasure, and taking possession of California in the name of his sovereign. Burdened with gold and silver, and with his revenge fully satisfied, Drake determined to return home. Fearing to meet a superior Spanish force in the ocean, he resolved to seek a passage around the northern shores of America. Repelled by severe cold, he sailed across the Pacific and Indian Oceans, doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and arrived at Plymouth late in September, 1579, having discovered points on the western coasts of our country as far north as Washington Territory, above the Columbia River. The queen partook of a banquet given by Drake on board the

Pelican in Plymouth harbor, that was spread under a rich canopy of silk and tapestry that covered the clean deck, on which lay beautiful Turkish mats. The queen was attended by several ladies and gentlemen of her court. The food was served on silver dishes, and the wine in golden goblets. All the fruit of plunder. When the banquet was ended, the queen conferred upon Drake the honor of knighthood. He was then between thirty and forty years of age. Richly dressed in the uniform of his rank, he knelt before his sovereign, at her command, in the presence of the goodly company, and



DRAKE KNIGHTED BY THE QUEEN.

with his own sword she smote him gently over the shoulders, three times and then bade him stand, a knight of her realm.

After that the exploits of Drake on the sea were marvellous. They were against the Spaniards, whom he hated intensely. Within the space of a single year he captured and plundered Carthagena in South America, and several other towns in that region; burned Forts Antonio and St. Augustine, ravaged places in the West Indies, and running up the coasts of Florida,

Georgia, and the Carolinas, he visited Roanoke Island, and bore away from it, to England, a famishing colony which Raleigh had planted there. On another occasion he "singed the beard of the King of Spain," as he said, by burning one hundred Spanish vessels in the harbor of Cadiz. He was a terror to the Spaniards everywhere; and long after his death, in 1595, Spanish nurses used the name of Drake as a bugaboo to frighten children, representing him as a devouring dragon. Although he is honored for his enterprise and the glory he won for England, and is regarded as the founder of the Royal Navy, Sir Francis Drake was only a daring pirate on a large and legalized scale. Camden says: "Nothing troubled him more than that some of the chief men at court refused to accept the gold which he offered them as gotten by piracy."

In 1594, the Spanish king threatened England, with a great show of power. Drake entered the service of his sovereign, and with Admiral Hawkins he sailed for America in 1595, with twenty-six vessels. A divided command worked mischievously. Hawkins died at Porto Rico, partly from the effects of a wound, and partly from chagrin because of reverses. Drake soon afterwards achieved great triumphs. He destroyed several Spanish towns; but a fatal fever seized him late in the year. It was aggravated by mental agitation caused by a defeat of his forces, and he died in Jan. 1596. The gallant sailor was honored with a sailor's funeral. He was buried at sea in sight of Puerto Bello.



CHAPTER XII.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert's Patent—Character of Walter Raleigh—Illustration of His Gallantry—A Favorite of Queen Elizabeth—Gilbert at Newfoundland—Is Lost at Sea—Raleigh Receives a Charter from the Queen—Sends an Exploring Expedition to America—Its Cheering Results—The Queen Names the Region Explored Virginia—Raleigh Sends a Colony to Virginia—Bad Leaders Produce Great Disasters—A Colony of Working People Sent—First English Child Born in America—The Colony Lost—Raleigh's Deeds, and His Sufferings at the Hands of a Bad King—His Death on the Scaffold.

WHILST Drake was plundering Spanish settlements in South America and circumnavigating the globe to avoid his enemies, the minds of the British queen and many of her leading subjects were powerfully directed to the more beneficent object of founding colonies in the region of North America discovered by Cabot three-fourths of a century before. With these better desires were mingled a thirst for gold which they believed existed in abundance somewhere in those regions. There were yearnings, also, for planting settlements and searching for treasures on the borders of the beautiful lands whose marvellous imagery had been portrayed by the shipwrecked Huguenots and the letters of Raleigh from France. These desires had assumed a more tangible shape than the day-dreams which had floated in the minds of England's monarch and people. They had been stimulated into action by Raleigh, on his return from the continent; and his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert—a kindred spirit—through the intervention of the young pupil of Coligni, obtained a patent from Elizabeth, which authorized him to explore and appropriate remote and barbarous lands unoccupied by Christian powers, and to hold them as fiefs or estates of the crown of England. That was in the year 1578. Gilbert did not believe there could be profit in searching for gold in the higher latitudes. A more comprehensive view of the fisheries off Newfoundland, to which four hundred vessels from Europe repaired annually, turned his thoughts now to a project of planting a colony on that island; and in this scheme Raleigh acquiesced.

Walter Raleigh was one of the most illustrious of the English adventurers of his time. When, through his influence at court, Gilbert obtained

his patent, he was only twenty-six years of age. Endowed with brilliant genius, unbounded ambition and extraordinary activity, his mind grasped the boldest projects, and his versatility, enthusiasm and credulity, led him to the immediate execution of any scheme which he might conceive. "Framed in the prodigality of nature," says an English author, "he was at once the most industrious scholar and the most accomplished courtier of his age; as a projector, profound, ingenious, and indefatigable; as a soldier, prompt, daring, and heroic; 'so contemplative (says an old writer), that he might have been judged unfit for action; so active, that he seemed to have no leisure for contemplation.' The chief defect of his mental temperament was the absence of moderation and regulation of thought and aim. Smitten with a love of glorious achievement, he had unfortunately embraced the



DRAKE.

ELIZABETH.

RALEIGH.

maxim that 'whatever is not extraordinary is nothing;' and his mind (till the last scene of his life) was not sufficiently pervaded by religion to recognize that nobility of purpose which ennobles the commonest actions, and elevates circumstances instead of borrowing dignity from them. Uncontrolled by steady principle and sober calculation, the fancy and the passions of Raleigh transported him, in some instances, beyond the bounds of rectitude, honor and propriety; and, seconded by the malevolence of his fortune, entailed reproaches on his character and discomfiture on his undertakings. But though adversity might cloud his path, it would never depress his spirit, or quench a single ray of his genius. He subscribed to his fortune with a

noble grace, and by the universal consent of mankind his errors and infirmities have been deemed within the protection of his glory."

Raleigh became a favorite of his queen by a single act of gallantry. He had lately returned from Ireland, where he had distinguished himself in putting down the rebellion of the Desmonds. Meeting the queen one day whilst she was walking with two of her maids of honor, he took from his shoulders his rich velvet mantle, and bowing gracefully, spread it over a wet spot in her path for her to walk upon. Because of this delicate gallantry, Raleigh was immediately admitted to court, where he and the accomplished Essex became powerful rivals for the queen's special favor. Their intrigues were ceaseless and often romantic, and filled a large space in the gossip of court circles. Raleigh soon tired of such a fruitless life, and leaving the business of a courtier, engaged again in the graver thoughts and duties pertaining to American colonization.

Gilbert's patent, which bound him to pay to the crown one-fifth part of all gold and silver which the countries he might discover and colonize should produce, invested him with the powers of a civil and criminal legislator over the inhabitants of any territory which he might occupy, provided the laws should be in accordance with the statutes and policy of England, and not in derogation of supreme allegiance to the crown. It also guaranteed to his followers the civil rights of Englishmen. The patent, so far as it related to the appropriation of territory, extended six years, during which time no other persons should be permitted to establish a settlement within two hundred leagues of any spot which these adventurers might occupy.

Armed with these arbitrary powers and aided by Raleigh's friendship and money, Gilbert, at the expense of much of his own fortune, fitted out a small squadron and sailed for America late in 1579. He had been distinguished for gallant military service in Ireland, and in 1570 had received the honor of knighthood. Six years afterwards, he had published a book entitled "A Discourse of a Discovery for a New Passage to Cathay," which attracted a good deal of attention toward him. His reputation was so high that the sons of many of the nobility and gentry of England embarked with him as adventurers. They were utterly unfit to be the founders of a state (and were not permitted to become so), for most of them were idlers and some were dissolute.

It is said by some that Raleigh sailed with his half-brother. Heavy storms or Spanish war vessels destroyed one of the ships, and compelled the remainder to turn back, and for the space of four years afterwards the enterprise was held in abeyance. Gilbert was too much impoverished to undertake another expedition; but Raleigh and his friends, at the end of

that time, fitted out another small squadron. It sailed from Plymouth in June, 1583, under the command of Gilbert, who bore as a present from the queen and as a token of her good-will, a golden anchor guided by a woman ; and he was accompanied by a learned Hungarian. The little flotilla reached Newfoundland in August, and entered the harbor of St. John's, wherein the Lord of Robertval and Cartier had met almost fifty years before. There, on the firm earth, Gilbert set up a column with the arms of England carved

on it ; and in the presence of hundreds of fishermen from Western Europe, whom he summoned to the spot, he formally took possession of the country in the name of Queen Elizabeth.

Gilbert's vessels had suffered much from storms on the voyage ; but the intrepid mariners, after making slight repairs, proceeded to explore the coasts southward. Off the shores of Cape Breton, heavy tempests beat upon his ships, and not long afterwards his larger one, in which he sailed, was dashed upon the rocks and lost with



RALEIGH SPREADING HIS MANTLE FOR THE FEET OF THE QUEEN.

about one hundred men. The commander was saved and took refuge in the *Squirrel*, a little vessel of ten tons. Buffeting the waves until his flotilla was dispersed and hope failed, he turned the prow of his little vessel homeward, with another named the *Hind*. On a September day when a gale was rising, the two vessels were within speaking distance of each other. Gilbert was sitting abaft with a book in his hand, and in reply to a shout from the commander of the *Hind* that they were in great peril, he cried : "We are as near Heaven on the sea as on the land." The gale increased : night fell ; the

darkness became intense, and at midnight the lights of the *Squirrel* went out suddenly. The little bark had plunged beneath the waves and all on board perished. The *Hind* was the only vessel of the squadron that escaped the tempests and returned to England with tidings of the disaster.

Misfortune seemed to stimulate Raleigh to more energetic action. He was then paying court to the queen, with whom he was a great favorite. He asked her for a charter in all respects the same as that she had given to Gilbert, but covering lands further south. It was given in April, 1584. It constituted Raleigh Lord Proprietor of all countries between Delaware Bay and the mouth of the Santee River in South Carolina. Quick in the execution of his projects, two ships were made ready for sea before June, well equipped with men and provisions. Arthur Barlow, a skillful mariner, was placed in chief command, assisted by Philip Amidas, of French descent but a native of England. They were directed to explore the coasts within the parallels named, and choose a place for settlement. Instead of following the northerly path across the Atlantic, in which so many disasters had occurred, they went by the way of the Canary Isles, were wafted by the trade-winds to the West Indies, and approached the American coast in the latitude of Florida. Turning northward, they ran up the coast along the line of the Gulf Stream, and entering Ocracock Inlet, anchored off Wocoken Island, in July. There they landed, and were kindly received by the gentle natives who were as kindly treated in return. There Barlow set up a small column with the British arms rudely carved upon it, and waving over it the banner of England, in the presence of the wondering natives, took possession of the whole region—*islands and main, inlets and sounds*—in the name of the queen. They spent several weeks in explorations of Roanoke Island and Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds, and in trafficking with the natives. "The people," wrote the mariners, "were most gentle, loving and faithful, void of all guile and treason, and such as lived after the manner of the golden age."

On Roanoke Island the Englishmen were entertained, with a refined hospitality, by the mother of King Wingina (who was absent); and wherever they went friendship was the rule. To the feelings of the strangers, everything on the islands and on the main was charming. Nature was then garnished in all her summer wealth, and to the eyes of the Englishmen her beauties there were marvellous. Magnificent trees were draped with luxuriant vines clustered with growing grapes, and the forest swarmed with birds of sweetest songs and beautiful plumage. After gathering what information they could about the neighboring country, Barlow and Amidas departed for England, with their company, attended by Manteo and Wanchese, two dusky lords of the woods and waters.

The glowing accounts of this newly-discovered region given by the mariners, and the pictures of the simple lives and gentle manners of the inhabitants which they drew, delighted Raleigh and his sovereign; and Elizabeth, as a memorial that the splendid domain had been added to the British realm during the reign of a virgin queen, named the country VIRGINIA. So say some. Others say that the name was given because the land retained the virgin beauty, purity and fertility of its first creation. The queen declared that such acquisition was one of the most glorious events of her reign; and she bestowed the honors of knighthood upon Raleigh. The parliament or congress confirmed his charter, and the queen, in order to enrich him, gave him the monopoly of the sale of sweet wines. His popularity was unbounded, and by an almost unanimous vote he was elected to represent the county of Devon in parliament.

Satisfied that his charter was a key that would unlock the coveted treasures of wealth, honor and power, Raleigh now took measures for sending out a colony to people his American domain. Friends in abundance stood ready to assist him, and on the 9th of April, 1585, he saw a fleet of seven ships sail out of Plymouth harbor, with one hundred and eighty colonists and a full complement of seamen, for the coast of Virginia. Sir Richard Grenville, one of the most gallant men of his times, was in command of the squadron, and Ralph Lane, a soldier and civilian of distinction, who had been an equerry at the royal court, was sent as the governor of the colony, with Amidas as his assistant. They were accompanied by Thomas Cavendish, who, the next year, followed the path of Drake around the world; by a competent painter to delineate men and things in America, and by Thomas Harriot, an eminent mathematician and astronomer, who went as historian and naturalist of the expedition.

The choice of Grenville as commander of the squadron was unfortunate. He was more intent upon plunder than colonization. Sailing over the southern route, he cruised among the West India Islands, capturing Spanish vessels, and so infusing the colonists with a spirit quite the reverse of that of peaceful settlers. They did not reach the American coast until late in June, when the vessels came near being wrecked upon a point of land which, from that circumstance, they named Cape Fear. Sailing up the coast they entered Ocracock Inlet and finally landed on Roanoke Island, with Manteo, who returned with them.

We learn all that we know about this colony in Virginia from Harriot's narrative. He remained there a year, making observations and obtaining drawings of everything of interest. He had been Raleigh's tutor in mathematics, and took great interest in the expedition; and he labored hard to

restrain the cupidity of the colonists, who were more intent upon winning gold and plunder than in tilling the soil.

The example of Grenville led to infinite mischief. He sent Manteo to the mainland to announce their arrival, and soon followed him with Lane, Cavendish, Harriot and others. For eight days they explored the country, and were hospitably entertained everywhere. How was that hospitality requited? At an Indian village a silver cup was stolen from the English and was not immediately restored on demand. Grenville ordered the whole town to be burned, and the standing corn around it destroyed. A flame of indignation, furious and destructive, was enkindled in the savage mind, which could not be quenched. Unsuspicious of the consequences of his act, the commander left the colonists and returned to England with his ships. These all became pirates on the sea; and Grenville was warmly welcomed when he entered the harbor of Plymouth with his vessels laden with plunder from Spanish galleons and other vessels.

Lane was delighted with the country, and in a letter which he sent home by Grenville, he wrote: "It is the goodliest soil under the cope of Heaven; the most pleasing territory of the world; the continent is of a huge and unknown greatness, and very well peopled and towned, though savagely. The climate is so wholesome, that we have not one sick since we have touched the land. If Virginia had but horses and kine, and were inhabited by English, no realm in Christendom were comparable to it."

Harriot was a man of keen observation, and looked upon everything with the eye of a Christian philosopher. He perceived that the way to have the country permanently "inhabited by English," and supplied with "horses and kine," was to treat the natives kindly as friends and neighbors. He deprecated the conduct of Grenville, and tried to quench the fires of revenge which the leader's cruelty had enkindled. The Indians were curious and credulous. Many of them regarded the persons of the English with reverence and awe. Their fire-arms, burning-glasses, mathematical instruments, clocks, watches, and books seemed to the savage mind like the work of the gods. The colonists were never sick and had no women with them, and so the natives imagined that they were not born of woman and were therefore immortal—men of ancient days who had risen to immortality. Taking advantage of this feeling, Harriot displayed the Bible everywhere, told them of its grand and precious truths, and inspired them with such a love for it that they often pressed it affectionately to their bosoms. King Wingina became very ill. He sent for Harriot, who found him in his bough-covered cabin on a couch of soft moss, with a priest making mysterious movements over the invalid, a "medicine

man" offering him a decoction from a calabash, and a dancing juggler contorting his body and grimacing fearfully to drive away the Evil Spirit. Wingina dismissed all of these attendants, placed himself under the care of Harriot, and asked the prayers of the English. He recovered, and his example was followed by many of his subjects.

Had the other colonists been as wise and good as Harriot, all might have been well. But they were greedy for gold. Governor Lane had the fever, and all trusted more to their fire-arms than to friendship for the good-will of the Indians. The natives were treated with scorn and sometimes with cruelty, which kept alive the flame of vengeance. Seeing the Englishmen's greed for gold, they told them marvellous stories of a land at the headwaters of the Roanoke which was filled with the precious metals, and where the houses were lined with pearls. They told them that the source of the Roanoke was in a rock so near the Pacific Ocean that sometimes the salt waves dashed over into the fountain. All this was told that the English might go in search of that land, and so divided and weakened, the Indians might fall upon and destroy them. The red men guessed shrewdly, for Lane believed their stories, and with a large number of followers went up the swift stream of the Roanoke, until he was satisfied that he had been deceived by pure fictions. He turned back, and his sudden reappearance discomfited the Indians, who had planned an attack upon the divided settlers. Their wrath was only checked, but not subdued. They regarded the fire-arms of the English as demons, and that the great sickness which then prevailed as the effects of wounds given by invisible bullets that came from unseen agents in the air. Believing that more Englishmen were coming to take their lands, they so yearned to exterminate the intruders that they could not conceal their enmity.

Lane, impressed with the belief that there was a wide-spread conspiracy to destroy his colony, prepared to strike the first blow. He invited Wingina and his principal chiefs to a friendly conference. They showed their confidence in the strangers by appearing without weapons. At a preconcerted signal, Lane and his followers fell upon the Indians and murdered the king and all of his companions. Thenceforth each party stood on the defensive, and very soon the condition of the English became desperate. Their provisions were exhausted; no ships came from England with supplies, and no food could be obtained from the Indians. Only the woods and waters offered them a precarious subsistence, and they were on the verge of despair, when they saw, one day, the joyful apparition of white sails coming in from the sea. It was the fleet of Sir Francis Drake, who was returning from his raid upon Spanish towns and settlements, and looked in upon the colonists

that he might report their condition to his friend Raleigh. He offered them aid and encouragement, but they were so thoroughly despondent that they begged and received permission to return to England in the baronet's ships.

Whilst they were in Virginia, Lane and his associates had acquired a taste for smoking tobacco, a habit which prevailed among the natives; and they were the first persons who carried the plant into England. The Spaniards and Portuguese had introduced it on the continent. Raleigh adopted and encouraged its use in England, and very soon the habit became so widespread that the demand exceeded the supply. It became the staple product of Virginia and a bond of union between England and some of her American colonies, as well as a source of much revenue. It is said that Queen Elizabeth became Raleigh's apt pupil in the art of smoking tobacco. One



THE WAGER DECIDED

day whilst she and the courtier and two or three others were indulging in the habit, Raleigh offered a wager that he would ascertain the weight of smoke that should issue from her lips in a given time. Elizabeth accepted the challenge. Raleigh weighed the tobacco that was put in her pipe, and then weighed the ashes that remained in it; the difference in the weight he assigned as the weight of the smoke. The queen, laughing, acknowledged that he had won the wager, and said he was the first alchemist she had ever heard of who had succeeded in turning smoke into gold.

Drake's ships had scarcely left the coast when a vessel appeared with supplies for the fugitive colonists. Finding the post abandoned, the ship

returned to England; and a fortnight after it left Roanoke, Sir Richard Grenville arrived with three well-furnished ships, and searched in vain for the settlers. Unwilling to give up the possession of the country, he left fifteen men there to protect the rights of England, and then he, too, returned home.

Raleigh was not dismayed by these mishaps. Lane, whose failure as a leader was conspicuous, gave a gloomy account of the country, but the report of the learned Harriot was so encouraging that Raleigh found very little difficulty in gathering another colony, and of better materials. They were not gold-seekers, but agriculturists and artisans, with their wives and children, who consented to become permanent settlers in America. John White was appointed governor of the colony, with eleven assistants, and late in April, 1587, a squadron of three ships, fitted out at Raleigh's expense, sailed for the Chesapeake Bay, where the proprietor intended to plant his farming settlement. White went first to Roanoke, and proceeded no further. He arrived there in July, when he found the little fort built by Lane broken down; the huts of the former colonists overgrown by rank weeds and inhabited by wild deer, and a heap of human bones that told the sad fate of Grenville's "protectors of the rights of England."

The new colonists wisely resolved to cultivate the friendship of the Indians, but some of the latter appeared hostile and killed one of the assistants. Manteo, who lived on Croatan Island, came with his mother and relatives, and invited them to make their abode on his domain, when White took the opportunity to have the chief receive the rite of Christian baptism, and to bestow upon him the order of a feudal baron as "Lord of Roanoke," by the command of Raleigh. This was the first and last peerage ever created on the soil of our Republic.

For a time matters went on smoothly, when an unlucky mistake of the English in attacking friendly Indians produced bad blood. At about the same time it became necessary for the ships to return to England for supplies. White was persuaded to go with them that he might hasten their return. He left behind him eighty-nine men, seventeen women and two children. Among these was his daughter, Eleanor Dare, wife of one of his assistants, who had given birth to a daughter since her arrival, to whom they gave the name of Virginia—Virginia Dare. On his way, White touched Ireland, where he left some potato plants, the first ever seen in Europe.

When White returned home, he found his countrymen in commotion on account of a threatened invasion from Spain, and all the great naval captains, as well as Raleigh, were engaged in plans for averting the evil. But the latter, by great exertions, sent White back with supplies in two ships in April, 1588. The greed of the governor made him neglect his first duty.

Instead of going directly to Virginia, he chased Spanish ships in search of plunder. Both of his vessels were so much injured that he was compelled to take them back to England, and it was not until 1590, a year after the defeat of the "Invincible Armada" of Spain in the British Channel, that White was permitted to go in search of the colony and his daughter. He sailed with two ships, and found Roanoke desolate. Had the colonists perished, or were they somewhere in the wilderness?

This question has never been answered. An inscription on the bark of a tree seemed to indicate that they had gone to Croatan. It was late in the season, and fearing the fearful storms which he knew prevailed on the coast at that period, White searched no further but hastened back to England with the sad tidings of the uncertain fate of the colonists. It was conjectured that the faithful Lord of Roanoke had saved their lives, and when they seemed to be abandoned by their countrymen, they had been incorporated with a native tribe and amalgamated with them. This conjecture finds plausibility in a tradition of the Hatteras Indians at a later period, which averred that such was the fate of the colony; and some find confirmation of the tradition in the fact that when European settlements were finally made in that region, individuals of the Hatteras family bore the mingled physical characteristics of the Indian and the Englishman. Perhaps when Jamestown was founded on the river of Powhatan, when Virginia Dare was twenty years of age, she was a beautiful young Indian queen on the banks of the Roanoke. Who knows?

Raleigh's means were now exhausted. He had spent about two hundred thousand dollars in vain attempts to colonize Virginia and in assisting other kindred enterprises; and he was compelled to abandon, in a degree, his magnificent scheme. He formed a company of merchants and adventurers under his charter, to whom he assigned a portion of his rights. Lacking his spirit and enthusiasm, they did nothing more than carry on a petty trade with Virginia for awhile, and at the time of Queen Elizabeth's death, in 1603, there was not a single Englishman settled in all America. Raleigh did not, for a long time, abandon the hope of finding the lost colonists of Roanoke; and it is said that he sent persons five different times, at his own expense, to search for them, but no traces could be found. The failure of Raleigh's colonization scheme was caused chiefly by the incompetence of his agents.

Among the statesmen and adventurers of England who directed the earliest efforts of subjects of that realm for the colonization of America, the name of Raleigh will ever stand brightest. In courage, perseverance, comprehensive views, lavish expenditure and ever-buoyant hopefulness, he had

no peer. He was not only a soldier and statesman, but he was a historian, poet and philosopher—a scholar in most departments of learning. When, at the age of about thirty-seven years, he abandoned the scheme for colonizing Virginia, he proceeded to perform other services which, alone, would have made his name immortal. He did much toward the destruction of the Spanish Armada; accompanied Drake in his expedition to seat Don Antonio on the throne of Portugal; brought Edmund Spenser from Ireland and introduced him to the queen; discovered the “large, rich and beautiful empire of Guiana,” in South America; assisted in the capture of Cadiz; was ambassador to the Netherlands, and governor of the island of Jersey. Immoralities stained his fair fame, and when Elizabeth died in 1603, the sun of his glory went down among clouds, yet none the brighter in itself because obscured to the visions of men. When King James of Scotland came to the throne of England, he stripped Raleigh of all his preferments. The great man was then a paralytic, but his lofty spirit bore him above repining.

Raleigh was soon afterward arrested on a false charge of conspiring to place Arabella Stuart on the English throne, and on conviction without proof he was condemned to death. Reprieved, he was sent to the Tower, where he was confined many years, accompanied much of the time by his faithful wife, who had been one of Elizabeth’s maids of honor. There he was in 1615, when the base and avaricious king, wanting his services to search for gold in Guiana, released him from prison, on condition that he would go there, but did not pardon him. Raleigh was then sixty-three years of age and an invalid; but he went to South America with fourteen ships, in the fitting out of which he embarked the whole of his wife’s fortune and his own. The expedition was a failure, and he returned to Plymouth in the summer of 1618 a wreck in fortune, health, reputation and spirits. The king, disappointed in his expectations of wealth as the fruits of the expedition, and jealous of Raleigh even in his almost helplessness, recommitted the old man to the Tower, and soon afterward caused him to be beheaded, in execution of the unjust sentence pronounced fifteen years before. “This is a sharp medicine, but it is a cure for all diseases,” said the white-haired patriot, on the scaffold, as he felt the keen edge of the axe and handed it to the executioner.

That murderous act of King James was one of the foulest of all the foul performances of the detested monarch. Upon the altar of his lust he sacrificed one of the noblest patriots, far-seeing statesmen and brilliant scholars of the British realm. Raleigh’s very existence, even in the obscurity of the Tower, wherein he wrote his “History of the World,” was a perpetual honor to the reign of the bad king.

Raleigh had lived to see his scheme for colonizing Virginia carried out by other Englishmen. Ten years before his death, when he was in the Tower, Jamestown was founded; and when the axe finished his earthly course, a congregation of English Puritans were contemplating that emigration to America which occurred two years later, and which resulted in the founding of the commonwealths of New England. The French navigator,



RALEIGH ON THE SCAFFOLD.

Champlain, had laid the foundations of a permanent settlement on the St Lawrence River; and whilst Raleigh was in Guiana, the Dutch were laying plans for a colony in New Netherland, which Hudson had discovered a few years before. George Calvert had just received the honors of knighthood, taken a seat in the Privy Council, and gained that special friendship of King James which finally led to his elevation to the peerage as Lord Baltimore,

to his attempts to colonize Newfoundland, and gain the possession of the fine domain of Maryland by his family. And after a lapse of almost two centuries, the inhabitants of North Carolina, on the shores of whose State the great adventurer had made his attempts at settlement, showed their sense of justice by giving to their capital the name of *Raleigh*.





CHAPTER XIII.

Explorations of the New England Coasts by English Navigators—Grand Scheme for Colonizing Virginia Patronized by the British Monarch—Charters Granted—Attempts of the French to Plant Settlements in America—Samuel Champlain Finds Quebec and Montreal—He Discovers and Names Lake Champlain—With the Help of the Jesuits He Establishes the French Dominion in America—The Story of the Voyages and Discoveries of Henry Hudson—His Sad Fate—The Discoverers.

THE enthusiasm which Raleigh had created in England in favor of American discovery and colonization did not die out in consequence of his conspicuous failures. Some of his associates continued to believe in the rich promises which such colonization held out. Among these believers was Bartholomew Gosnold, who had made a voyage to America, and who, like Raleigh, had not lost faith. They were much together; and when the Earl of Southampton offered to fit out a bark for the purpose of attempting to plant a small settlement in America if Gosnold would command the vessel, that navigator's illustrious friend advised him to do so. They had talked much about the northern and southern tracks across the Atlantic, which were then followed by ships from England, and they believed that a more direct route might be taken a thousand leagues shorter than by way of the Canaries and the West Indies. On the 26th of April, 1602, Gosnold sailed from Falmouth in a small vessel, with twenty colonists and eight mariners on the proposed direct track, and touched the American continent at near Nahant, in Massachusetts Bay, it is supposed, just eighteen days after his departure from England. Finding no good harbor there, he sailed southward, discovered a great sandy point which he named Cape Cod, because of the profusion of codfishes seen near its shores and landed there with four of his men. Never before had the present route of ships from Europe to New England and New York been traversed; never before had the soil of New England been pressed by the foot of an Englishman.

Doubling the Cape, Gosnold passed around the promontory of Gayhead which he named Dover Cliff, and entered Buzzard's Bay, where he found a group of attractive islands. He named the westernmost Elizabeth, in honor

of his queen, and the whole group now bear that name. On Elizabeth, Gosnold and his followers landed. They were charmed with the aspects of nature there. Vegetation was luxuriant, and small fruits, such as strawberries, raspberries, and growing grapes were abundant. There the navigator resolved to plant his little colony, and on a small rocky island, in the bosom of a great pond, they built a rude stone-house and a fort.

Elizabeth Island now bears its original Indian name of Cattyhunk. Had the courage of the adventurers held out, they would there have won the honor of making the first permanent English settlement in America. But it did not hold out. They thought the Indians scowled upon them; they were not sure of food in the future; they could not agree upon a method for dividing profits; what may the winter be? was a serious question, and a wilting home-sickness came upon them. So, when Gosnold had laden his vessel with sassafras root, then much esteemed in Europe for its medical properties; also with furs gathered by traffic with the natives, and sweet cedar-wood and other products, and was ready to sail for home, the colonists resolved to go with him. They abandoned their little paradise of beauty, and in less than four months after their departure from home, they were back on the soil of England. They spoke in glowing terms of the serenity of the climate, and the beauty and fertility of the land they had visited; of the shortness and safety of the voyage to it, and of the riches of the adjacent continent which might be gathered by traffic with the Indians. Raleigh strongly advised further efforts toward planting a colony in that part of America; so also did Richard Hakluyt, prebendary of Westminster—a man learned in naval and commercial science, the counsellor of many who had engaged in the expeditions to America, and who became the historian of those voyages. Under the advice of such men, Bristol merchants fitted out two ships for traffic and discovery on the coast of what was afterward called New England.

Early in April (1603, about a fortnight after the death of the queen), the *Speedwell*, of fifty tons, and the *Discoverer*, a bark of twenty-six tons, sailed from Milford Haven under the command of Martin Pring, a friend of Raleigh and Gosnold. Pring commanded the *Speedwell* in person, which was manned by thirty men and boys. William Browne was master of the *Discoverer*, and was accompanied by Robert Galterns as a supercargo or general agent of the expedition. Galterns had accompanied Gosnold to America. They were furnished with clothing, axes, and trinkets for the natives; and early in June the vessels entered Penobscot Bay. They went up the Penobscot River some distance, and then sailing along the coast, they entered the mouths of the Saco, Kennebunk, and Piscataqua rivers on the coast of

Maine. Gorges says Pring "made a perfect discovery of all these eastern rivers and harbors." That, however, was done three years later, when Pring was on another voyage.

Sailing southward, Pring and his companions went to the region where Gosnold and his handful of adventurers had tarried for awhile, and landed on a large island abounding with grapes, which they named Martin's Vineyard, now Martha's Vineyard. Thence they returned to England, after an absence of six months. Pring made a report confirming everything that Gosnold had told about the country. This confirmation led to other expeditions, and in 1605 the Earl of Southampton and Lord Arundel, of Wardour, fitted out a vessel, placed it under the command of George Weymouth, another friend of the now imprisoned Raleigh, and dispatched it to the eastern coasts of New England. Weymouth had already explored the coast of Labrador in an attempt to discover a northwest passage to India. He sailed from England in March, taking the shorter track, but storms delayed him on the way, and it was six weeks before he saw America, at Nantucket. Turning northward, he entered Penobscot Bay, where he opened a traffic with the natives. It was carried on for awhile in mutual confidence until signs of treachery appeared on the part of the Indians, when Weymouth determined to resent the affront. He invited some of the leading savages to a feast on board of his vessel, but only three of the cautious natives accepted the invitation. There he fed them and plied them with intoxicating drink, until they were half insensible, when he confined them in the hold of his ship. Then he went on shore with some of his men to entice others on board. They opened boxes and showed the natives trinkets, but they could not induce the savages to go to the vessel; so Weymouth and his men seized two of them. "It was as much as five or six of us could do to get them into the light horseman" [the boat], wrote Weymouth, "for they were strong, and so naked as our best hold was by their long hair on their heads." The Englishmen took with the captives two handsome birch-bark canoes, when the anchor was taken up and the ship sailed away for England with the five dusky prisoners. The canoes, like one carried home by Pring, attracted much attention as the work of savages. Three of the captives were given to Sir Fernando Gorges, then Governor of Plymouth, (who was a fast friend of Raleigh), and remained in his family three years, during which time they acquired considerable knowledge of the English language. This kidnapping left on the shores of New England the seeds of much future trouble.

All doubts respecting the commercial value of every part of the American coast from Florida to Newfoundland had now vanished from the English

mind, and the voyage of Weymouth was immediately followed by the immediate execution of a vast plan for colonizing the shores of this Western World. King James was petitioned to sanction by his authority an organization for the purpose. He not only did so willingly, but he warmly commended the enterprise. He had seen the good effects of introducing industrious artisans and traders from the lowlands among the wilder Highlanders of his native country; and as war with France had lately ceased, there was a large number of restless, unoccupied soldiers in England for whom he would gladly open a new field of enterprise. Moved by these considerations, he issued letters-patent, on the 20th of April, 1606, to Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, Richard Hakluyt and others, granting to them those territories in America lying on the sea-coast between the thirty-fourth and forty-fifth degree of north latitude, together with all the islands situated within a hundred miles of their shores; that is to say, from Cape Fear to Nova Scotia. The design of this patent was declared to be "to make habitation and plantation, and to deduce a colony of sundry of our people into that part of America commonly called Virginia." The charter proclaimed that "so noble a work may, by the Providence of Almighty God, hereafter tend to the glory of his Divine Majesty, in propagating of Christian religion to such people as yet live in darkness and miserable ignorance of the true knowledge and worship of God, and may, in time, bring the infidels and savages living in those parts to human civility, and to a settled and quiet government."

The patentees were principally merchants and adventurers of London, Plymouth and Bristol, and by their charter they were required to form two companies, each under a distinct title; the one consisting of London adventurers to be called the "London Company," and the one composed of "knights, gentlemen and merchants" of the West of England, the "Plymouth Company." The vast domain was divided into two districts, called respectively North and South Virginia, the line of separation being about on the parallel of New York City.

Now dawned the bright era when English colonies were permanently planted in America. The story of their marvellous growth will be told hereafter. Raleigh, poor and in prison, was not allowed to share, personally, in the glory of any of that fruitful seed-time, the result of his genius, generosity and enterprise. When Richard Hakluyt, Bartholomew Gosnold, and Sir Fernando Gorges, three of his firm friends, were permitted by the king to visit the illustrious prisoner in the Tower, and tell him of the new enterprise, the interview was a touching one. They found Raleigh seated at a little table near an open window in the massive wall, tall and narrow, writ-

ing. Around him lay huge folios. On the walls hung maps, and on the deep window-sill was a mariner's compass. Near him sat his faithful wife, almost twenty years younger than he, who had just come to share his imprisonment. At her feet lay a sleeping spaniel belonging to the keeper of the Tower; and a picture of their son who was killed in Guiana leaned against a small cabinet at her side. When the three friends entered, Raleigh quickly arose and embraced them affectionately. When they told him of the great enterprise and the king's sanction, he sat down in his chair, and with clasped hands and eyes turned heavenward exclaimed: "God be praised for his goodness! Prison walls cannot defeat his justice. The English *nation* love truth and will defend the good name of her disciples. God save the king!" The final invocation was for the ears of the jailor who stood at the door. It had a double meaning on Raleigh's lips—a meaning of political loyalty, or an earnest prayer for the salvation of the monarch from the consequences of his bad life. It could not be interpreted to Raleigh's hurt.

A Protestant sovereign, the great Henry of Navarre, was now on the throne of France, the first and best of her Bourbon kings. His heart was set on promoting the prosperity and true greatness of his kingdom. He had given it peace at home by the edict of



RALEIGH'S JOY IN PRISON

Nantes, granting toleration to his Protestant subjects, proclaimed on the thirteenth of April, 1598, and cessation from war abroad by the treaty of Verviers with Spain, signed seventeen days afterward. Agriculture, manufactures, mining, internal improvements, and settlements in New France (Canada), which had not been attempted since the disappearance of Roberval more than fifty years before, were encouraged. In these labors of statesmanship he was led and assisted by Maximilien de Bethune, the

great Duke of Sully, whose name shines with splendor in the annals of France.

Among the earliest of the new French adventurers was the Marquis de la Roche, a wealthy nobleman, who gathered a company from the prisons of France wherewith to found a colony in America. He sailed with a single ship in the spring of 1598, and landed on Sable Island, in the Atlantic Ocean, ninety miles southeast of Nova Scotia, where he left forty men and returned to France for supplies. Before he was ready to go back, he sickened and died, and the poor emigrants had no tidings from home or the rest of the world for seven years. Then a vessel was sent for them, but only twelve survived. These were pardoned on their return, because of their sufferings abroad, and their immediate wants were supplied by the king.

Whilst these men were on Sable Island, another expedition was sent from France on a similar errand. M. de Chastes, Governor of Dieppe, obtained from the king a charter for founding settlements in New France. He engaged Samuel Champlain of the French navy, a man of noble lineage and a favorite of the sovereign, to act as his delegate. The king commissioned Champlain lieutenant-general of Canada, and with this authority he embarked at Honfleur on the 15th of March, 1603, with a single vessel, commanded by Pontgravé, a skillful mariner of St. Malo, whose father had been an intimate friend of Cartier. They reached the St. Lawrence in May, and anchored near the site of Quebec, when Pontgravé, with five men, went up that stream in a canoe to the rapids of Lachine, above Montreal where Cartier found an impassable barrier to his upward voyage. Then he turned back, carefully examining the shores of the river, and on reaching the ship he gave Champlain a minute account of all they had observed. Meanwhile, Champlain had held intercourse with the savages, whose memories and traditions ran back to Cartier's kidnapping, but they were placable, and the lieutenant-general was pleased with all he saw. They returned to France in the early autumn, when Champlain published an account of the country.

When the voyagers returned, they found M. Chastes dead and the concessions transferred by the king to Pierre de Gast, the Sieur de Monts, a wealthy Huguenot, who had received the commission of viceroy, with full power for settlement and rule over six degrees of latitude in America, extending from that of Cape May to the parallel of Quebec. That region was named, in the charter, L'Acadié, a corruption of the Greek Arcadia. The charter was published in all the maritime towns of France, and soon afterward De Monts and his associates were vested with the monopoly of the fur and peltry trade of his domain, and around the Gulf of St. Lawrence. A new arrangement was made with Champlain, and early in March, 1604,

De Monts, with his bosom friend Poutrincourt and Pont-Grevé as his lieutenants, and Champlain as the pilot, sailed from France with four vessels well manned, and a goodly company of Protestant and Roman Catholic emigrants. Among the latter were several Jesuits. They reached the St. Lawrence in April, when they found the river ice-bound and the weather so cold that the viceroy determined to plant his settlement further to the southward. They passed around Cape Breton and Nova Scotia into the Bay of Fundy, and on the northern shore of the Peninsula they anchored in a fine harbor environed by hills and meadows, early in May. Poutrincourt was so charmed by the appearance of the country, that De Monts allowed him to remain there with some of the emigrants. He gave him a grant of the region, which was confirmed by the king, and Poutrincourt named the place where he landed Port Royal. It is now Annapolis, in Nova Scotia. De Monts and the rest of the company, seventy in number, crossed over to Passamaquoddy Bay, and on an island not far from the mouth of the St. Croix River, the eastern boundary of Maine, they landed, built a fort with a chapel in it and cannon mounted on it, and there passed a severe winter. Half of them were dead in the spring, when the survivors explored the country westward as far as Cape Cod, and returned to Port Royal, where they joined Poutrincourt's colony. Early in the autumn, De Monts and Poutrincourt returned to France, leaving Champlain and Pontgravé to make further explorations of the region. They went to the southwest as far as Cape Cod, where they attempted to land and erect a cross, but were driven to their vessel by the Indians. In 1607, Champlain returned to France.

For a few years there was a struggle for existence and growth on the part of the colonists in Acadie. The Jesuit priests who accompanied Poutrincourt back to that land claimed the right to supreme rule by virtue of their holy office. He stoutly resisted their claim, and told them boldly: "It is my part to *rule* you on the earth; it is your part to *guide* me to heaven." When Poutrincourt had returned to France they made the same claim upon his son, whom he left in charge of the colony. The fiery young man threatened them with corporeal punishment, when they withdrew and settled on the island of Mount Desert, now so famous as a summer resort, and there set up a cross in token of sovereignty. They were there in 1613, when Samuel Argall, a freebooter of the seas, went, under the sanction of the governor of Virginia, to expel the French from Acadie as intruders upon the domain of the North and South Virginia Company. The Jesuits on Mount Desert, it is said, willing to use such an opportunity for revenge, piloted the Englishmen to Port Royal, which Argall plundered and laid in ashes, driving the colonists to the woods and breaking up the settlement. Acadie was

again settled by the French, who suffered many vicissitudes and became the subject of romance and song.

De Monts was not disposed to contend with the powerful English company. He obtained a new charter with ample provisions, and proceeded to plant a colony on the St. Lawrence. Two vessels were fitted out in the spring of 1608, freighted with colonists and supplies, and were navigated under the direction of Pontgrave, with Champlain as governor. They were directed to form a settlement at Tadousac on the St. Lawrence, near the mouth of the Saguenay River. They arrived at that point on the 3d of June. Champlain perceived that it was not a good place for a colony, so he directed Pontgravé to sail further up the river. They entered the St. Charles, where Cartier had left one of his vessels, and on its banks at the foot of a rocky promontory he chose as the place for a settlement, and there he laid the foundations of the City of Quebec. That name is an Indian word, signifying "the narrows," and is pronounced *Kebec*. That was the first permanent French settlement planted in America. It grew, for the little colony took firm root under the culture of Champlain. He opened a profitable fur trade with the Indians, and planted a small settlement at Montreal. The colonists were induced to build houses and plant seeds; yet there were malcontents among them, who conspired to murder the governor. The plot was discovered; the ringleader was hanged, and order and obedience were secured.

Champlain, regarding the Iroquois in northern New York as inimical to his colony because it was in the bosom of the Huron nation who were their enemies, allied himself to the Hurons and went out with them upon the war-path. In the summer of 1609, he, with a boat's crew, went with the Indian warriors up the Sorel or Richelieu River to the Falls of Chambly, where he left his boat and the crew, and with only two men pushed on in a canoe until he discovered a great lake between two distant mountain ranges—the Green Mountains and the Adirondacks. He gave his name to the sheet of water, which is a beautiful, appropriate, and eternal monument to the memory of the mariner. On its shores he and his Indian allies had a fight with their enemies, and then returned to Quebec with fifty scalps as trophies of war. In September of that year Champlain returned to France, when he published an account of Canada and of his adventures.

The following spring Champlain returned, stopping at Tadousac, where he borrowed fifty warriors from a chief, with whom he penetrated the country to Lake Champlain to fight the enemies of the Hurons. He was defeated and wounded. So bad was his hurt that when he reached Quebec he found it necessary to return to France to have medical treatment. The

aspect of affairs there was changed. The dagger of the fanatic François Ravaiillac had killed his king; the fortune of De Monts was so much diminished that he could not continue the settlement at Montreal nor foster that at Quebec, and it appeared as if there were to be another ending of French settlements in America. At that moment the queen-regent, by a judicious act, saved the colony. She appointed Charles of Bourbon nominal governor of Canada, and the prince commissioned Champlain his lieutenant with large powers. So strengthened, the latter returned in 1612, and engaged vigorously in wars and explorations. Three years later he invited some Jesuit Fathers to the St. Lawrence, who accompanied him in expeditions of discovery extending up the Ottawa River and westward to Lake Huron. Turning eastward, they traversed the wilderness to Lake Ontario, and exploring that magnificent sheet of water its whole length, and the St. Lawrence to a point below Montreal, they returned to Quebec.

With the vision of a statesman, Champlain saw that the country with which he had made himself acquainted was fitted to become the seat of a magnificent colonial empire of Frenchmen, and he resolved to do all in his power to lay the solid foundations of such an empire. He went home, and in 1620—the same year when the London



THE JESUIT TEACHER.

Company planted a permanent settlement in New England—he returned to Canada vested with the authority of governor, and taking with him his family and other emigrants with their families. He had seen the amazing influence of the Jesuit fathers over the Indian mind. He had also perceived that an alliance with the red men would be essential in building up

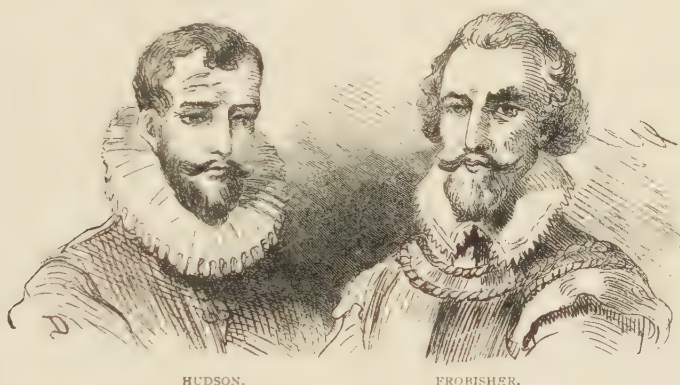
and making permanent his future empire. To make them good allies, it would be necessary to Christianize the savages; so he invited more Jesuits to come. He had, very soon, as coadjutors, fifteen Jesuit priests and a considerable number of laymen. A college was established at Quebec for the instruction of the children of the Hurons in civilized modes of living, the French language, and the theology of the Roman Catholic Church. These Jesuits were peculiarly the men for the work;—sagacious, far-seeing, politic, zealous, obedient, devoted, industrious, persevering, long-suffering and self-sacrificing—men of the world who could adapt themselves to every condition and plane of life, from the pitiful suppliant as a beggar to the haughty bearing of a king. They worked with untiring energy and signal success for religion and the state.

So was wisely laid, by Samuel Champlain, the foundation-stone of the French empire in America; a political structure which always displayed as its chief source of strength a firm alliance with the Indians cemented by the religious teachings of the Jesuits, which made the dusky tribes and the pale-faces, to a remarkable extent, one in the Christian faith. So were secured those alliances in emergencies, between the French and Indians in America, already alluded to, which frequently gave the English colonists much and serious trouble.

Whilst the other Western nations of Europe were acquiring glory and solid territorial possessions by discoveries in America, Holland, then the greatest maritime nation on the earth, was quietly winning the gains of profitable commerce by sending her uncouth commercial marine over beaten ocean tracks, quite indifferent to the exciting day-dreams of fabulous wealth concealed in the bosom of the western continent, which so dazzled other people. But Holland, too, at this period of commercial activity, became a partner with others in making discoveries and settlements in America, in spite of her indifference. The story with its preface runs thus:

Upon the walls of the governor's room in the City Hall, New York, hangs a dingy canvas bearing the portrait of a man apparently about forty years of age, with short-cut hair and beard, and a broad ruff, such as were worn by the English gentry late in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is the portrait of Henry Hudson, "the bold Englishman, the expert pilot, and the famous navigator;" a pupil, probably of Drake, or Frobisher, or Grenville. Thoroughly imbued with the spirit of adventure then rife, he sought opportunities for winning renown in his profession; therefore it was a happy day for Hudson, early in the year 1607, when in its morning he received a summons to the parlor of Sir Thomas Gresham, a wealthy London merchant, who built the Royal Exchange. There he met a number of "certain wor-

shipful merchants of London " who yet believed in the existence of a polar sea passage to India, and had conceived a plan for another search for it. They had sent for Hudson to join them in consultation. He found Sir Thomas and a number of friends sitting at a table covered with maps and charts, with just space enough besides for a rich silver salver holding bottles of wine and glasses to drink it. He was received graciously. The interview was not long, and it ended in a bargain between Hudson and the merchants for the navigator to command a small expedition for the discovery of a polar sea passage, not in the usual track in the northwestern waters, but around the north of Europe.



Hudson sailed from Gravesend on the first of May, 1607, a few days after an English colony had arrived in Virginia to plant the seeds of a great commonwealth there. The vessel in which Hudson sailed was a small one manned by only ten men and a boy. He went up the eastern coast of Greenland to the eighteenth degree, where a solid ice barrier compelled him to turn back. He had discovered the island of Spitzbergen, nothing more. Baffled but not discouraged, he returned to England at the middle of September. Neither were his employers disheartened. They fitted out another vessel in which Hudson sailed late in April, 1608, with full expectation that he should make the coveted passage between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. Again the impenetrable ice-pack compelled him to turn back, and he again returned to England. He was not yet disheartened, but his employers were, and gave up the enterprise. Hudson went over to Holland to seek similar employment in the service of the Dutch East India Company, a wealthy corporation of merchants at Amsterdam, which had been in existence about seven years. Hudson inspired them with a belief that a much shorter pas-

sage to their possessions in the East Indies might be found around the North of Europe, and they fitted out a small vessel of ninety tons, to go in search of it. Hudson was placed in command of her, with a choice crew of English and Dutch seamen. She was a staunch new vessel named *De Halve-Maen*—the *Half-Moon*—and in her he left the Texel early in April, 1609, and sailed for Nova Zembla.

After manfully fighting the ice-pack on the parallel of Spitzbergen, and its allies—the polar fogs and tempests—until all hope of conquests vanished, Hudson was compelled, a third time, to turn back. He determined not to go without fruit to the Texel, so he sailed around the southern shores of Greenland into the track of searchers after a northwest passage. Again the ice-pack foiled him, and he sailed southward until, at the middle of July, he discovered the American continent off the coast of Maine. It is supposed that he passed several days in Casco Bay, repairing his storm-shattered vessel, when the natives, among whom he found French trinkets, treated him kindly. Their hospitality was requited by plundering their property and driving them from their houses. They resented this treatment so fiercely that he was compelled to put to sea.

Hudson now sailed southward as far as the Capes of Virginia, touching at Cape Cod on the way. Then he sailed up the coast, discovered Delaware Bay, and entered the harbor of New York early in September, after spending several days in visiting the beautiful shores of Raritan Bay, where he held friendly intercourse with the natives, although he was ever watchful for expected treachery. The inhabitants showed a disposition to traffic, but Hudson was so suspicious that he repelled them in an offensive manner and kindled their enmity. One night, whilst a boat load of his crew were returning from an exploration in the neighborhood of the Narrows (between Long and Staten Islands), they were attacked by Indians, in canoes, and one of the seamen was killed. Sadly his comrades carried his body ashore the next day and buried it near the beach, while savage men, women and children looked on in wonder from a neighboring hill.

Northward from his anchorage after his vessel had entered New York Bay, Hudson saw a broad stream rising and falling with the tide, which the Indians told him came from beyond the pale blue mountain ranges in the distance. He believed it was a strait through which he might pass into the Indian Ocean; so he sailed up the stream a few miles, and anchored. Natives came to him in canoes from the shores with fruits and vegetables, and friendly gestures. The men were athletic; the women were graceful and the young ones often beautiful. All were half-clad in mantles made of skins or feathers depending from one shoulder and the waist, or in colored

hempen tunics; and some of the women who came in the canoes, whose hair, long and black, hung loosely over their shoulders and bosoms, wore fillets ornamented with shells and the quills of the porcupine. They seemed anxious for friendly intercourse, but Hudson repelled and offended them.

The *Half-Moon* went leisurely up the river, anchoring here and there, whilst her commander held intercourse with the natives, sometimes friendly, sometimes hostile. When he passed the great mountains which he had seen in the distance, and found the water freshening, he was satisfied that he was not in a passage to India. It was only a beautiful river flowing down from more lofty hills three hundred miles from the sea, and called *Mahicannituck* by the natives. The Dutch afterwards called it the Mauritius, and the English gave it the name of Hudson's River.



THE HALF-MOON.

Hudson went up the stream with the *Half-Moon* and his small boats as far as Albany, and perhaps to the mouth of the Mohawk, and looked upon the foaming falls of Cohoes. Then he sailed leisurely back, everywhere charmed with the beauty and grandeur of the scenery and apparent fertility of the soil. He had discovered one of the richest portions of America. From New York Bay he sailed for England, after formally taking possession of the whole domain which he had discovered in the name of the States-General of Holland. Landing at Dartmouth in November, he hastened to London and told the story of his discoveries. The unworthy monarch on England's throne, jealous of the advantages which the Dutch might derive from these discoveries, would not let Hudson, an English subject, leave the

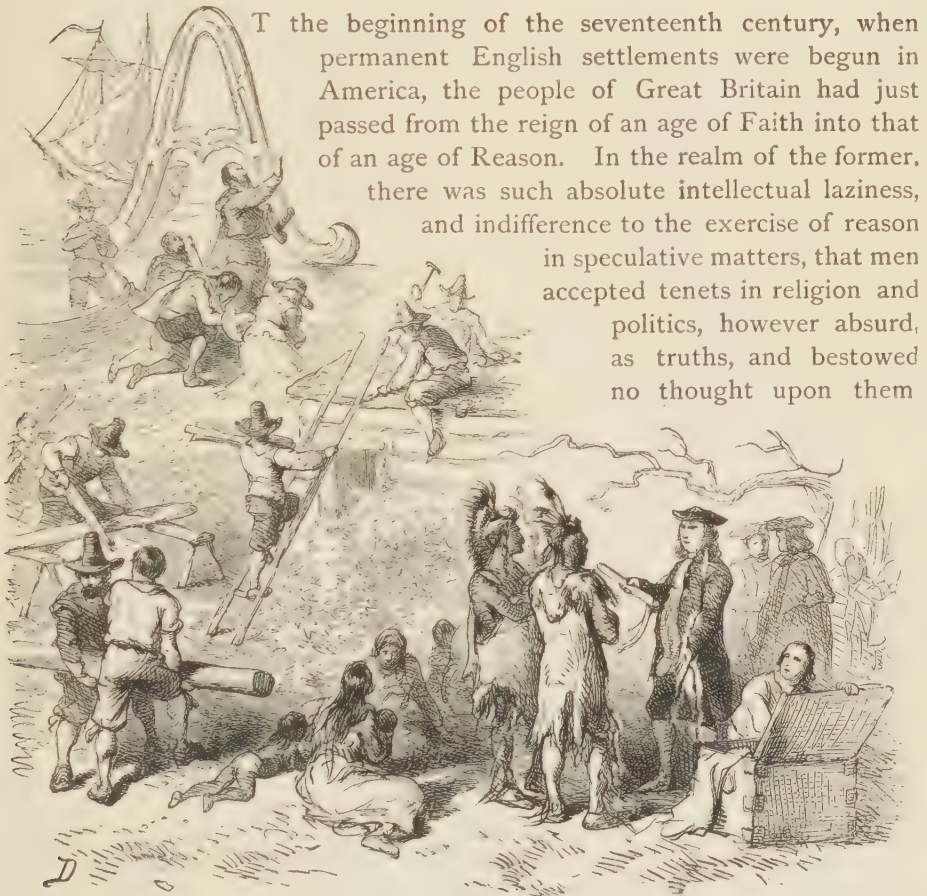
realm. The navigator had outwitted the sovereign. Knowing his mean character, he had sent to his Amsterdam employers, by a trusty hand, all of his log-books, maps, charts, and a full account of his voyage and discoveries. These led to the commercial ventures between the Texel and the Hudson rivers which immediately followed, and which resulted in the planting of the City of New Amsterdam (now New York) at the mouth of the latter, and of New Orange (now Albany) at near the head of its navigable waters. These were the germs of the commonwealth of New Netherland, the domain of which is now known as the State of New York.

The fate of Hudson, the last of the discoverers who revealed the Atlantic coast of the American continent to Europe, may be told in a few words. He sailed from England in the spring of 1610 on his fourth voyage in search of a polar ocean passage, this time in the northwest. He discovered, far up North America, the Bay that bears his name, and intended to winter there, but a majority of his crew became mutinous and compelled him to sail homeward. On the way he, his son and seven of his men who had remained faithful to him were seized, pinioned, placed in an open shallop and abandoned on the icy sea, where, of course, they soon perished. Abacuck Pricket, one of Hudson's crew, who was confined to the cabin with lameness at the time, in his published account of the circumstances, after relating how he opposed the cruel proceedings, says: "Now were all the poore men in the shallop, whose names are as followeth: *Henrie Hudson, John Hudson, Arnold Lodlo, Sidrack Faner, Phillip Staffe, Thomas Woodhouse or Wydhouse, Adam Moore, Henrie King, Michael Bute*. The carpenter got of them a Peece, and Powder, and Shot, and some Pikes, an Iron Pot, with some meale and other things. They stood out of the Ice, the Shallop being fast to the Sterne of the Ship, and so (when they were nigh out, for I cannot say they were cleane out) they cut her head fast from the Sterne of our Ship, then out with there Top-sayles, and toward the East they stood, in a cleare Sea."



CHAPTER XIV.

England at the Beginning of the Seventeenth Century—Henry the Eighth and the Church—Dawn of the Age of Reason—Rural Population of England—Furniture, Costume, Methods of Agriculture, Learning and Fine Arts in England—London and Plymouth Companies—Settlements Attempted in New England—English Settlers on the James River—Captain John Smith—Settlement at Jamestown.



Theology was like a cast-iron machine, utterly inflexible. It fashioned social life in its most minute details. The people were simply passive portions of that machine obedient to its ecclesiastic movers. The monastery governed the throne and its subjects as a rigid master, and for centuries there had been very little improvement in the condition of the inhabitants. At length the glare of the moral volcano which had suddenly burst out in Germany shot across Western Europe and the English Channel and awoke the British mind from its sluggish repose. Faith gave way to Reason. A secular revolt assumed formidable proportions, and at the close of the same year, when the right of private judgment was proclaimed at Spires, the English House of Commons—the representatives of the people—presented a petition to King Henry the Eighth, which contained the germs of the English Reformation. It accused the clergy of disloyalty and immorality, and attributed the disorders which affected the realm to the malign influence of the ecclesiastics. The king presented this petition to the bishops for an answer. That answer was arrogant, and offensive to the House of Commons. The latter stood firm in the position of accuser and champion for the laity, and waged a bitter war with the clergy. Henry, stimulated by his love for Anne Boleyn and angered by the opposition of the church to his unholy scheme of divorcement from his queen, united with the Commons, and employed the resolute Thomas Cromwell to lead a movement for the disseverance of the civil government of England from the controlling spiritual power of Rome. Cromwell did so with a high hand, sanctioned and assisted by the Parliament, for already the rule of the people through representatives was recognized. That body, by law, suppressed all the monasteries in the kingdom, confiscated their property, and compelled the ecclesiastics to work for their own sustenance. "Go spin, jades; go spin!" was the unfeeling remark of Cromwell to some aged nuns. By law, Henry was made the supreme head of the church in England—a pontiff of a church in rebellion—and so was established the principle that canon or ecclesiastical laws must be subservient to the civil laws. It was a new thing under the sun.

England was now partially freed from a long political bondage, and the age of Reason dawned. The English mind was thoroughly aroused to action. Wonderful social changes followed; and during the reign of the adroit trimmer Queen Elizabeth, all classes had more freedom than ever before. Yet the laity were not wholly free. Henry had not specially changed the theology or the rituals of the church in England, and there appeared three powerful and antagonistic parties in the realm. These were the English party, or Churchmen, who adhered to and enforced the doctrines and rituals of the Church of Rome, but who gave their allegiance to the

English monarch, and not to the Pope; the papal party or supporters of the authority of the Roman hierarchy, and the doctrinal Protestants who were disliked by the others. When Parliament established a liturgy for the Church of England, the latter refused conformity to it, for they acknowledged no authority but the Bible in matters of religion. They were more austere in manners, more simple in their worship, and demanded greater purity of life, and so they acquired the name of *Puritans*. It was given in derision, but soon became an honorable title. Each class was intolerant, and for more than a century and a half, there was a chronic triangular contest between the English Churchmen, the Roman Catholics, and the Puritans, which caused many of each class to seek peace in the forests of America. But Reason swayed the age with a potent sceptre, and stamped its insignia of authority upon the movements of society. Individuals and associations found new and promising fields of action, the most attractive of which was the virgin soil of America. As we have seen, its worth was known and fairly estimated at the beginning of the seventeenth century; and then dawned the Era of Settlements within the domain of our Republic, now at the noon-tide of success, and turning the wilderness, everywhere, into a blooming garden.

The condition of the rural population of England had greatly improved under the new order of things. Down to the time of Henry the Eighth, there had been very little improvement since the Romans left the island. There was not much tillage, and that little was unskillfully done. Vast forests and fens covered the land, and malaria (unwholesome exhalations) was a perpetual scourge. The population was sparse and increased very slowly. It did not exceed five million in the whole island of Great Britain, when Henry the Eighth ascended the throne. The food of the common people was not equal in its nutrition and variety, nor their clothing in comfort, to that of our Indians when Europeans first came to America. Our savages lived in better habitations than did their British cotemporaries. Pestilence and famine kept the rural population sparse. The ecclesiastics rioted in coarse luxuries, and the morals of the towns were unwholesome in the extreme.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, or a hundred years later, all this had materially changed. The methods of agriculture had been greatly improved, and its bounds immensely enlarged. Implements were better and tillage was far more productive. The farmers, generally, had an abundance of good food; lived in better houses; pewter dishes had taken the place of wooden ones; feather beds, those of straw and coarse wool, and the yeoman was fond of entertaining his neighbors. Clover had been intro-

duced from the Netherlands, and increased the food for sheep and cattle. Gardens had begun to be cultivated. From the Netherlands had come the hop; also the cabbage, lettuce, apricot, gooseberry, musk-melon and apple. Cherries had come from France; currants from Greece, and plums from Italy; and from Flanders the Flemmings had brought the rose and other fragrant plants, natives of the East. Rural feasts were common among the yeomanry, and the materials for good cheer are enumerated in the following lines:

" Good bread and good drink, a good fire in the hall ;
 Braun, pudding and sauce, and good mustard withal ;
 Beef, mutton and pork, shred pies of the best ;
 Pig, veal, goose and capon, and turkey well drest ;
 Cheese, apples and nuts ; jolly carols to hear ;
 All these in the country are counted good cheer."

In cities and among the nobility rapidly increasing wealth had fostered a taste for luxuries. Dwellings, furniture, and dress, felt its influence. Elegant and substantial houses were built. Furniture was elaborately carved and inlaid; glass mirrors had been introduced from France early in the reign of Elizabeth, and carpets from Turkey, which English weavers soon imitated, took the place on floors of rushes and mats on which royalty had before trodden. Chairs were cushioned with velvet coverings, and costly beds and bedsteads were seen. In many houses were ornamental French clocks, and knives were seen on English dinner-tables; but forks were not used whilst Elizabeth lived.

An old chronicler tells us of a merry scene in the palace of Henry the Eighth. On the morning after the supple-kneed Archbishop Cranmer pronounced the marriage of his king with Anne Boleyn lawful, the new queen received visits of congratulation from the whole court and the archbishop and several prelates in full canonicals. Henry was delighted with the honors paid to his beautiful wife, and whilst they were pressing about her, and both ladies and gentlemen were giving her tokens of their regard, the king went to a small cabinet, unlocked it, and taking from it a French clock which he had bought in France while he was there with Anne when she was a marchioness, he brought it and put it in her hands as a public pledge of his love and constancy whilst *time* should endure. It was of "silver gilt, richly chased, engraved and ornamented with fleur-de-lys, little heads, etc. On the top sits a lion holding the arms of England, which are also on their sides." It was about sixteen inches in height.

The costume of this period we are considering was a little less extravagant in mode and richness of materials than it had been when Elizabeth was

in her prime, for Puritan simplicity better suited good taste. Crimson and blue velvets embroidered with gold were still worn by the rich and noble; and the ruff was yet seen around the necks of both men and women, but somewhat diminished in volume. Jewelry was yet used to excess, and perfumed gloves bordered with silver were common among the rich. Head-dresses were of every variety of pattern, but generally were not offensive to good taste. The pastimes of the common people were ball-playing, bowling, archery and rude theatrical exhibitions, whilst the gentry engaged in bull-baiting and horse-racing out of doors, and chess and backgammon amused them in hall and castle. Learning, until late in Elizabeth's reign, had been much neglected. Nobles and clergy were ignorant; but now a



JAMES THE FIRST.

HENRY THE EIGHTH.

mighty impulse had been given to literature in England, for it was the age of Spenser and Shakespeare. Yet not one in ten of the gentry could write his or her name. The father of Shakespeare could only make his mark with a pen. The fine arts were very little encouraged. Henry the Eighth, who possessed good taste, caused some very fine buildings to be erected, and invited to his court painters and sculptors from abroad. Holbein the painter came from Switzerland, and Torregiano the sculptor came from Florence. But Elizabeth had no artistic taste, and we find only one eminent English painter during her reign—Nicolas Hilliard—to whom she sat for her miniature several times. She encouraged art so far as it ministered to the gratification of her vanity.

Such, in brief outline, is a picture of the social condition of England when the inhabitants of that realm began to make permanent settlements in America, at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The Tudor dynasty had ended with Elizabeth, and that of the Stuarts had begun. James the Sixth of Scotland, the only son of Mary Queen of Scots, had ascended the throne as James the First of England in 1603. He was in private and public an unwashed, ill-mannered, vulgar and contemptible man; fond of gross shows on which he wasted the treasures of the kingdom; and so great was his egotism that he considered himself more wise and learned than any man in his realm in church or state. He was a bigoted believer in the royal prerogative or exclusive privileges exercised by divine right; and he was a fickle tyrant who gave continual uneasiness to his subjects. This was the monarch who granted charters to the London and Plymouth Companies, authorizing them to make settlements in America.

The Plymouth Company, who were to control North Virginia, were first in the field of adventure. Circumstances seemed to be favorable. England was then burdened with two classes of men who would be willing to engage in any enterprise which might promise improvement in their condition. These were restless soldiers unemployed since war with France ceased, and who might soon become dangerous to the state; and impoverished spend-thrifts, idle and often vicious, who had wasted their estates in riotous living. Such men stood ready to brave ocean perils and the uncertainties of life in a distant hemisphere; and when the corporators asked for emigrants, there was no lack of candidates.

The charter of each company was the same. The defined boundaries of each domain was as follows: that of the London Company, between the thirty-fourth and thirty-eighth degrees of north latitude, and that of the Plymouth Company, between the forty-first and forty-fifth degrees, leaving three degrees of space between North and South Virginia, on a breadth of one hundred miles of which, in the centre, neither party should be allowed to make settlements.

The mind of the king was visible in the grant. The idea of the royal prerogative was everywhere conspicuous. He gave to the colonists nothing but the bare territory and the privilege of peopling and defending it. Absolute legislative authority was reserved to the monarch, and he had control over all appointments. Supreme jurisdiction, under the monarch, was given to a small body of men residing in England, known as "The Council of Virginia," and local administration was entrusted to a council in the colony appointed by the one at home, the term of office of the members of both councils depending upon the caprice of the king. The only political privi-

lege accorded to the emigrants was that of perpetual English citizenship for themselves and their children. Homage and rent were the prime conditions of the charter,—rent in the form of one-fifth of the net produce of the precious metals. The charter had not the slightest feature of a free government; for to the emigrants not a single elective franchise, or a right to self-government, was conceded. They were subject to the ordinances of a commercial corporation of which they were not allowed to be members; and even in matters of religion, they had no choice. The doctrine and rituals of the Church of England were to be the established theology and mode of worship in the American colonies, and no dissent was allowed.

The principal members of the Plymouth Company were Sir John Popham (then Lord Chief-Justice of England, who had condemned Raleigh to death), his brother George, Sir Fernando Gorges, Sir John and Raleigh Gilbert, sons of Sir Humphrey Gilbert who perished in the *Squirrel*, William Parker and Thomas Hanham. In 1606 they sent an agent in a small vessel to inspect the American domain. The Spaniards seized her. Popham fitted out another at his own expense, made the navigator Martin Pring her commander, and sent her to America on the same errand. Pring explored the New England coasts, and confirmed all that Gosnold and others had said about the beauty of the country and the fertility of the soil. This report stimulated Popham (who was the chief manager of the Plymouth Company) to energetic efforts towards founding a settlement, and at the beginning of the summer of 1607, a hundred emigrants sailed for America in three small vessels, with George Popham as their governor. They landed on a rather sterile spot on the coast of Maine, near the mouth of the Kennebec River, late in August, where they dug a well and built a store-house, a few log huts and a stockade fort. It was too late in the season to raise food from the soil. There was small promise of receiving any from the Indians, who, angered by the kidnapping by Weymouth, were sullen and hostile. With this prospect before them, all but forty-five of the emigrants returned home in the ships.

The ensuing winter was a fearful one. Frost closed the rivers against fishermen, and deep snows blocked the forests against hunters. The settlers had nothing to depend upon excepting the stores brought from England. At one time their huts were nearly buried in the snow-drifts. Of two of them only the chimneys were seen above the snow for a month, out of which rolled the blue smoke along the surface of the white drifts. It was difficult to get fuel to feed the hut fires, and they were about to make the store-house their general home, when, at midnight in January, it took fire and was consumed, with a part of their provisions, which they could not save. That

fire produced a wild, weird scene, its red glare spreading a crimson glow far over the snow and through the dark forests. Distress followed. Confinement, hardship and scarcity gendered disease, and when the spring of 1608 opened, Governor Popham was dead.

The settlers were on the verge of despair when a ship came with supplies and brought the sad intelligence that the chief-justice and Sir John Gilbert were dead. These men were the stronger props of the enterprise. This news, with the terrible scenes of the past winter fresh in their memories, discouraged the emigrants, and they abandoned the country and returned home, taking with them a little vessel which they had built, and some furs



SETTLERS' HUTS BURIED IN THE SNOW.

and other products of the country. They were not fit men to found a state. They were compulsory emigrants sent hither by their personal necessities, and had left their country for their country's good. Happily for New England they were not allowed to be the founders of a commonwealth on its soil. They gave such discouraging accounts of the country that no one seemed willing to follow their example; and for a number of years afterward the Plymouth Company only kept up a little traffic with the natives of their domain, and fished in the neighboring waters.

The king, with commendable vanity, had prepared a code of laws for the colonies, really more liberal in their provisions than the intentions of the patentees, who desired immediate profitable return in money rather than the ultimate blessings of colonization. These laws enjoined the regular preaching of the gospel, kindness to the Indians and the communication of religious instruction to them, and other provisions for the well-ordering of a civil community. Under the charter and this code of laws, the London Company prepared to make a settlement in South Virginia. Sir Thomas Gates, Sir

George Somers, Richard Hakluyt, and Edward Maria Wingfield were its most active members, and in December, 1606, they sent Captain Christopher Newport with three small vessels and one hundred and five emigrants, with orders to land on Roanoke Island, where Raleigh's colony had perished twenty years before. It was a company of men no better fitted for the founding of a prosperous state than were those who wintered on the coast of Maine. No *family*, the true nucleus of a colony, accompanied either. Of the whole number who sailed for Virginia, there were only twelve laborers and a few mechanics. The remainder were "gentlemen," a word denoting persons who were not engaged in any industrial employments—drones in society, whose numbers are, happily, small in our country at this day. Many of these were idle and dissolute, whilst a few of those who were classed with the colonists, like Bartholomew Gosnold, the projector of the scheme, Captain John Smith, George Percy brother of the Duke of Northumberland, and Edward Maria Wingfield, were men of energy and steady habits.

The silly king, with his love for concealment, trickery and surprises, had placed the names of the councillors for the Virginia government in a sealed box, with orders not to open it until the emigrants should be landed and were prepared to form a settlement. This foolish order deprived the colonists of a head whilst on the sea, and there was no competent authority to decide questions or to quell disputes, if any should arise, during the long voyage of four months, for Newport took the old southern route by way of the Canary Islands and the West Indies.

Disputes, hot and fierce, did arise on that voyage. Before reaching the Canaries there were daily quarrels, chiefly owing to the brusque and imperious manner and outspoken opinions of Captain John Smith, who possessed more energy and wisdom than any man among them. Although he was then only twenty-nine years of age, he had acquired vast renown and experience by military exploits, and his fame filled his companions with envy. He had been a wild, rollicking lad, whose friends gave him ten shillings, he said, "to get rid of him," and he went to France as a servant to an English nobleman. He was soon dismissed by his new master, and then engaged in the wars in the Low Countries. At the end of a long campaign, when he was nineteen years of age, he returned to England, built himself a hut in a dark forest, turned hermit, and devoted much of his time to the study of military history and tactics, and practising horsemanship. The hermit became the theme of many a wild tale, when he suddenly disappeared. Rudolph, Emperor of Germany, was then waging war against the Turks, who were pressing westward through Hungary. Smith resolved to join the Christian army against them. After various vicissitudes he reached Marseilles, where

he embarked for Italy in a ship filled with Roman Catholic pilgrims. A terrible storm arose. The superstitious pilgrims believed the howling tempest to be a token of God's anger because they were voyaging with a heretic, so they cast the young Englishman overboard. He swam to an island not far off, from which he was taken in a French vessel to Alexandria, and afterward on a voyage in the Levant, where they fell in with a Venetian vessel richly laden, and captured her. Soon after that, Smith joined the German army then fighting the Turks in Transylvania, where his skill and prowess won for him great renown. On one occasion, whilst besieging a town, a famous leader of the Mussulmans challenged any Christian to single combat for the amusement of the ladies of the city. Smith was the chosen cham-



CAPTAIN SMITH'S FIGHT WITH A TURK.

pion. The Turkish lord appeared in the arena outside the walls in a suit of glittering mail. On his shoulders were large wings made of eagle's feathers, garnished with gold and precious stones. Smith appeared in a plain suit of steel. Both were on horseback, and their weapons were the lances of the old knights. From the walls, covered with ladies and soldiers, and from the Christian camp, went up loud shouts as the combatants approached each other. The tilt was fierce. By a skillful movement, Smith thrust his spear-

point into the helmet of his antagonist, and pierced his brain. The Turk fell dead, when his head was cut off and sent to the Christian camp. Two other champions, who fought Smith to avenge the death of their leader, shared the same fate. The Prince of Transylvania gave him a patent of nobility and a coat-of-arms composed of a shield bearing three Turks' heads in two of the quarterings.

A little later Smith was made a prisoner and sold to a Pacha, who sent him to Constantinople as a slave for his mistress, whom that officer wished to marry. The gallant Christian, then in the bloom of young manhood, won the heart of the Turkish maiden, to whom, like the Moor, he told the story of his adventures. She tried to release him by sending him to her brother in the Crimea, but he there experienced the most grinding slavery. At length he escaped in the garb of his master whom he slew in anger, and after many stirring adventures on the continent he returned to England in 1604. Gosnold easily persuaded him to go to Virginia, where he became the real founder of that State.

After sharp quarrels on shipboard, Wingfield, who was a member of the London Company, accused Smith of a conspiracy to murder the council, whoever they might be, usurp the government, and make himself king of Virginia. This absurd charge was believed by some, and the brave soldier was imprisoned during the remainder of the voyage, which was very tedious. Whilst running up the American coast from the West Indies, they encountered a fierce storm which drove them far beyond Roanoke Island into Chesapeake Bay, the headlands of which they named in honor of the Prince of Wales and his next oldest brother, Cape Henry and Cape Charles.

A part of the voyagers landed on Cape Henry, and had a slight skirmish with the Indians; and that night the sealed box was opened, when the company were astonished to find the name of Captain Smith amongst those of the seven councillors. Yet he was not then released. They sailed across the deep waters at the mouth of the Chesapeake the next day, and landed upon a point grandly wooded and fragrant with the perfumes of flowers. Delicious was the comfort and rest of the wearied company in this paradise of beauty and repose, and with gratitude therefor they named it Point Comfort. There Fortress Monroe now stands. After resting a day or two, they entered the mouth of a broad river which the Indians called Powhatan, and sailing up that yellow stream for forty or fifty miles, they chose a place for a settlement on an island close by the northern shore of the river. There they organized government at the middle of May, by choosing Wingfield to preside over the council. In honor of their king they named the great river James, and resolved to call the island and the seat of government *James-*

town. The Rev. Robert Hunt, who was their chaplain, preached a sermon and invoked the blessings of God upon the undertaking. In that beautiful month of May, warm and sunny as in England at that season, the air laden with the perfume of wild flowers, and the children of the forest, friendly and kind, looking on in wonder, the sound of the metal axe was first heard in Virginia. The first tree was felled and the first foundation was laid for a dwelling on that charming spot where the first permanent English settlement in America was planted.

The English were told that far up the river lived Powhatan, the emperor of several confederated tribes; so, whilst the carpenters were hewing the timbers for the cabins, Newport, Smith, and twenty others went up the stream in boats to discover its head and to visit the dusky monarch. They followed its winding course to the Falls, where Richmond now stands; and on a hill, a mile below, they found Powhatan at one of his imperial residences, a large structure made of saplings and boughs and covered with skins. It was surrounded by a dozen wigwams of his chief counsellors, and fields of Indian corn almost ready to burst into bloom. The emperor received them kindly, but his chiefs murmured because of the intrusion of the English. Powhatan, who was afraid, said: "They hurt you not; they only take a little waste land."

Meanwhile, matters had not gone smoothly at Jamestown. The jealous and suspicious Wingfield restrained exercise with fire-arms and discouraged the building of a fort which Smith had recommended, for the latter knew that the idle and dissolute men of the company would soon make the Indians their enemies. When he returned his fears had been realized. The Indians had made a sharp attack upon the settlers, wounding several and killing a boy. Then the president consented to the building of a stockade, but daily and nightly watchings were necessary to avoid another surprise.

Newport now prepared to return to England with the ships. Smith had not been allowed to take his seat in the council, for he had not been tried nor had the charges against him been withdrawn. The jealous Wingfield, wishing to get rid of him, proposed that he should return with Newport and so avoid the disgrace of a trial. The indignant soldier rejected the proposal with scorn, and demanded an immediate trial. Smith's innocence was so plain to the comprehension of his companions, and his services were so much needed, that they demanded his release. Wingfield withdrew his charges and Smith took his seat in the council, when it was adjudged by that body that the president should pay him £200 damages for false imprisonment. All of the property Wingfield had with him was seized to satisfy this award,

when Smith generously "returned it to the store for the general use of the colony." From that time Captain Smith was the ruling spirit in Virginia.

At the middle of June, Newport departed for England for more emigrants and supplies, leaving a pinnace for the use of the settlers. Already the prudent thinkers had discovered impending perils. Much of their food had been spoiled during the long voyage, and the hostile Indians withheld supplies. "Our drink," wrote one of them, "was unwholesome water; our lodgings, castles in the air; had we been as free from all sins as from gluttony and drunkenness, we might have been canonized for saints." Most of the emigrants were too idle or too ignorant to make efforts to till the soil. The heat soon became intense and brought deadly malaria from the dank swamps all around them, that prostrated them with fevers and dysentery. Within a fortnight after Newport left hardly ten of them were able to stand, and before the beginning of autumn one-half of the emigrants were underground. Among the victims was the good Gosnold, a man of great worth, to whose example and the precepts of Parson Hunt the settlers were indebted for the little order that prevailed among them. Despair clouded the minds of the survivors, and in the midst of their distress, they discovered that the avaricious and unscrupulous Wingfield was living on choice stores and was preparing to abandon the settlement and escape to the West Indies in the pinnace. He was deprived of his office, and Captain John Ratcliffe, a man much weaker in mind and equally wicked, was put in his place. The settlers soon perceived their mistake, and taking the reins of government out of Ratcliffe's hands, they placed them in those of Captain Smith. It was an event that saved the colony from ruin. Hopeful, cheerful, energetic, honest, full of invention and equal to any emergency, Smith's words and example diffused light amid the general gloom and revived the spirits of the most desponding. He soon brought order out of confusion; inspired the Indians with awe and compelled them to bring him food. And so the settlers lived until the wild-fowl, returning from the northern waters, swarmed upon the bosom of the James in October, and at the beginning of November an abundant crop of Indian corn had been gathered by the savages, who shared it with their dependent white neighbors.



CHAPTER XV.

Energy and Wisdom of Captain Smith—His Encounter with Indians—Saved from Death by Pocahontas—His Influence at Jamestown, and His Explorations—Demands of the Company—Smith's Rule—Change in the Government—Perilous Passage of a Governor and Commissioners—Valuable Emigrants—Pocahontas Saves Jamestown—The "Starving Time"—Abandonment of and Return to Jamestown—Lord Delaware's Administration—A Better Social System—Pocahontas Kidnapped—Her Baptism and Marriage—Friendship of the Indians—The Staple of Virginia—Representative Government Established.

THE skill, prowess, and forethought of Captain Smith had secured for the settlers an abundance of food and comfortable dwellings for the winter. The sickly season was over early in November, and nothing but fear of Indian treachery made the emigrants uneasy until their improvidence had again impoverished their stores. Smith had voyaged down the James River to Point Comfort and back, making observations of the people and country, and impressing the former with a sense of the wisdom and strength of the English; and he now proposed to explore the Chickahominy River, a broad stream at its mouth and flowing into the James from the northwest.

With singular ignorance of the progress of geographical discovery, and with intense greed for the wealth of India, the Company had given special instructions to the settlers to explore every considerable stream which they should find flowing from the northwest, hoping so to discover a passage to the Indian Ocean and coveted Cathay. Smith did not share the ignorance of his employers, but he gladly made their instructions his warrant for exploring the surrounding country; so, with half a dozen followers, he went up the Chickahominy in an open boat to its shallow waters among the swamps high upon the Virginia peninsula. There, with two others and two Indian guides, he penetrated the dark and tangled forests, leaving the remainder of his company in charge of the vessel with instructions not to go on shore. They disobeyed, and one of them was killed by prowling savages. Meanwhile, Smith had gone twenty miles further in a canoe, when he left his two companions and with one guide he went into the woods in

search of game. The savages, under Opechancanough, the king of Pamunkey, had watched the movements of the Englishmen. They slew the two men in charge of the canoe, and then sought their leader. Smith, seeing a large number of assailants, tied his Indian guide to his own body with his long garters, and making him a buckler he fought valiantly and slew several of the savages, as he moved backward toward his canoe. Falling into a quagmire, after being slightly wounded, he was made prisoner. Death would doubtless have been his immediate fate but for his presence of mind and



CAPTAIN SMITH'S ENCOUNTER WITH THE INDIANS.

quickness of thought. He drew from his pocket a compass, and explained to the king its wonderful nature as well as signs could convey the forms of thought. In the same way he told them of the shape of the earth; of the nature of the sun, moon and stars, and "how the sunne chased the night round about the world continually." The savages were at once impressed with the idea that he was a superior being, and they regarded him with wonder and awe.

The white captive was now conducted from village to village in great state, where the women and children stared at him in mute astonishment. In their march the king was just behind a file of warriors, and was followed

by the prisoner whose arms were held by two huge savages, having six warriors, all painted and plumed in a gorgeous manner, on each side of them. At the capital of Opechancanough, who was an elder brother of Powhatan, they held incantations for three days to discover his character, for they were in doubts whether Smith was the embodiment of a good or an evil spirit. Then they conducted him to the presence of the Emperor Powhatan, at a place now known as Shelly, on the banks of the York River, in Gloucester county, Virginia, and asked him to decide the fate of the prisoner. There Smith obtained permission to send a letter to Jamestown, in which he informed the settlers of his condition, and directed them to impress the messengers with as much fear of the English as possible. The marvellous power of that letter perplexed the Indians. It had intelligent force, and more than ever they were in doubt concerning the real character of their captive, who was now feasted in a manner which made him think he was intended as food for a banquet when he should be well fatted.

Smith was finally brought before the emperor at a great council of full two hundred warriors. Powhatan, wearing a mantle of raccoon skins, and a head-dress of eagle's feathers, sat on a raised framework with a maiden on each side of him, before a fire. From this throne to the other end of the long house neatly made of boughs, the warriors stood in two rows, in their gayest attire, and back of them as many women with their necks and shoulders painted red, their heads covered with the white down of birds, and strings of white beads falling over their bosoms. When the captive was brought in, they all shouted. The Queen of Appomattox brought him water that he might wash his hands, and another woman brought him a bunch of feathers wherewith he might dry them. After this he was feasted, and then a solemn council was held. By that council he was doomed to die. Two huge stones were brought before the emperor, to which the prisoner was dragged and his head laid upon them, whilst two big savages stood by with clubs ready to beat out his brains. Matoa or Pocahontas, a young daughter of the emperor, begged for the life of the Captain, but in vain, when, just as the clubs were uplifted, she darted from her father's knee, clasped the prisoner's head with her arms and laid her own head upon his.

"How could that stern old king deny
The angel pleading in her eye?
How mock the sweet, imploring *grace*
That breathed in beauty from her *face*,
And to her kneeling action gave
A power to soothe and still subdue.
Until, though humbled as a slave,
To more than queenly sway she grew."—SIMMS.

The emperor yielded to the maid, and consented to spare the life of the captive that he might make hatchets for his majesty, and bells and rattles, beads and copper ornaments for his daughter, his favorite child. He did more; he released Captain Smith, sent him with an escort of a dozen men to Jamestown, and he and his people promised to be fast friends of the English. But for the energy and wisdom of Captain Smith and the tender compassion of an Indian maiden, the settlers at Jamestown would have all been murdered or dispersed. They had been reduced to forty persons, and when Smith returned he found the stronger ones on the point of abandoning the place and escaping in the pinnace. By his personal courage and moral force he compelled them to desist, and so, again, he saved the budding colony from ruin. These men, conscious of the purity of Captain Smith and of their own wickedness, now hated him with an intensity of feeling that impelled them to seek his destruction.

During Smith's absence among the Indians, the church at Jamestown had been burned, and the Rev. Mr. Hunt was laboring earnestly for the good of souls under the shadow of great trees. Of that first church edifice, Captain Smith has left us an interesting account. "When I first went to Virginia," he says, "I well remember we did hang an awning (which was an old sail) to three or four trees, to shadow us from the sun; our walls were rails of wood, our seats unhewed trees, till we cut planks; our pulpit a bar of wood nailed to two neighboring trees; in foul weather we shifted into an old rotten tent, for we had few better, and thus came by way of adventure for new. This was our church till we built a homely thing like a barn, set upon crotchets, covered with rafts, sedge, and earth, so was also the walls. The best of our houses were of the like curiosity, but the most part far worse workmanship, that could neither well defend wind nor rain, yet we had daily Common Prayer, morning and evening, every Sunday two sermons, and every three months the Holy Communion till our minister died."

On his return, Smith found the settlers engaged in building a house for the President of the Council. When he was installed into that office not long afterward, he ordered the church edifice to be rebuilt. "Now the building of the palace was stayed as a thing needless," he said, "and the church was repaired;" and he assisted the minister in all ways in his power to make the people better.

When Newport returned to England he found the Council there increased in numbers and power, and he was employed to return immediately with new emigrants and supplies. He arrived at Jamestown early in 1608 with two vessels, and was received with joy. But he brought no better materials for a colony than before. Instead of needed mechanics and farm-



RELIGIOUS SERVICES AT JAMESTOWN.

ers with families, he brought chiefly idle "gentlemen," some of them vicious, whose friends, Smith said, had sent them away to "escape ill destinies at home"—the prison or something worse. There were one hundred and twenty of them, and there was scarcely a really useful man among them. There were several unskilled goldsmiths, whose ignorance caused a most destructive gold-fever to prevail in Virginia. They pronounced some glittering yellow earth near Jamestown to be a deposit of the precious metal, and in spite of the earnest remonstrances of Smith, the whole population turned gold-seekers. For awhile there was "no talk, no hope, no work, but dig gold, refine gold, load gold." On the recommendation of the goldsmiths, Newport loaded his vessel with the worthless earth, and returned to England with the impression that he was an immensely rich man. He was soon undeceived by a scientific test.

Captain Smith implored the settlers to plant and sow that they might have plenty and be happy, without the aid of the Indians, who, chiefly

through the exertions of Pocahontas, were sending them supplies. But they would not listen to the wise man, and at length, in the early summer of that year, he turned from Jamestown in disgust, and with a few of the more sensible men he went in an open boat to explore the Chesapeake Bay and its numerous tributaries. In the space of three months, he made two voyages. During the first he went up the Potomac River to the Falls near Georgetown, and up the Rappahannock to the Falls near Fredericksburg, and then returned to Jamestown. During the second voyage he went up the Patapsco to the site of Baltimore and up the narrower part of Chesapeake Bay into the Susquehanna River, a short distance above Havre-de-Graçe, where he heard of the powerful Iroquois Confederacy in the present State of New York. In these two voyages, Smith not only explored the shores of great waters, but penetrated into the country, made friendly alliances with several chiefs, and smoothed the way for the future planting of settlements on the borders of the noble Chesapeake. He had voyaged about three thousand miles in an open boat and made a map of the region explored, remarkable for its accuracy, which is preserved in London.

When Captain Smith returned to Jamestown early in September, he found the colony in confusion again. His advent was hailed with delight by the better sort of the settlers, and three days after his return he was chosen President of the Council. This wise measure soon produced some good fruit. The new president organized labor, and compelled the performance of the same; and when, a little later, Newport again came with two ships bearing supplies and seventy emigrants, he hoped to find among the latter better materials for a state. There were two women (the wife of Thomas Forrest, and her maid, Anne Burrows, who soon afterward married John Laydon, a carpenter), the first of European blood who had trodden the banks of the James; but the men were no better than the other emigrants. And yet the greedy corporation who had sent out such men for the founding of a state, disappointed and unreasonable, demanded impossibilities. They sent a message to the settlers by Newport, saying, in substance: "Unless you shall send us back in these ships sufficient commodities to pay the charges of the voyage [£2,000]; unless you shall also send us a lump of gold, the product of Virginia; assurances of having found a passage to the South Sea (Pacific Ocean), and also one of the lost colony sent to Roanoke by Raleigh, you shall be left in Virginia as banished men." To this threat Smith replied with spirit, showing them the absurdity of their demand, assuring them that it was as much as the settlers could do to sustain life with the assistance of the savages, and saying: "I entreat you rather send but thirty carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths,

masons and diggers of trees' roots, well provided, than a thousand such as we have."

This threat assisted the president in enforcing rules for labor. He demanded six hours of work each day from every able-bodied man. "He who will not work shall not eat," he said. Very soon the "gentlemen" became expert in the use of the axe, and the little village showed signs of an orderly community; but so little attention had been given to agriculture that at the end of two years from the first arrival, and with two hundred emigrants in the settlement, not more than forty acres were under cultivation. They were compelled to depend upon the bounty of the red men for their sustenance during the winter of 1608-9.

With no respect for the rights of the settlers already in Virginia; with no desire to build up an industrious and prosperous colony on the banks of the James River, but with an intense longing for the speedy accumulation of wealth by the discovery of rich mines in America and a quick passage to India, the London Company sought to grasp all power and to abolish all freedom among the settlers, so making them little better than serfs. For this purpose they obtained wealthy and influential allies; and in the spring of 1609, the Company was composed of twenty-one peers, several bishops, ninety-eight knights, and a multitude of doctors, esquires, gentlemen, merchants and other citizens. They obtained a new charter in May under the title of "The Treasurer and Company of Adventurers of the City of London for the First Colony in Virginia," by which the boundaries of their domain were enlarged; the offices of president and council in Virginia were abolished, and all laws for the settlers were to be framed by the council in England and administered by officers appointed by that council. The rule of the governor was made absolute, and the lives, liberty and property of the settlers were placed at his disposal, whilst they were compelled to contribute a certain share of their net earnings to the proprietors. They were vassals, without any recognized power to cast off the yoke. Not a valuable civil privilege was conceded to them.

Nine ships were fitted out by the new Company, and freighted with stores and more than five hundred emigrants. These were placed under the general command of Captain Newport, and sailed for Virginia early in June, 1609. Sir Thomas West, Lord De la Warr, had been appointed governor and captain-general of Virginia for life, with Sir Thomas Gates as his deputy. Sir George Somers was made admiral of Virginia, with Newport as vice-admiral; Sir Thomas Dale, high marshal, and Sir Fernando Wainman, general of cavalry. Gates, Newport and Somers were commissioned to administer the government until the arrival of Lord De la Warr, who was

not then ready to go. As there had been no adjustment of precedence between these three men, and they could not settle that point, they agreed to go in the same vessel, the *Sea-Venture*, Newport's flag-ship. When she was near the coast of Virginia, a hurricane separated her from the rest of the fleet, and wrecked her on the shore of one of the Bermuda Islands. Another small vessel perished in the gale, but seven of the ships arrived at Jamestown, leaving a large company of emigrants composed of some of the worst classes of the population of England. These were licentious and profligate young men sent by their friends with a hope that amendment in their lives might follow, or to screen them from justice; tradesmen broken in fortune and spirits, and vagabonds of every grade, from idle "gentlemen" to dissolute criminals. The only things brought by the fleet that were valuable accessories to the settlement were horses, swine, goats and sheep, and domestic fowls. To these were added, two years later, one hundred cows and other cattle.



VALUABLE EMIGRANTS TO VIRGINIA.

Such emigrants were calculated to corrupt rather than improve the settlement, and mischief ensued. They had their leaders among the "gentlemen," who, on their arrival, proclaimed the new charter, and in the absence of the wrecked commissioners refused to obey the president. Anarchy menaced the colony, but Smith, with his usual energy, asserted his authority in the absence of legal agents of the Company, and now, as on other occasions, became the savior of the settlement from utter ruin. He

devised new expeditions and new settlements that the vicious herd might be employed, and the libertines were kept in restraint until the autumn, when an accidental explosion of gunpowder so wounded Smith that he was compelled to go to England for surgical aid. He delegated his authority to George Percy, a brother of the Duke of Northumberland, a man of excellent character, but deficient in force. Smith never returned to Virginia.

It was more than six months after the departure of Captain Smith, when the three commissioners arrived from the Bermudas. Meanwhile, the



CAPTAIN SMITH AND POCAHONTAS.

settlers, left almost without restraint, had brought awful miseries upon themselves. They had indulged in every irregularity of life, and their ample store of provisions was soon exhausted. The new settlers, by injustice and cruelty, not only alienated the friendship of the Indians, but made them exasperated enemies. The red men, who had respect for Smith and feared his power, despised the new comers. They withheld food from the English, and killed those who came to their cabins in search of it. Finally, they devised a plan for exterminating the whole body of intruders. It was thus

trated by Pocahontas, who proved to be the guardian angel of the settlers. When she heard of the plot, her soul was troubled. On a dark and stormy night she hastened to Jamestown, and revealing the conspiracy to Percy, put the English on their guard.

But death still brooded over the settlement. Famine came with its horrors and transformed civilized Englishmen into cannibals. They fed on Indians whom they slew, and sometimes upon their own companions who had perished of hunger. When the commissioners arrived in the spring of 1610, of the four hundred and ninety persons whom Smith had left in Virginia, only sixty remained alive. More than four hundred had perished within six months upon a soil out of whose generous bosom some moderate labor might have drawn ample sustenance for them all. Many a time during that winter and spring, which was ever afterward referred to as "the starving time," did those wretched men lament their folly and wickedness in not following the advice of Captain Smith, who was their true friend. His labors for their good had been disinterested. For his sacrifices he had received no reward but the approval of his conscience. Brave, honest and true, he won the imperishable honor of being the first planter of the Saxon race on the soil of the United States, and is entitled to the endearing name of *Father of Virginia*.

The commissioners and their fellow-passengers, who had been wrecked on a fertile but uninhabited island, found sufficient food in fruits there to sustain them whilst building two small vessels in which they embarked for Virginia. They hoped to find a happy and prosperous colony at Jamestown; but instead of the bright faces of contented people, they saw the horrid visages of sixty starving men in the depths of despair. They were perishing for want of food without a prospect of obtaining more. Gates, to whom the other commissioners had agreed to commit the administration of affairs in Virginia, saw no other way to save the lives of the starving men than to abandon the settlement, sail to Newfoundland, and distribute the settlers among the English fishermen there. So, embarking them in four pinnaces which were in the river, and giving them a share of his own stores, he sailed immediately for the far northeast. Some of the settlers desired Gates to set fire to the fort and dwellings at Jamestown, on their departure, but he would not consent. It was well he did not, for at the evening twilight the next day, the whole company, with others, were again at Jamestown offering thanksgiving to God for a great deliverance. At dawn that morning, the eyes of the disconsolate fugitives had been greeted by the apparition of white sails moving up the James River as Gates and his followers were approaching its mouth. They were the wings of Lord De la Warr's

ships, which were filled with provisions and emigrants, accompanied by the governor, a pious, prudent, generous and humane man. Back to Jamestown they all sailed. The governor landed first. The emigrants followed, and when all were on shore, his lordship fell upon his knees and with bowed head engaged in a long silent prayer whilst the people stood reverently by. When he arose, he and the Rev. Mr. Bucke, who had come with him to supply the place of Mr. Hunt, led the people in procession to the unfinished church, where the new pastor preached a sermon, in the evening twilight, and a large portion of the congregation joined in singing anthems. After the religious services were ended, the governor presented his credentials and addressed the people. Some Indians were seen in the woods near by, listening in wonder to the songs of praise that went up from the lips of the grateful multitude on that warm June evening.

The dignity and amiable character of Lord De la Warr commanded the respect of the settlers, and the future seemed full of bright promises. He caused the church to be rebuilt, and to be dedicated with as much pomp and ceremony as circumstances would permit. It was daily garnished with white flowers; and there, every morning, a large number of the settlers were gathered to engage in common prayer, after which each man was required to work six hours during the day. The dwellings were improved and many more acres were cultivated. But the health of Lord De la Warr failed, and he returned to England in the spring of 1611, leaving the government in charge of Percy, Smith's successor. At the same time Sir Thomas Dale, a brave soldier, was out on the ocean in a ship with supplies, and on his arrival, which was hailed with delight, he assumed the reins of government and ruled by martial law both the church and state. He encouraged the Company to persevere in the dignified work which they had begun, and they sent Sir Thomas Gates with six well-furnished ships and three hundred emigrants. They arrived at the close of summer. These emigrants were a much better class than any who had yet appeared in Virginia. A greater portion of them were sober and industrious, and their influence upon the earlier settlers was salutary. Gates assumed the functions of governor, and Dale went up the river and planted settlements at the mouth of the Appomattox River (now Bermuda Hundred) and at the Falls (now Richmond). Over these the Rev. Mr. Whittaker was placed as pastor.

Another charter was now obtained for the Company, which allowed the powers of the association to be distributed in a democratic manner among all of the members, who met in mass for deliberation and legislation. The most important feature affecting the welfare of the settlement was that which allowed every man to cultivate a few acres of land for his own sole use and

benefit. Before that time the land was tilled in common, and the industrious provided food for the lazy. There was no special incentive to industry in that system; but in the new arrangement there was such a stimulus to exertion that the privilege was enlarged, an ample supply of provisions for all was easily obtained, and the community system was abandoned. Although no political privileges were granted to the settlers by the new charter, they were contented.

And now a wicked act, which became a fortunate circumstance for the settlement, made a salutary change in the relations between the English and the Indians. Ever since the departure of Captain Smith, Powhatan had evinced hostility to the settlers, and the powerful Chickahominies, their nearest neighbors, sympathized with him, and allowed no food to be carried to Jamestown. Provisions there became scarce, and Captain Argall, the sort of buccaneer whom we met in Acadié, and who was then in Virginia, was sent with a vessel on a foraging expedition up the York and James Rivers. Being near the residence of Powhatan, he bribed an Indian with the gift of a copper kettle to entice Pocahontas on board his vessel, where he detained her a prisoner, expecting to get a large quantity of corn from her father as a ransom for his daughter, and to recover some arms and implements of labor which had been stolen by the Indians. The emperor rejected the proposition of ransom with scorn, and refused to hold any intercourse with the pirate, but declaring to the authorities at Jamestown, that if his daughter should be released, he would forget the injury and be the friend of the English. They would not trust his word, and the maiden was taken to Jamestown and detained there several months, but was always treated with respectful consideration. The affair was assuming a very serious aspect, when Love, the powerful mediator, settled the difficulty. Among the young men of rank and education at Jamestown was John Rolfe, of an excellent English family, who became enamored of Pocahontas, and to him

"She was a landscape of mild earth
Where all was harmony and calm quiet,
Luxuriant, budding."—BYRON.

Pocahontas reciprocated Rolfe's passion, and they agreed to be wedded. But one thing troubled the soul of the young Englishman. He was a Christian; she was a Pagan. "Is it not my duty," he said to himself, "to lead the blind into light?" Then came to his mind the Bible story of the visitation of the sons of Levi by God in his anger, because they sanctified strange women. But love conquered. He resolved to labor for her enlightenment and conversion. The young princess was an apt scholar, and very

soon, in the little chapel at Jamestown, whose columns were rough pine trees from the forests, and its rude pews were of sweet-smelling cedar, and its rough communion-table and pulpit of black walnut, that dusky convert stood before a font "hewn hollow between like a canoe," and there received the rite of Christian baptism with the name of Rebecca, at the hands of Mr. Whittaker. She was the first Christian Indian in Virginia.



BAPTISM OF POCAHONTAS.

Very soon Pocahontas again stood before the chancel of the little chapel, now as a bride. It was a charming day in April, 1613. Her father's consent to her marriage had been easily obtained, and he had sent his brother Opachisco to give away his daughter according to the Christian ritual, for he would not trust himself with the English at Jamestown. Over the "fair, broad windows" hung festoons of evergreens bedecked with wild flowers,

with the waxen leaves and scarlet berries of the holly. The communion table was covered with a "fair white linen cloth," and bore bread from the wheat fields around Jamestown, and wine from the luscious grapes from the adjacent woods. All the people at Jamestown were spectators of the nuptials. There were Sir Thomas Gates, and Master Sparks who had been co-ambassador with Rolfe to the court of Powhatan. Young George Percy and Henry Spilman were there; and near them, an earnest watcher of the ceremony, was the elder brother of Pocahontas, with her younger brother and many youths and maidens from the forest. There, too, was Mistress John Rolfe, Mrs. Easton and child, and Mistress Horton and grand-child with her late maid-servant, Elizabeth Parsons, who, on Christmas Eve previously, had married Thomas Powell. These were all the English women then in Virginia, and all returned to Europe.

When all things were in readiness, the bride and groom entered the chapel. Pocahontas was dressed in a simple tunic of white muslin from the looms of Dacca. Her arms were bare even to her shoulders; and hanging loosely to her feet was a robe of rich stuff presented to her by Sir Thomas Dale, and fancifully embroidered by herself and her maidens. A gaudy fillet encircled her head, and held the gay plumage of birds and a veil of gauze, while her wrists and ankles were adorned with the simple jewelry of the native workshops. Rolfe was attired in the gay clothing of an English cavalier of that period, and upon his thigh he wore the short sword of a gentleman of distinction in society. He was a noble specimen of manly beauty and dignity in form and carriage, and she of womanly modesty and lovely simplicity. Upon the chancel steps, where no railing interfered, the good Whittaker stood in sacerdotal robes, and, with impressive voice, pronounced the marriage ritual of the Anglican Church, there first planted on the American continent. The governor, sitting on his right on a richly-carved chair of state, with his ever-attendant halberdiers with helmets at his back, heartily said Amen! at the conclusion of the ceremony.

So were wedded the *Rose of England* and the *Totem* or Indian symbol of nationality, giving promise of a friendly union of races in Virginia. It brought present peace, and Powhatan was ever afterward the fast friend of the English. Rolfe and his spouse "lived civilly and lovingly together" until the departure of Governor Sir Thomas Dale for England in 1616, whither they, with several others of the settlement and all the English women there, accompanied him. There the "Lady Rebecca" received great attentions from the court and all below it. The Lord Bishop of London entertained her with "festival and pomp," and at court she was treated with the ceremonious respect due to the daughter of a monarch. The silly

bigot on the British throne was angry because one of his *subjects* had dared to marry a *lady of royal blood*; and Captain Smith, for fear of the royal displeasure, would not allow her to call him "father" as she desired to do. Her simple, tender heart was grieved because of his seeming want of affection for her. The king, in his absurd dreams of the royal prerogative, imagined that Rolfe or his descendants might lay claim to the crown of Virginia, in behalf of his royal wife! And it was considered in council whether he had not committed treason!

Pocahontas remained in England about a year; and when she was about to embark for America with her husband and son, and Tomocome, her father's chief councillor, she sickened and died at Gravesend in June, 1617, when she was not quite twenty-two years of age. She left a son, Thomas Rolfe, who became a distinguished man in Virginia, and whose descendants have been numbered among the honorable citizens of that commonwealth.

Prosperity was now the destiny of the settlements in Virginia, although the prime element of a permanent state—the family—was yet wanting. Because of this want, the settlers continually indulged in dreams of returning home—to England. Dale, who had ruled with wisdom as well as energy, discouraged this feeling, and by engaging them in the cultivation of the tobacco plant, somewhat allayed it. His successors encouraged its production, and in spite of the silly efforts of King James to prevent its use in England, by forbidding its cultivation in the British islands, its growth and exportation to the mother country soon became the staple and very profitable business of the planters in Virginia. Its culture became a mania. The streets of Jamestown were planted with it, and food-producing products were so neglected that while great cargoes of tobacco were preparing for England, the necessities of life were wanting. It became the currency of the country, the money value of a pound of tobacco being fixed at about sixty-six cents.

Dale left Argall as deputy governor, but his petty tyranny and rank dishonesty disgusted the people. The story of his bad conduct told in England checked emigration, and his office was given to the excellent George Yeardley, a wise statesman and friend of man. On the death of Lord De la Warr while he was on a voyage to resume the reins of government there, Yeardley was appointed governor with broad discretionary powers. Abolishing martial law, releasing the planters from feudal service and confirming their titles to lands in their possession, and establishing a representative government on the banks of the James, he laid the foundations of a permanent colony. He had found the settlers yearning for the freedom enjoyed by their fellow-subjects in England under the British constitution. He could not

reconcile that freedom with then existing disabilities, so, with the sanction of the Company, he introduced a new political system in Virginia. The settlements were divided into eleven boroughs, each having two representatives, called burgesses, who were chosen by the people. These, with the governor and council, constituted the colonial government. The burgesses were allowed to debate all questions pertaining to the colony, but their decisions were not law until confirmed by the Company in England. Because of these liberties, the settlers expressed their gratitude; and when in June, 1619, a representative assembly met at Jamestown, they felt that they had a *home* in Virginia. They "fell to building houses and planting corn," says an old chronicler; and these houses were soon made happy ones by domestic virtues. Within two years after the first meeting of the House of Burgesses—the first representative assembly in America—about two hundred and fifty reputable young women were sent over from England to become wives for the planters. These were received with gladness, and cherished with fondness. The tribe of gold-seekers had disappeared. Industry was the rule and not the exception in the settlements, and the COLONY of Virginia was firmly established.



CHAPTER XVI.

Explorations in New England—Kidnapping Indians—Religious Parties in England—Persecutions—A Theological Conference—Bad Conduct of King James—Puritans in Holland—Longings for America—Preparations for Emigration—"Pilgrims" go to America—Constitution of Government Signed—Founding of Plymouth—Sufferings of the Emigrants—First Marriage in Plymouth Colony.

WE have considered the failures of the Plymouth Company to plant settlements in America. We will now consider other attempts and failures, and the permanent establishment of a settlement in New England.

The restless Captain Smith did not long remain idle after his return from Virginia. In company with four London merchants, he fitted out two ships for the purpose of discovery and traffic in the northern regions of America. Captain Thomas Hunt commanded one of the vessels, and Smith sailed in the other. They left the Downs at the beginning of March, 1614, and first landed on the island of Mohegan, about twenty miles from the mouth of the Penobscot River, where they sought whales, but finding none Smith left the crews to engage in common fishing, while he and eight men, in a small boat, should explore the neighboring coasts and gather furs. They went up the several rivers far into the interior, and explored the whole coast from the Penobscot to Cape Cod. Smith constructed a map of the region; and after an absence of seven months, the vessels returned to England with cargoes of considerable value. He laid his map before Prince Charles, the heir apparent to the throne, and a man of considerable literary and artistic taste. The Prince procured from his father a confirmation of the title of *New England*, which Smith had given to the country, on his map; and so that region from twenty miles eastward of the Hudson River has ever since been called. As usual, crime dimmed the lustre of these achievements. Whilst Smith was exploring the coasts, Captain Hunt, an avaricious and profligate man, wishing, apparently, to impede settlements by inflaming the wrath of the Indians, so that he and a few others might enjoy the monopoly of traffic on that coast, kidnapped twenty-seven of the savages at Cape Cod, with Squanto their chief, and taking them to Spain sold them for slaves. Some

of them were taken by benevolent friars, who educated them for missionaries among the tribes, but only Squanto returned to America. The effect of this crime satisfied the apparent wishes of Hunt. The next fishing vessels that came from New England brought word that the natives were greatly exasperated.

This news did not discourage Captain Smith. On his return he had an interview with the energetic and ever-hopeful Ferdinando Gorges, and inspired him with such desires to plant a settlement in New England, that the Plymouth Company asked Smith to lead a colony thither. He believed that he could allay the anger of the natives, as he had done in Virginia, and having accepted the invitation of the Company, he sailed with two ships and some emigrants in the spring of 1615. Smith's ship was shattered by a tempest and returned to port. On the 4th of July following he sailed again, in a bark of sixty tons, and was soon captured by a French squadron. While on board one of the Gallic vessels, he wrote an account of his voyage to New England, which was published the next year. After a brief captivity, he was released and returned home. Meanwhile, the Plymouth Company had made him admiral of New England; but, discouraged by ill luck, the association had again abandoned the project of planting a colony there. Smith now drops almost out of sight in history. He lived to see his friend, Prince Charles, seated on the throne of his father; and, not long afterwards (1631), the founder of the Virginia colony died at the age of fifty-one years.

Thus far English settlements in America had been attempted by private adventurers, or commercial associations, with no higher aim than the acquisition of wealth. That acquisition was denied, and full success was not obtained until better men, with more exalted motives, came to people the lands. These came to New England with families and were prepared to stay, not so much for the betterment of their temporal estates, as for the unmolested enjoyment of civil and religious freedom, which was denied them at home.

We have seen how three powerful religious parties—Roman Catholic, Anglican and Puritan—crystallized into distinct sects at about the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, all struggling for supremacy. The Puritans were fewer in numbers than either of their antagonists, but were stronger in the moral power which asserts and defends the rights of man. They boldly declared the right of private judgment in religious matters to be inalienable, and that every human being was endowed with the natural privilege of worshipping the Creator in accordance with the dictates of conscience. Upon the same platform of principles they asserted the rights of the people to the enjoyment of civil freedom. The Puritan pulpits became the tribunes of the com-

mon people, and sometimes the preachers were bold enough to promulgate the democratic doctrine, so dangerous to the royal prerogative, that *the sovereign was amenable to public opinion when fairly expressed*.

As the Romish ritual was retained in the Anglican Church, many of the leading clergymen of the latter opposed its use. Bishop Hooper made Puritanism conspicuous by refusing to be consecrated in the ecclesiastical vestments; and Bishop Coverdale, at a later period, and other high dignitaries, refused to subscribe to the Liturgy and ceremonials, and so led the great army of Nonconformists. The fears and jealousy of the queen were aroused, and after years of effort, the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion of the Anglican Church, were declared by an act of Parliament to be the rule of faith and practice for all subjects of the realm. Whitgift, Archbishop of Canterbury, was commanded to enforce discipline. He obeyed the royal voice with alacrity, and immediately issued instructions to the bishops to "forbid and prevent preaching, catechizing, and praying in any private family in the presence of persons not belonging to it, and to silence all preachers and catechists who had not received orders from Episcopal hands, or who refused or neglected to read the whole service, or to wear the prescribed clerical habits, or to subscribe to the queen's supremacy, the Thirty-nine Articles and the Book of Common Prayer." Under a provision of the Act of Supremacy, the queen now established a court of High Commission for the detection and punishment of Nonconformists, with powers almost as absolute as those of the Inquisition of the Italian Church. With that tremendous engine of despotism, the Primate worked with vigor in the suppression of heresy. Ministers were silenced;

some persons were put to death, and there was petty persecution everywhere. Yet Puritanism flourished and grew more rank, especially in secret. Ministers and congregations withdrew from the Anglican Church, and so acquired the name of Separatists or Independents. They numbered, at the time of the death of Elizabeth, about twenty thousand in the British realm, and were the special objects for Whitgift's lash. Some of their ministers and



A PURITAN.

their congregations, unable to endure the pressure, withdrew to Holland, where there was religious freedom for all.

On the accession of James, a reputed "Presbyterian king," the Puritans indulged high hopes of toleration, perhaps of supremacy. They were doomed to wretched disappointment. Soon after James ascended the throne he called a conference at Hampton Court, in which he was the chief actor, playing the parts of brute and mountebank. The Puritan divines, some of them the most eminent scholars in the land, were annoyed by coarse browbeating by the Bishop of London, and the coarser jests of the king. Whitgift, venerable with age, was present, and when the "royal buffoon" said to the Puritan ministers: "You want to strip Christ again; away with your snivelling," and much more that was coarse and offensive, the Primate exclaimed, "Your Majesty speaks by the special assistance of God's Spirit;" and the Bishop of London fell upon his knees and said: "I protest my heart melteth for joy that Almighty God, of his singular mercy, has given us such a king as since Christ's time has not been." A brilliant modern English writer, expressing the verdict of history, says of that king: "He was cunning, covetous, wasteful, idle, drunken, greedy, dirty, cowardly, a great swearer, and the most conceited man on earth." The discussions at the Hampton Court conference, conducted with so much ill-breeding on the part of the king and some of the High Churchmen, led to the important result of the appointment of a commission of learned men to make that translation of the Bible now in use among Protestants.

The Puritans were humiliated and discouraged by this farce at Hampton Court; and when the king told them, "I will make you conform or I will harry ye out of the land," and silenced or imprisoned three hundred of their ministers, many of the thirty thousand Nonconformists in the kingdom felt like seeking refuge in a foreign country. And many of them did join their brethren already in Holland. Among them was Richard Clifton, pastor of a rural congregation in Nottinghamshire. In that congregation was John Robinson as teacher; and the most considerable private member was William Brewster, postmaster at Scrooby, and at one time a favorite of Secretary Davidson under Queen Elizabeth. The pastor and the congregation after many trials, made their way to Amsterdam, in small companies, in 1608, where they were united. From that city, in the course of a few months, they went to Leyden, a city of seventy thousand inhabitants. Clifton was dead and Robinson was chosen to be their pastor, with William Brewster as the chief elder. After awhile they all found employment and were happy, with their families around them. The congregation became large and flourishing, for many of their persecuted brethren at home joined them.

English loyalty and patriotism asserted their power in the hearts of these exiles for conscience sake. Though driven from their native land by persecution, they had not lost their affection for it; and they yearned to live "under the protection of the state of England." They had heard of beautiful Virginia, and longed for the freedom of the forest. That band of noble men and women revealed a generous impulse when they said: "If God would be pleased to discover some place unto them, though in America, where they might live comfortably by themselves, and being freed from anti-Christian bondage, might keep their names and nature, and not only be a means to enlarge the dominions of the English state, but the Church also, if the Lord had a people among the natives, whither he would bring them; thereby they thought they might more glorify God, do more good to their country, better provide for their posterity and live to be more refreshed by their labors than ever they could do in Holland, where they were." Patriotism and Christian benevolence warmed their hearts.

"They sought not gold nor guilty ease,
Upon this rock-bound shore;
They left such prizeless toys as these
To minds that loved them more.
They sought to breathe a freer air,
To worship God unchain'd—
They welcomed pain and danger here,
When rights like these were gain'd."

The project of emigration to America caused much discussion. They looked every difficulty square in the face—the dangers of the sea and the savages; the burdens of fatigue that would be laid upon the weak and aged in so long a voyage; the cost of the enterprise, and the utter uncertainty that hovered around the whole project. These were all considered, and made dark shadings to the brighter pictures which faith and hope created. They pondered and prayed, and came to the conclusion to emigrate to America. The Dutch offered to send them to Hudson's River, free of charge, with their household goods and cattle, if they would settle there. They patriotically declined this generous proposal because they wished to live on "English land," somewhere within the bounds of the North Virginia domain, the proprietors whereof were then contemplating vast schemes of colonization under a new charter which they hoped to obtain from the king. That charter was granted late in 1620. It made the company absolute owners of a domain containing more than a million square miles. They superseded the original Plymouth Company, and assumed the corporate title of *The Council of Plymouth*.

Before the charter was granted, the congregation at Leyden sent two agents to England to ask leave of the Plymouth Company to settle within their domain, and to procure a guaranty from the king that they should enjoy religious freedom in their proposed new home. They obtained the permission of the Company, but the king would give them no written promise. Under the influence of Edward Sandys, he gave them an oral promise that they should not be disturbed so long as they should give no public offence. His word was considered no more stable than a rope of sand, and many were loth to unsettle themselves upon such a fickle tenure. But it was finally concluded to take the risk, and a deputation was again sent to England to make arrangements for the emigration. A joint-stock company with some London merchants and others was formed, by the terms of which the services of emigrants who could not contribute money were accepted as an equivalent for cash, the value of each share being fixed at £10. All profits were to be reserved for seven years, at the end of which time the lands, houses, and every product of their joint industry were to be valued, and an equal portion to be divided among the shareholders. Captain Smith, the founder of Virginia, offered to accompany them, but his aristocratic notions were a bar and his offer was declined.

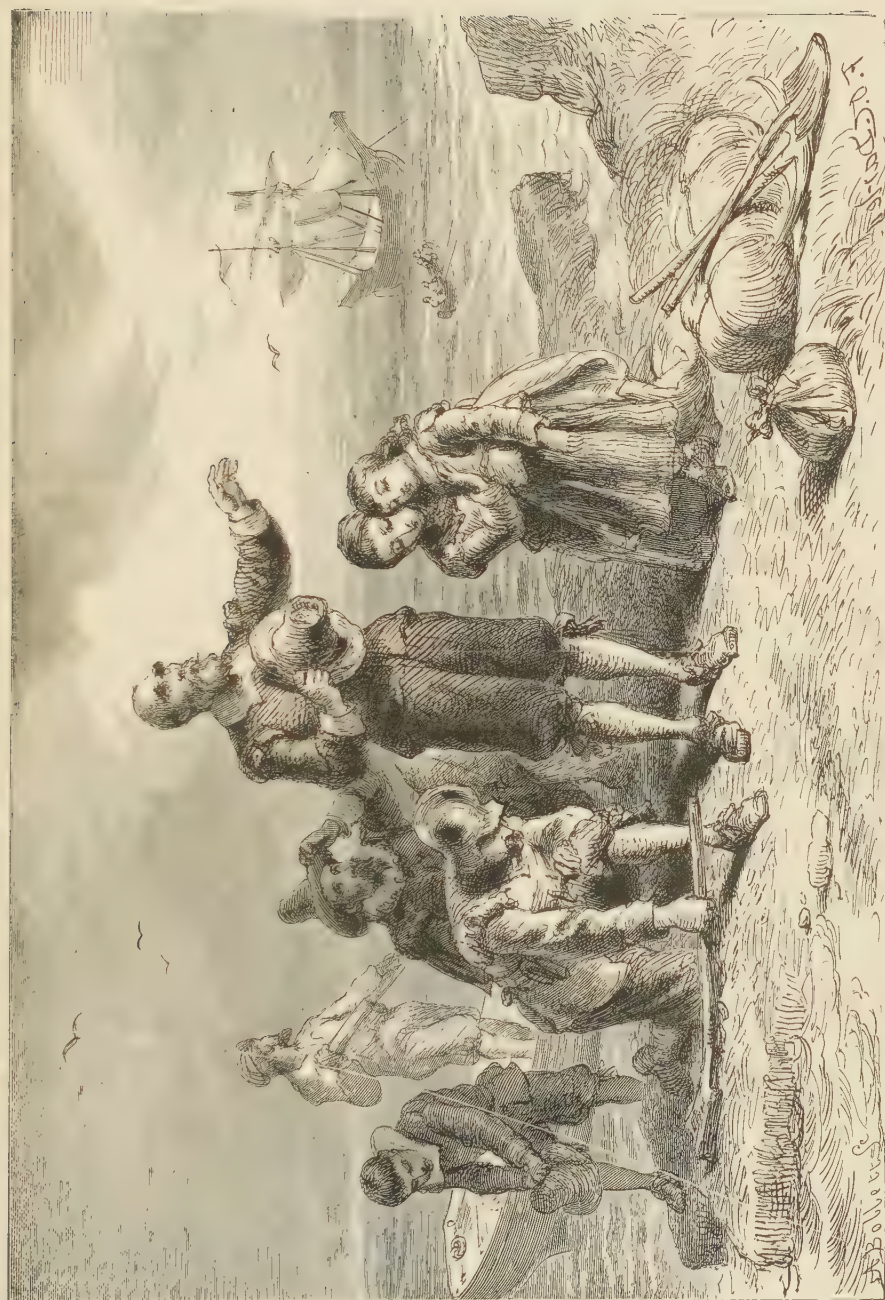
It was agreed that only a portion of the congregation at Leyden—"the youngest and strongest"—should first go to America under the spiritual guidance of Elder Brewster, then a little more than fifty years of age, while the larger portion should remain with Mr. Robinson and follow the next year if the report of the pioneers should be favorable. Two small vessels were purchased for the voyage—the *Speedwell*, of sixty tons burthen, and the *May-Flower*, of one hundred and eighty tons. In the summer of 1620, a portion of the congregation at Leyden embarked in the former vessel at Delft Haven, for England, where she was joined, at Southampton, by the latter. These emigrants, like their brethren left behind, feeling that they had no home—no abiding place—but were pilgrims and strangers, assumed the name of Pilgrims, by which they are known in history—"The Pilgrim Fathers."

The embarkation at Delft Haven was a picturesque and interesting scene. A large portion of the congregation at Leyden followed the emigrants to the port, fourteen miles distant, after those who were to remain had feasted the pioneers at the house of the pastor. At the port, after another feast, they all engaged in religious exercises—prayers and psalm-singing—the voyagers on the deck of the *Speedwell* and the others on the quay. When the sails of the vessel were spread and she had left her moorings, the emigrants gave their brethren a parting salute with musketry and three small cannon.

The two ships sailed for America on the 6th of August. The *Speedwell* was soon reported to be too leaky to proceed, and both vessels went back to Dartmouth. She was repaired, and when again she was well out upon the Atlantic she was reported to be unseaworthy, and returned. It was believed that her captain and some of the company lost courage, and untruly reported her to be in a dangerous condition. She did not again sail for the Western world. The more courageous of her company joined those on the *May-Flower*, and on the 6th of September the latter sailed from Plymouth with forty-one men as settlers with their families, numbering in all one hundred-and-one souls. Among these were William Brewster and his numerous family, and William Bradford, of Scrooby; John Carver, a deacon in the Church at Leyden; young Edward Winslow and his bride, the richest couple of the flock; Miles Standish, a fiery little soldier, and his beautiful wife Rose; John Alden, the youngest of the Pilgrims, being only twenty-one years of age, and a favorite of Standish; John Allerton and Dr. Edward Fuller, all of whom were distinguished in the history of the colony.

After a boisterous voyage of sixty-three days, the *May-Flower* arrived off Cape Cod. Her destination was some "point near Hudson's River, but within the territory of the London Company"—somewhere on the shores of New Jersey. Turning southward, the ship encountered "perilous shoals," perhaps those off Nantucket, when she was made to retrace her line, double the headland, and come to anchor in the bay inclosed by the long peninsula of Cape Cod sixty miles in length, in what is now the roadstead of Provincetown. The weather was fine and the air was crisp, for it was early in November. To prevent anarchy when they should form a settlement, the following instrument was drawn up, and on a little table in the cabin of the *May-Flower* was signed by the entire company of forty-one adult masculine emigrants:

"In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are here underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign lord, King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, etc., having undertaken for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian Faith, and honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony; unto which we promise all



LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names at Cape Cod, the 11th of November, in the year of the reign of our sovereign lord, King James, of England, France and Ireland, the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fifty-fourth, Anno Domini, 1620."

This was the first constitution of government ever signed by a *whole people*. More than a month passed after this act before the Pilgrims landed. Explorations of the coasts of the great Bay were made in search of a good place for a settlement. In a shallop and on foot the explorers wandered, often suffering much from the biting cold of winter, which came early with binding frost, and blinding, hindering snow. They saw few natives, and these were shy or hostile. They found some graves; some remains of human habitations; many deserted wigwams; some heaps of maize or Indian corn, and some tokens of civilized visitors here and there, when they touched the shores. They were assailed by a few savages who knew the English as kidnappers, for it was only a few years before that Hunt had carried away more than a score of their people. At length the explorers came to a snug harbor, and landed upon a rock on the site of Plymouth, almost due west across the water from where the *May-Flower* lay. It seemed a goodly place for a settlement, and they chose it as such. That landing took place on the 22d of December, 1620. It was an important event in the history of New England, and since the year 1767 its anniversary has been celebrated; and fragments of the rock—"Plymouth Rock," which has been called the "Blarney Stone of New England,"—are preserved on the spot with care.

The *May-Flower* was now immediately brought across and anchored in the harbor, when her precious cargo of human beings, men, women, and children—the seed of a nation—were landed. There had been an addition made to the number of the emigrants since the explorers departed, for the wife of William White had given birth to a boy, who was named Peregrine. The good ship that brought them safely across the stormy Atlantic was safely moored; and in grateful recollection of the hospitalities they had received at the port from which they had sailed from England, they named the spot *Plymouth*.

The first care of the Pilgrims was to build houses, after they had planted their five cannon on a platform and erected a store-house for their food. But with the labor began sickness. Exposure and poor food made dreadful ravages upon their vitality that could not be stayed. There were no delicacies, and very little wholesome food. The sailors unkindly refused to let them have a variety, by sharing with the suffering their abundance of coarse food on the ship, until sickness invaded their circle, and the kindness of the

Pilgrims taught them to be ashamed. Crowded in the cabin of the *May-Flower*, or exposed in half-finished huts, sometimes nearly buried with snow-drifts, the sufferers had little chance for recovery; and when, early in March, there came warm days and abundance of sunshine, forty-four of the passengers of the *May-Flower* were in their graves, doomed by quick consumption and lung fever. Governor Carver's son died soon after the landing. Six were buried in December, eight in January, seventeen in February, and thirteen in March. At one time there were only seven persons who had



BUILDING HOUSES AT PLYMOUTH.

strength enough to wait upon the sick and bury the dead. Early in April the governor died, and his heart-broken wife soon followed him to the grave. Yet with all the discouragements of that dreadful winter, the fidelity, faith, and fortitude of the Pilgrims never faltered; and when, in March, the sun

shone warmly, and the birds came and sang pleasantly, and the sickness was stayed, the living chanted songs of thanksgiving to God for his manifold mercies.

There had been, earlier than this, a cheering voice from the savages whom the settlers so much dreaded. One day in February, when the sickness was at its height, an Indian passed through the hamlet and with plain Saxon words cried, "Welcome, Englishmen! welcome, Englishmen!" It was Samoset, a chief who had come from the island of Mohegan, where Captain Smith first landed, off the coast of Maine, and where he had learned a few English words from the sailors. He told them why they had seen so few Indians. It was because three or four years before a pestilence had almost depopulated the coast from Cape Cod to the Kennebec, as if clearing the way for Christians to plant the germs of civilization, unmolested. He came several days in succession, bringing with him other Indians, among them, at last, Squanto, whom Hunt had carried away and sold in Spain, but who had been sent back. That time Samoset came with a message from Massasoit, a neighboring king of the Wampanoags, of whom Squanto was a vassal, desiring an interview with the chief of the new comers.

Governor Carver gladly consented to hold a conference with the Indian monarch. Massasoit appeared on a neighboring hill, with sixty followers all painted and plumed. Winslow was sent with Squanto to meet him, bearing presents from the governor, whilst Captain Standish, who had been chosen military commander of the settlement, remained a little way off with several musketeers. Massasoit advanced slowly with twenty armed followers, leaving Winslow behind as a hostage or pledge, and met Standish at a dividing brook. Then the dusky men were conducted by the soldier to a building, where a rug and cushions were spread for the king and his courtiers. Sitting there in state, Massasoit received the governor, who came with the braying of a trumpet and the beating of a drum, followed by a few musketeers. After salutations and feastings, they entered into a treaty of peace and amity (Squanto acting as interpreter); and the sachem agreed to send messengers to neighboring tribes to invite them to come and make similar treaties, that they might all dwell lovingly with the pale-faces. Rising from the rug, the old chief, stretching forth his hand with dignity and pointing to the surrounding country, said, in substance: "Englishmen, take possession of the land, for there is no one left to occupy it. The Great Spirit came in his anger and swept the people from the face of the earth." That treaty was kept inviolate for forty-five years.

When the Indians had departed, the Pilgrims re-elected Carver governor of the colony, made some salutary laws, and sent the *May Flower* home.

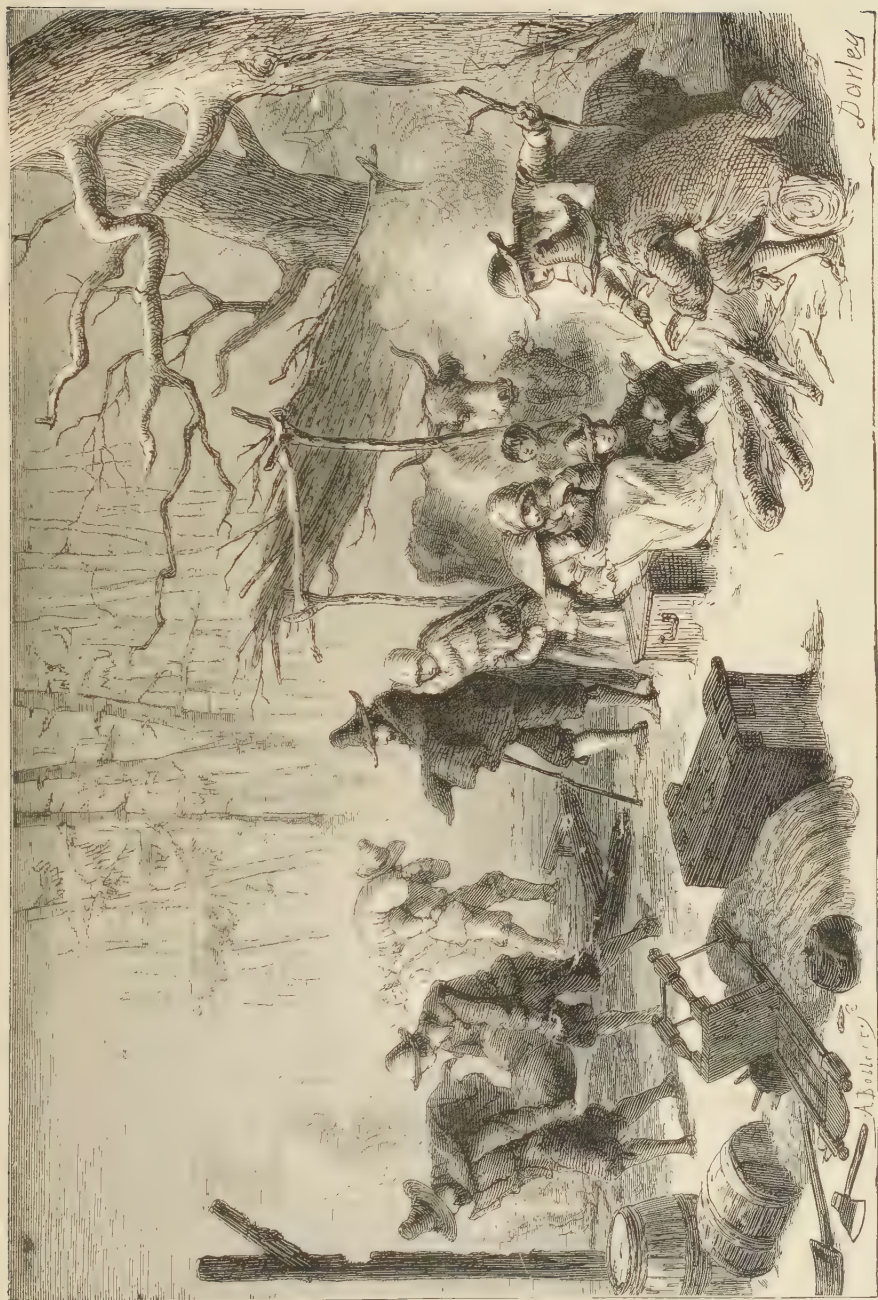
She was scarcely out of sight, when the governor died suddenly from the effects of a "sun-stroke," and William Bradford was chosen to fill his place. As the season advanced hope grew stronger. Game was found to be plentiful in the forest, and fish in the streams. The survivors cultivated the land industriously, and reaped abundantly. In a short time other emigrants joined them. The whole community was free as air; and the settlement, begun with so much suffering, bereavement and discouragement, was made permanent. Within a few months after the arrival of the *May-Flower*, the Christian men and women who survived that winter of terrible experience, planted strong and deep, on the principles of justice and the rights of man, the foundations of the colony and the commonwealth of *Massachusetts*.

With the prose of suffering there was a little of the poetry of social romance at that tearful planting time. Among the victims of the famine and the fever was Rose Standish. Her husband laid her body tenderly in the earth, and feeling that it was "not good for man to be alone," almost immediately turned to Priscilla Mullins for consolation. She was a daughter of William Mullins, one of the *May-Flower* passengers. The captain was then thirty-seven years of age, and Priscilla had but lately bloomed into young womanhood. In Standish's family lived

John Alden, a young cooper from Southampton, whom the Captain sent as an ambassador to Priscilla's father to ask his consent for the soldier to visit her with matrimonial intent. He performed the duties of his mission modestly and faithfully. The father readily gave his consent, adding, "But Priscilla must be consulted." She was summoned to the room. There sat John Alden, whom she knew well—a young man of graceful form, a handsome ruddy face and sparkling eyes, and of almost courtly manners.



RETURNING FROM THE WEDDING.



ENGLISH SETTLERS IN AMERICA

The ambassador of love repeated his message from the soldier. The calendar tells us it was leap-year, when English maidens had the privilege of wooing. "Prithee, John," said Priscilla, as she fixed her mischievous eyes upon the face of the young diplomat, "why do you not speak for yourself?" John blushed, bowed and retired, for he was faithful to his trust. But his visit was soon repeated; and it was not long before the nuptials of the couple were celebrated by the whole community excepting Captain Standish, who could not readily forgive the weakness of his young friend in surrendering at the first assault from the eyes and lips of a maiden.

That was the first marriage in the colony, and the incidents were somewhat dramatic, for John Alden went to his nuptials seated on a young bull caparisoned with a piece of handsome broadcloth. Returning from the wedding, he led the bull by a ring in his nose, walking by his side, whilst his bride rode like a queen upon the animal. To the heart of Miles Standish, Priscilla upon Taurus was a repetition of the story of the carrying away of Europa, the Phœnician princess. Such is the story of tradition and poetry. History gravely tells us that there were no horned cattle in the colony until some time after this marriage.

From time to time the memory of that first marriage in New England has been revived by history and song. A vivid picture of it is given in Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish;" and the notable wedding was brought to mind when, in April, 1874, Mrs. Phœbe C. Bailey died in Dover, New Hampshire, at the age of ninety-one years. She was the great-granddaughter of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins.



CHAPTER XVII.

Hudson's Voyages and Discoveries—Block's Explorations—Charter for New Netherland Granted—Dutch Traders on the Hudson—Troubles with the English—Dutch West India Company Chartered—Preparations for Settlement—An English Intruder—Arrival of Walloons at Manhattan—Settlement on the Delaware—Political Organization of New Netherland—New Amsterdam Founded—Freedom There.

WE have already considered the incidents attending the discovery of the Hudson River and the country on its borders between its mouth and the site of Albany, in 1609. Let us now view the more prominent events connected with the establishment of a permanent settlement there.

In the year 1602, Dutch merchants in the India trade formed an association, with a capital of more than a million dollars, under the corporate title of "The Dutch East India Company." The government of Holland gave them the exclusive privilege of trading in the Eastern Seas between the Cape of Good Hope and the Straits of Magellan—that is to say, over all the Indian and South Pacific Oceans between Africa and America. The enterprise was so profitable that an application was made to the government, in 1607, for the incorporation of the Dutch West India Company to trade along the coast of Africa from the tropics to the Cape of Good Hope, and from Newfoundland to Cape Horn along the continent of America. But political considerations in connection with Spain deferred the issuing of a charter for such a company for several years. Meanwhile, the East India Company employed Hudson to make the voyage, which resulted in the discovery of a region in America far more valuable than any to which a northwestern passage to India would have led.

The report that the newly-discovered region abounded with bears, beavers, otters, and other fur-bearing animals, excited the keenest cupidity of the Dutch, for they had recently tasted the pleasures of a profitable fur trade which they had opened with Northern Russia. The *Half-Moon*, Hudson's discovery ship, had returned in the autumn of 1609. In the following spring she was fitted out with cheap trinkets and other articles suitable for traffic with the natives, and, with a part of her old crew, sailed from

the Texel in the early summer for the "River of the Mountains." She was sent by private adventurers, some of them directors of the Dutch East India Company, to trade with the savages for peltries and furs. The island of Manhattan, at the mouth of the river, was so well adapted for commercial purposes that it was made the central point, where the treasures of the forests and the streams, gathered in the interior from the Delaware to the Housatonic and northward to the Mohawk, were collected for shipment to Holland.

Among the bold navigators who came from Holland to Manhattan was Adrien Block. His vessel was the *Tigress*. Late in the autumn of 1613, when she was laden with bear skins and was about to depart for Amsterdam, she accidentally took fire and was burned to a useless wreck. The Indians kindly offered the shelter of wigwams to the Dutchmen, but they, regarding



BURNING OF THE TIGRESS.

them too frail to keep out the winds and snows, built for themselves rude log huts where the warehouses of Beaver street now stand, and went cheerily at work to construct a new vessel. Before spring, the oaks that sheltered black bears on the wooded slopes where the "bulls" of Wall street now contend with bruins in financial warfare, were converted into a trim-built and staunch yacht of sixteen tons. They named her *Onrust*—"Restless"—a title that seems prophetic of that unresting activity which now marks the island of Manhattan. The little hamlet then built, and the vessel there constructed, were the fruitful seeds of the great commonwealth of New York.

Early in the spring of 1614, Block sailed from Manhattan in the *Onrust* through the narrow, turbulent and dangerous strait of Hell Gate into Long Island Sound. He discovered and explored the rivers now known as the Housatonic, Connecticut, and Thames; anchored in the bay at New Haven; touched at Montauk Point on the eastern end of Long Island, and landed upon a small island further eastward which Verazzani had discovered almost a century before, but which has ever since borne the name of Block, given to it by his countrymen. He then visited the shores of the main and the islands from Narragansett Bay around to Nahant beyond Boston Harbor. There he found the inhabitants numerous; for the plague, already mentioned, that swept along the coast three or four years later, had not yet appeared. They were "extremely well-looking, but timid and shy of Christians." There the *Onrust* fell in with the *Fortune*, commanded by Block's friend, Hendrick Christiansen, who was about to sail for Holland. Block left his own vessel in charge of another navigator and sailed for Amsterdam with his friend, to report to his employers.

Block's report further stimulated the commercial enterprise of Dutch merchants, and they hastened to avail themselves of an ordinance which the States-General or government of Holland had recently passed. It provided that whoever shall, from this time forward, discover any new passage, haven, lands, or places, shall have the exclusive right of navigating to the same for four voyages. The merchants concerned in Block's discoveries hastened to form an association, and took immediate steps to profit by the privileges offered by that ordinance. They employed an expert draughtsman, probably under the direction of Block, to construct a map of the newly-discovered regions, and appointed a deputation to go to the Hague, the seat of government, to obtain the special license to trade in these regions without interference.

At the Hague, the finest city of the Netherlands, and the residence of the Counts of Holland for four hundred years, may be seen a pile of buildings upon an artificial island irregular and quaint in appearance. They were erected at different periods, and inclose a vast quadrangle paved with small yellow bricks. There was the palace of those Counts. Its great hall, wherein hung trophies of Dutch valor and conquest, is now used as a repository of the archives of Holland. In a superbly-decorated room in the Binnenhof or inner court, the States-General held their meetings. To that sumptuous apartment went the deputies of the Amsterdam Company and gave, in a brief narrative of Block's discoveries, their reasons for asking for the special privilege. They were received by "twelve high and mighty lords" of the great council, who were sitting around an oval table. Among them was the

incorruptible patriot John Van Olden Barneveldt, the grand-pensionary or chief magistrate of Holland, who, five years later, was beheaded in that court as a traitor, the victim of his jealous, malicious and unscrupulous prince. Block was probably one of the deputies. The map spoken of was spread upon the table; the countries were described, and their value as parts of the territories of the Dutch were fully set forth. The States-General gladly complied with the wishes of the Company, and on the 11th of October, 1614, a charter was given them, duly signed and sealed, by which the petitioners were granted the usual privileges of the ordinance. The territory included in the charter, and which was defined as lying between Virginia and New France—between the parallels of 40° and 45°—was called NEW NETHERLAND.

At the expiration of the charter at the beginning of 1618, the Amsterdam Company applied for its renewal. The privilege was denied, because the States-General contemplated the issuing of a more comprehensive and lasting patent to a West India Company. Meanwhile, the *Oonrust*, which Block had left in charge of Cornelius Hendricksen, had entered and explored Delaware Bay and River, probably as far up as the Falls, near Trenton; and on the site of Philadelphia her commander had ransomed three Dutch traders, who had fallen into the hands of the Indians. Efforts were made to obtain a four years trading charter for that region also, but the States-General, considering the domain as a part of the province of Virginia, would not grant one. The directors of New Netherland then prosecuted their trading enterprise upon the borders of the Hudson with increased vigor. They had already built a fort on an island just below the site of Albany. They now enlarged their storehouse at Manhattan, and made the little hamlet a social village. The traders went over the pine-barrens into the Mohawk Valley and became acquainted with the powerful Iroquois league of Five Confederated Nations. They built a new fort on the main at the mouth of the Tawasentha, now Norman's Kill, a little below Albany, where a treaty of friendship was made with the Five Nations, and which was kept inviolate until New Netherland passed into the possession of the English, and long afterwards. It was a wise measure, for that confederacy was strong enough to have swept from the face of the earth all European intruders. Their power was felt, as we have observed, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico.

“The fierce Adirondac had fled from their wrath,
The Hurons been swept from their merciless path,
Around, the Ottawas, like leaves had been strown,
And the Lake of the Eries struck silent and lone.

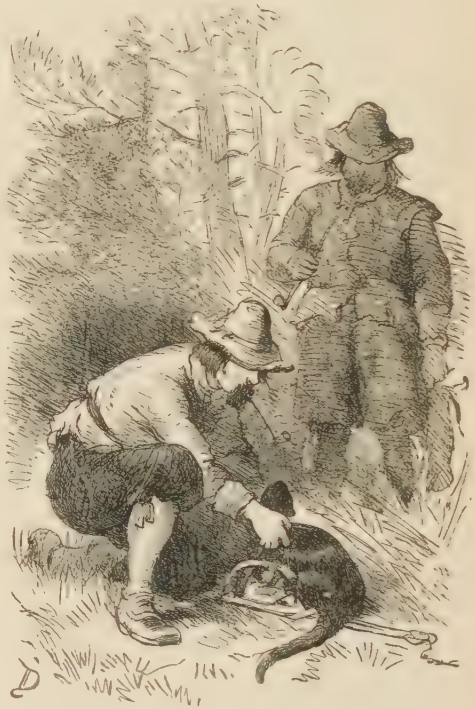
"The Lenapes, once lords of the valley and hill,
Made women bend low at their conqueror's will;
By the far Mississippi the Illini shrank,
When the trail of the *Tortoise* was seen on the bank.

"On the hills of New England the Pequod turned pale,
When the howl of the *Wolf* swelled at night on the gale;
And the Cherokee shook, in his green smiling bowers,
When the foot of the *Bear* stamp'd his carpet of flowers."

Street's "*Frontenac*."

These Hollanders were so remote from the Jamestown settlement, and all New England being a wilderness untrodden by any European resident, that they were not disturbed. The Plymouth Company complained that they were intruders on their domain; and King James growled; and a word of warning was given by Captain Dermer of an English ship which, one fine morning in June, 1619, while on its way to Virginia, sailed through Long Island Sound, and lost an anchor in its encounter with the eddies of Hell Gate. That commander thought he was the first discoverer of that "most dangerous cataract" and the flowery islands between which he sailed, but when he was fairly out upon the Bay of New York, he saw the smoke of cottages on Manhattan, and was saluted by Hol-

landers. He did not stop then to talk to the intruders, but on his return he felt it to be his duty to go in and warn the traffickers to leave his majesty's domain as quickly as possible. "We found no Englishmen here, and hope we have not offended," replied the good-natured Dutchmen, and went on smoking their pipes, planting their gardens, and catching beavers and otters, as if they had never heard the voice of Captain Dermer, the



CATCHING AN OTTER.

"loving subject" of the king of England. The sounds of royal bluster that came occasionally from Great Britain did not deter the States-General from helping *their* "loyal subjects" in New Netherland, and they proceeded to charter the "Dutch West India Company," making it a great commercial monopoly by giving it almost regal powers to colonize, govern, and defend, not only that little domain on the Hudson, but the whole unoccupied coasts of America from Newfoundland to Cape Horn, and the western coasts of Africa from the Cape of Good Hope far northward.

That charter contained all the guarantees of freedom in social, political, and religious life necessary to the founding of a free state. Republicanism was recognized as the true system of government, and home, in its broadest and purest sense, as the prime element of political strength. No stranger was to be questioned concerning his nativity or his creed as matters which concerned the state. "Do you wish to build, to plant, and to become a citizen?" was the sum of their catechism when a new comer appeared. If the answer should be satisfactory, he was to be welcomed. That charter was granted on the 3d of June, 1621, at the time when the stricken Pilgrims at Plymouth, on the coast of Massachusetts, were cultivating their first fruit-gardens and cornfields.

The government of the West India Company was vested in five separate chambers of managers, composed of members in different parts of Holland. General executive powers were entrusted to a board of nineteen delegates, of whom about one-half were to reside in Amsterdam, and one was to represent the States-General. The government agreed to furnish the Company, in case of war, with sixteen armed ships, of three hundred tons burden each, to assist in maintaining their rights,—these, with an equal number of the Company's ships-of-war to be under the command of an admiral appointed by the States-General. Whilst the Company might make conquests of territories and treaties with native chiefs at their own risk, they were required to submit the instructions to their governors to the approval of the home government; and their officers were all required to take the oath of allegiance to the States-General.

It was two years after obtaining this charter before the Company was organized. It was an armed commercial monopoly, the chief object of which was traffic and the humbling of Spain and Portugal, and not colonization. Meanwhile, the Plymouth Company had obtained the coveted new charter already mentioned. By it their king conferred upon them almost regal powers. Without the consent of the Plymouth Company, no ships might enter any harbor on the American coast between Newfoundland and the latitude of Philadelphia; not a fish might be caught within three

miles of the American coast; not a skin trafficked for in the forests, nor an emigrant live upon the soil. That extraordinary charter had been signed by the king a week before the arrival of the *May-Flower* off Cape Cod, with the Pilgrims; and that little colony who had braved the terrors of the Atlantic for the sake of freedom, were subjected, prospectively, to an almost irresponsible despotism. The House of Commons, alarmed because of this delegation of despotic power to a grasping company of traders, presented the patent as the first of "the public grievances of the kingdom." The French ambassador in London protested against it because Canada was included within the limits of the Plymouth Company's charter; and a little later the captain of a French vessel, anchored in the mouth of the Hudson River, attempted to set up the arms of France there, and take possession of the country in the name of his king. The Dutch, too, were concerned in the matter, for if the powers granted to the Plymouth Company might be exercised without hindrance, New Netherland would be useless to them.

In defiance of the House of Commons, King James upheld the monopoly. He scolded the representatives of the people, paid no attention to the Frenchman's protest, and reminded the States-General of Holland that Dutchmen were unlawfully seated upon the domain of a chartered English Company. The Hollanders at the Hague were as little moved by the covert threats of the British monarch as were those at Manhattan by Captain Dermer's warning. The complaint, however, had a useful result. It induced the West India Company, before its final organization, to take measures for securing the rights of eminent domain in New Netherland, in accordance with the principles of English policy which declared that first occupation gave those rights. So it was that the attention of that powerful Company was called from traffic to the founding of a permanent agricultural colony in America.

At that time there were thousands of refugees from persecution in the Netherlands. Among these were many of French extraction, who spoke the French language, called Walloons. They had inhabited the southern Belgic provinces of Hainault, Namur, Luxemburg, Limburg, and a part of the bishopric of Liege. When the northern provinces of the Netherlands formed their union more than forty years before, these southern provinces, whose inhabitants were mostly Roman Catholics, declined to join the confederation. There were many Protestants in those provinces, and they were made to feel, in all its rigor, the lash of persecution in the hands of the Spaniards. Thousands of them fled to Holland, where strangers of every race and creed were welcomed. There were the Walloons, a hardy, industrious, and skillful race of men and women, who introduced many useful arts

into their adopted country. There they established their peculiar mode of public worship, and were soon ranked among the most thrifty, honest, and religious inhabitants. They were numerous in Amsterdam and Leyden, and were on friendly terms with the Puritan refugees from England. Like those Puritans they heard, from time to time, the enticing stories about the beauty and fertility of Virginia, and some of them desired to emigrate to America. They applied to the British ambassador at the Hague for permission and encouragement. He referred them to his king, and James submitted the matter to the London Company. The latter were not liberal enough in their proffered conditions to induce the Walloons to go. The States-General hearing of the movement commended them and their project to the West India Company. The latter perceived the great advantage which such emigrants would be to them in founding a permanent industrial colony in New Netherland, and took measures immediately to secure them. An agreement was made with several families, and in the spring of 1623, the emigrants were ready for departure for their new home.

The Company, anxious to commence their settlement with a sufficient number of willing hands, fitted out the *New Netherland*, a ship of two hundred and sixty tons burden, in which thirty families, consisting of one hundred and ten men, women and children, embarked. They were provided with agricultural implements, cows, horses, sheep and swine, and a sufficient quantity of household furniture to make them comfortable. The command of the ship was given to Cornelius Jacobsen May, of Hoorn, who was to remain in New Netherland as first director or governor. His lieutenant was Adrien Joris. The vessel sailed from the Texel early in March, and taking the long and tedious southern route by way of the Canaries and the West Indies, to avoid the storms of the northern Atlantic, they did not reach their destined haven until the beginning of May, where they found the French vessel above mentioned lying at anchor. The yacht *Mackerel* had just come down the Hudson. With two pieces of cannon taken from the fort at Manhattan, she compelled the Frenchman to desist, and convoyed his vessel out to sea. He went round to the Delaware on the same errand, and received similar treatment from the Dutch traders who were seated on its banks, when he sailed for France. With this ridiculous feat ended attempts of the French to assert jurisdiction below the forty-fifth parallel.

On a beautiful morning in May the Walloons landed from the *New Netherland*, in small boats, upon the rocky shore where Castle Garden now is. They made a picturesque appearance as they ascended the bank in their quaint costume, every man carrying some article of domestic use, and many women each carrying a babe or small child in her arms. They were cor-



LANDING OF THE WALLONS.

dially welcomed by the resident traders and friendly Indians, and were feasted under a tent made of sails stretched between several trees. Under that tent a Christian teacher, who accompanied the settlers, offered up fervent thanksgivings to Almighty God for his preserving care during the long voyage, and implored His blessing upon the great undertaking before them. May then read his commission, which made him first director of New Netherland, and formally assumed the governorship of the colony and country.

Traditions have told us that these emigrants were immediately scattered to different points to form settlements, and so to secure a wide domain for the West India Company. Some, it is said, settled on Long Island and founded the City of Brooklyn; others went up the Connecticut River to a point near the site of Hartford, and built Fort Good Hope; others planted themselves in the present Ulster County in New York, and others founded Albany, where the Dutch had erected a military work and named it Fort Orange. Others, it is said, went to the Delaware and began a settlement at the mouth of Timber Creek, on the east side of the river, a few miles below the site of Philadelphia, and built a small fortification which they named Fort Nassau. The settlers engaged in this enterprise, it is said, were four

young couples who were married on ship-board, and eight seamen who managed a little yacht that conveyed them to the South River, as the Delaware was called. This was to distinguish it from the North River, as the Hudson was then called, and which yet retains that name.

When May's lieutenant, Joris, returned to Amsterdam with a ship laden with furs worth over ten thousand dollars, and reported that the settlers were "getting bravely along," the Company were delighted, and sent out ships with cattle, horses, sheep, swine, farming implements and seeds for their use, and more emigrants. Political affairs in Europe were now favorable to the enterprise. King James of England, angered because of the failure of his son Charles to win the hand of a Spanish princess, had leagued with the Dutch against Spain. At his death, his son became King Charles the First, and he renewed the league with the States-General in a still stronger bond. This alliance with the British sovereign promising non-interference, on his part, in the growth of a permanent colony in New Netherland, the West India Company proceeded to lay the political foundations of a state. They commissioned Peter Minuit director-general or governor of the colony, with a council of seven men, a secretary of state, who was also keeper of the Company's accounts, and a *schout* or sheriff, who was also public prosecutor or manager of the revenue. The council was invested with all local legislative, judicial and executive powers, subject to the jurisdiction of the Amsterdam College or Chamber of Nineteen. The Council were empowered to administer justice in all criminal cases to the extent of imprisonment, but each capital offender "must be sent, with his sentence, to Holland."

Governor Minuit arrived at Manhattan in the ship *Sea-Mew*, at the beginning of May, 1626. So soon as he was installed in office, he opened negotiations with the Indians for the purchase of the island, so as to procure a more valid title to its possession than that of discovery and occupation. It was estimated that it contained about twenty-two thousand acres of land, and it was purchased for the West India Company for the sum of about twenty-four dollars. A fort was immediately staked out by the engineer Frederick, at the lower point of the island, where the "Battery" and its stately trees now are, the plan of which called for a work faced with stone and having four angles, by which the bay in front, and the East and Hudson Rivers on its flanks, might be commanded by cannon. Before the work was finished, it was named Fort Amsterdam, and afterward the city that grew up there was called New Amsterdam. It retained that name until the province was surrendered to the English, when it received the title of New York. The States-General constituted the province a county of Holland with an

armorial distinction of a count. Its great seal bore the device of a shield, with an escutcheon enclosed in a chain, emblematic of union, and bearing the figure of a beaver. The crest was the coronet of a count.

While Fort Amsterdam was a-building an event occurred, the sad effects of which were felt long afterwards. Two adult Indians and a small boy, of a tribe in Westchester county, went from their homes to the Dutch settlement with beaver-skins to barter with the Hollanders at the fort. They followed the beaten trail along the East River to Kip's Bay (foot of Thirty-fourth street), where it diverged westward to the pond and marsh formerly known as *The Collect*, on the borders of which, on Centre street, New York, the Halls of Justice or the "Tombs" now stand. Near that pond, three farm-servants in the employ of Governor Minuit, robbed the Indians of their property and then murdered the men. The boy escaped. He vowed vengeance; and in after years, when he was a stalwart brave, he fearfully executed his vow. The murder was unknown to the Dutch authorities for a long time, and the guilty men probably escaped punishment.

When the stock of the Dutch West India Company was secured, and the several boards of direction were chosen, the College of XIX gave to the Amsterdam Chamber the exclusive management of the affairs of the province of New Netherland. Brodhead enumerates among the prominent members of that Chamber, Jonas Witsen, Hendrick Hamel, Samuel Godyn, John de Laet, the historian; Killian Van Rensselaer, Michael Pauw, and Peter Evertsen Hulft. The names of these men were identified with the first European possession of the States of New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut. The Company took measures immediately to secure their title to the domain by more extended actual occupation. They had taken possession of the country before their final organization, by virtue of their charter, because they knew how jealous were the English; and to give a show of actual occupation, they had sent trading vessels which bore instructions to the officers at Manhattan and on the North River, and, as we have seen, proceeded to build fortifications.

Within seventeen years after the discoveries of Hudson, the foundations of the great commonwealth of New York were laid by *families*, most of whom were voluntary exiles from their native land for the sake of freedom of thought and action. These were the first seeds of the state. To these were added, at the season of germination, noble plants from Holland, of genuine Hollanders, who brought with them those principles of toleration which lie at the foundations of a truly Christian state and give it sustenance. The community of their capital was very soon as cosmopolitan as their mother city of Amsterdam, of which Andrew Marvell quaintly wrote:

"Hence Amsterdam, Turk, Christian, Pagan, Jew,
Staple of sects and mint of schism grew ;
That bank of conscience where not one so strange
Opinion, but finds credit and exchange ;
In vain for Catholics ourselves we bear—
The *Universal Church* is only there."

New Amsterdam gave to the state and nation a race in whose veins courses the blood of Teuton, Saxon, Celt and Gaul. The colonists from Holland exhibited, from the beginning, a more enlarged vision of the rights of conscience and respect for the dignity of personal freedom, than any other of the early American settlers. Their passion for far-reaching commerce and adventurous enterprise has ever hovered over Manhattan Island like a tutelar deity, during all its social and political vicissitudes, and has made New York City the commercial emporium of the Western Continent.



SEAL OF NEW NETHERLAND.



CHAPTER XVIII.

the Plymouth Company in Parliament—First Debate in Parliament on American Affairs—Grants of Territory East of Massachusetts—Sir William Alexander's Domain—Emigration Plan of Gorges and Mason—Settlers in New Hampshire—Dissolution of the Plymouth Company—Gorges Governor-General of New England—Founding of the Colony of New Hampshire—George Calvert (Lord Baltimore) Seeks a Charter for Maryland—His Son Receives It—Its Character—Voyage of Emigrants to Maryland—First Settlement in Maryland, and Founding of Its Capital.

WHILST French and English colonists from free Holland were planting settlements on the Delaware and Hudson Rivers and the borders of Cape Cod Bay, a seed-time had again begun on that portion of the soil of New England now covered by the States of New Hampshire and Maine. Sir Ferdinando Gorges was the chief promoter of this cultivation. He had been the controlling spirit in the Plymouth Company, from the beginning, and the chief instrument in procuring the despotic charter for the Plymouth Council. For its existence and powers he contended fearlessly before the hostile Parliament, standing firmly upon the king's prerogative. In that contest he had a powerful coadjutor in Sir George Calvert, a representative of Yorkshire, and who afterward became the founder of Maryland. Educated at Oxford; taught wisdom by travels; fostered in public life by Sir Robert Cecil, and through him advanced to the honors of knighthood; employed as one of the Secretaries of State when the Pilgrims were preparing to depart for America, and being possessed of a handsome person, winning manners and fluency of speech, he was very popular among all classes, and had been elected to a seat in the House of Commons by an immense majority. He had sought refuge from controversy (privately at first) in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. As that Church paid all due deference to the king as sovereign, it was not regarded with disfavor by James, and Sir George was an ever-welcome guest at the palace, for he was a thorough courtier.

It was a notable scene in the House of Commons, then convened for the first time in seven years, when Gorges appeared before that body to show cause why the charter should not be annulled, or its despotic powers abridged.

The king was present to defend his prerogative if it should be assailed. Gorges and Calvert were opposed by Sir Edwin Sandys, the wise statesman and friend of Virginia, and by the then venerable Sir Edward Coke, who had been Lord Chief-Justice of England. Coke was a member of Parliament and of the Privy Council, and he then began his famous contest with the king, which resulted in a curious exhibition of wrath and despotism on the part of James. Coke had procured the opposition of Parliament to the proposed marriage of the Prince of Wales to a Spanish princess, as dangerous to Protestantism in England. The angered king denounced the address which the House of Commons presented to him on the subject as an unlawful interference with his prerogative; mentioned the name of Coke, the author of it, as a culprit; and in a letter to the Speaker declared his intention to "punish any man's misdemeanor in Parliament as well during the sitting as after." This threat was aimed at Coke, who immediately moved a protestation for the privilege of the House, setting forth the right of every member to freedom of speech, and like "freedom from all impeachment, imprisonment or molestation," on account of anything said or done in Parliament. It was carried and entered in the journals. On hearing of this act, the king immediately prorogued or dissolved Parliament, sent for the journals of the House, and with his own hand tore out the offensive record. Then he caused the arrest of Coke and others, in execution of his threat, and confined him in the Tower several months, when he was released on the petition of Prince Charles.



SIR EDWARD COKE.

In the matter of the charter, Sandys pleaded for the freedom in fishing and of general commerce, which was then becoming the staple of wealth for England. "The fishermen hinder the plantations," replied Calvert; "they choke the harbors with their ballast, and waste the forests by improvident use. America is not annexed to the realm nor within the jurisdiction of Parliament; you have therefore no right to interfere." "We make laws for Virginia," said another member; "a bill passed by the Commons and the Lords, if it receives the king's assent, will control the patent." Sir Edward Coke argued with numerous references to the statutes of the realm, that as

the charter was granted without regard to pre-existing rights, it was necessarily void. This attack upon his prerogative aroused the angry monarch, who was sitting near the Speaker's chair, and he blurted out some silly words about the "divine right of kings," when the Commons, in defiance of his wrath, passed a bill giving freedom to commerce in spite of the charter. That bill had not gone through all the forms of legislation when the king broke up the Parliament for reasons just mentioned.

James, in the exercise of his prerogative, issued a proclamation forbidding any vessel to approach the shores of North Virginia without the special consent of the Plymouth Company. The Company commissioned Francis West admiral of New England, and sent him to protect their chartered rights. His police force was too feeble for so wide a domain, and the fishermen, in their fast-sailing shallops, eluded his grasp. The next Parliament proceeded to perfect what the former one had begun. The House was led by Coke, lately released from the Tower. "Your patent," he said to Gorges from the Speaker's chair, "contains many particulars contrary to the laws and privileges of the subject; it is a monopoly, and the ends of private gain are concealed under color of planting a colony." In debate, he said, "Shall none visit the sea-coast for fishing? This is to make a monopoly upon the seas, which want to be free. If you, alone, are to pack and dry fish, you attempt a monopoly of the wind and sun." The bill passed, but never received the signature of the king. The monopolists, discouraged by the opposition of the Commons, lowered their pretensions, and many of the patentees withdrew their interests in the Company. Those who remained, like Gorges, now did little more than issue grants of domain in the north-eastern parts of America.

This was the first debate on American affairs in the British Parliament; and it is a singular fact that in the course of it the supreme authority of the National Legislature over the American colonies was plainly asserted, the attempted exercise of which, in the matter of taxation, led to the old war for independence, one hundred and fifty years afterward, and the dismemberment of the British empire.

Before this disaster to the hopes of the Plymouth Company, grants of domain had been made. The first was to its secretary, Captain John Mason, who had been governor of Newfoundland. It embraced the country in Massachusetts between Salem and Newburyport, inland to the sources of the Merrimac River, and all the islands on its sea-front within three miles of the coasts. To forestall French settlements in the East, and to secure the country to Protestants, Gorges procured a grant to Sir William Alexander of the whole main eastward of the St. Croix River, excepting a small por-

tion of Acadie. Sir William was Secretary of State from Scotland, and author of a hundred sonnets and some dull tragedies. The domain was named New Scotland. The charter being in Latin, it was written *Nova Scotia*, and has ever since retained that name. The baronet was invested with the regal privileges of a count-palatine, in 1630, and was created Earl of Stirling and Viscount of Canada. The domain was created a fief or dependence of the Scottish crown, and an attempt was made to establish a Scotch settlement there. It failed. Alexander lacked the energy necessary for such an undertaking.

When the suit of Charles for the hand of the Spanish princess was ended, he sought and obtained that of Henriette Marie, sister of the King of France. Their marriage, in 1625, promised friendly relations between the two countries, notwithstanding she was a Roman Catholic; but the folly and baseness of the Duke of Buckingham, the court favorite, who had negotiated the union, soon plunged the two nations into war, the effects of which were seen in America. Sir David Kirke was sent with ships and soldiers to conquer Canada; and then occurred the surrender of Quebec to the English, mentioned in a previous chapter. It was a barren victory, for at almost the same time, Canada, Cape Breton, and undefined Acadie were restored to the French by treaty.

Meanwhile, Gorges and Mason had projected plans for a very extensive colonization. They obtained a patent for the country along the coast of New England between the Merrimac and Kennebec Rivers, and back to the St. Lawrence, under the title of the "Province of Laconia." It was represented to be a terrestrial paradise in beauty and fertility. Settlements at various points were projected and attempted, but none seem to have become permanent until about the year 1630. Mason and Gorges had agreed to divide their territory at the Piscataqua River, and in 1629 the former obtained a patent for the country between that river and the Merrimac, and gave it the name of New Hampshire. He built a house at the mouth of the Piscataqua, in 1631, and named the spot Portsmouth. He had been governor of Portsmouth, in Hampshire county, England, and these names he transferred to his new territory and first permanent settlement. Four years afterwards he died. His widow tried in vain to manage his large landed estate profitably. It passed into the possession of his retainers in payment for their services. These settlers were now left to themselves to fashion an independent state, but it was of slow growth. There was then only one agricultural settlement in all New England, excepting in Massachusetts, and scarcely the germ of a state had appeared. The colonists were mostly squatters, and moved frequently from place to place. They were

chiefly hunters and fishermen, and cultivated the soil only for the production of a few vegetables and a little maize or Indian corn. Their huts were scattered along the harbors; and when some families came to Maine to establish a farming community, they were laughed at by the older residents as visionaries, and they went to the Plymouth colony. The whole enterprise was unprofitable to the proprietors. From the beginning the expenses had been greater than the receipts, and now the jealousy of different parties threatened the Company with utter ruin, whilst the French, resolved to maintain their hold upon New France, were building huts at the mouth of the Penobscot, and threatening to seize the territory between that river and the Kennebec. The Indians, too, were showing restlessness.



FISHERMEN ON THE COAST OF NEW ENGLAND.

In this unpromising state of the affairs of the Plymouth Company, Gorges was again summoned before the House of Commons to show cause why the charter should not be revoked. The merchants were restive under the restrictions of the monopoly; the Commons regarded it as a royal instrument; churchmen looked upon it as a foe to prelacy, because Puritans were sheltered on its domain; and the new king, Charles (whose father had died in 1625), suspected the New England colonists were enjoying liberties inconsistent with the royal prerogative. Charles was as bigoted a believer in the divine right of kings as his father, and that belief manifested in practice proved his ruin.

Gorges defended the Company against the various charges with vigor, but

he and his associates perceived that further contention for its existence would be useless. Therefore they prepared for its dissolution by dividing North Virginia into twelve royal provinces, assigning each to persons named; and at their last meeting in April, 1635, they caused to be entered upon their minutes the following record: "We have been bereaved of friends; oppressed by losses, expenses and troubles; assailed before the Privy Council again and again with groundless charges; and weakened by the French and other foes without and within the realm, and what remains is only a breathless carcass. We, therefore, now resign the patent to the king, first reserving all grants by us made and all vested rights—a patent we have holden about fifteen years."

The king appointed eleven of his Privy Council a "Board of Lords Commissioners of all the American Plantations," and committed to them the general direction of colonial affairs. Gorges, then sixty years of age, and robust in mind and body, was appointed Governor-General over New England. A ship-of-war was in preparation to bring him to America, but was broken in the launching, and the baronet never crossed the Atlantic Ocean. His nephew, William Gorges, was sent over as his lieutenant, to administer the government. He made his headquarters at Saco, where he found about one hundred and fifty inhabitants governed by a voluntary social compact. There he established a regular government on the 28th of March, 1636, the first within the State of Maine. Soon afterward a royal charter made the elder Gorges lord proprietor of a large territory in that region, called the "Province or County of Maine." Gratified by this mark of royal favor, he began energetically in his old age to devise laws for his palatinate, such as a soldier and royalist would be likely to conceive, but they were little heeded in America. Gorges lived eight years in the enjoyment of his vice-regal honors, and soon after his death his province passed under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts.

Feeble and scattered settlements grew in New Hampshire, and in 1641 these formed a union with the flourishing Massachusetts colony, and remained a part of that province until 1680, when the king ordered their separation, and the more feeble partner became a royal province. Its first governor (John Cutts) was appointed by the Crown, who was assisted by a council also made by royal appointment; and there was a house of representatives elected by the people. Then was laid the foundation of the Commonwealth of *New Hampshire*.

Sir George Calvert has been alluded to as the founder of Maryland. He was a thorough courtier, and one of the most brilliant and able of the supporters of the royal prerogative. King James knighted him in 1617, and in

1619 he was commissioned one of the principal Secretaries of State. He was then thirty-seven years of age. For a few years afterward he was one of the most active of James's courtiers.

Calvert had taken great interest from early youth in the discovery and settlement of foreign countries. He was a member of the East India Company, and also of the London Company, by whom Virginia was colonized. The same year when the *May-Flower* came to America, he purchased a part of Newfoundland, and named his domain *Avalon*. He at once took vigorous measures for planting an English colony there, but failed. At about the same time his son Cecil married the beautiful Anne, daughter of the Earl of Arundel, who was a member of the Roman Catholic Church. This union brought him into more intimate relations with distinguished persons of that sect. Among them was Gondamar, the Spanish ambassador in London, and Tillières, the French ambassador at the same court. The influence of these men soon wrought a change in Calvert's religious thoughts. He became an advocate for the Spanish match, on the floor of the House of Commons; and he inflamed the resentment of King James against that body by giving him a highly-colored account of their proceedings in the matter. Finally, in the summer of 1624, his adherence to the Church of Rome became so palpable, that he was compelled to abandon the Secretaryship. Early the following March, James gave him an Irish peerage by creating him "Baron of Baltimore in the County of Longford." Sixteen days afterward the monarch died. When his successor came to White Hall and the oath of allegiance and supremacy was offered to Lord Baltimore as one of the Privy Council, he declined to take it, and retired to Ireland bearing a cordial letter of introduction and good-will from his king to the Lord Deputy of that country.

The Roman Catholics of England were suffering much persecution at that time from the Puritans on one side, who were daily increasing in strength, and from the Churchmen on the other; and Lord Baltimore desired to provide an asylum for them in America. In the summer of 1627 he visited Avalon to inspect it in person, with a view of planting a Roman Catholic colony there. He went in a ship armed with twenty cannon, as a protection against the French. A few friends and some priests accompanied him. After remaining a few months he returned to England, and the next spring he sailed again for Newfoundland with his second wife and all his children, excepting the married ones.

The following winter was a very severe one. In the spring he sent his children home; and at the beginning of autumn, with his wife and retainers, he sailed for Virginia, arriving at Jamestown in October. When he appeared

before Governor Harvey and his council, and was asked what his purpose was, he answered: "To plant and dwell." "Will you take the oath which we all have taken?" asked the governor. "I cannot with a good conscience," his lordship answered. "Then you must leave with the first ship hence to England," said Harvey. He did so, leaving his wife and retainers to winter in Virginia. He returned for them in 1630, and brought with him a patent from King Charles for a territory south of the James River, for the rigors of the climate and the barrenness of the soil of Avalon, and the menaces of the French, had determined him to abandon his domain on Newfoundland. The Virginia Company made so much opposition to his new charter that he was induced to surrender it and accept one for territory north and east of the Potomac River, and embracing the Chesapeake Bay, which he had explored.

Lord Baltimore desired to call that chartered domain *Crescentia*; but in deference to the king, when the charter was drawn up, the space for the name was left blank that his Majesty might fill it as he pleased. When Baltimore appeared before Charles to receive his signature to the document, the monarch asked: "What will you call the country?" His lordship referred the matter to his Majesty. "Then let us name it after the queen," said Charles. "What do you think of Mariana?" The expert courtier dissented, because that was the name of the Spanish historian who taught the heresy that "the will of the people is higher than the law of tyrants." The king, still disposed to compliment his queen, said: "Let it be *Terra Maria*"—Mary Land. So it was that in the charter the province was named *Maryland*, in honor of Queen Henriettè Marie. Before the great seal of England was affixed to the patent, Lord Baltimore died in London. His son Cecil, the successor to his estates and titles, received the charter a few months afterward, dated June 20, 1632. The territory defined in the patent extended along each side of Chesapeake Bay from the fortieth degree to the mouth of the Potomac, and westward along the line of that river.

The Maryland charter, it is said, was drawn up by the hand of the first Lord Baltimore. It was evidently copied, substantially, from the one granted by Charles to his Attorney-General, Sir Robert Heath, for "*Carolina*," a territory south of the Roanoke River. It gave greater democratic privileges to the settlers under it than any yet issued by monopolist or monarch. It declared that the territory was "out of the plenitude of royal power;" the people were exempted from taxation by the crown except by their own consent; and other important political privileges were secured to them. It silently allowed religious toleration. While it directed the dedication and consecration of "churches, chapels, and places of worship" in

accordance with the prescriptions of the ecclesiastical laws of England, the matter of a state theology was left entirely untouched, and within the legislative power of the colonists themselves. This toleration was a wise provision. It promoted the growth of the colony when it was established, for those who were persecuted by the Puritans of New England and the Churchmen of Virginia, went thither and found a refuge and peace. The charter also provided that the proprietary should have "free, full, and absolute power to enact all laws necessary for the common good, not, however, with-



CECIL, LORD BALTIMORE

out the 'advice, consent, and approbation of the freemen of the province' or their representatives convoked in general assembly." This was the first instance of any provision having been made in an American patent for securing to the citizen a share in legislation.

Armed with this charter, young Lord Baltimore set about the business of colonizing his domain, not for an asylum for his persecuted co-religionists, but chiefly for pecuniary gain. He appointed his half-brother, Leonard

Calvert, governor, and on the 22d of November, 1633, that kinsman and his brother, "with very near twenty other gentlemen of very good fashion, and three hundred laboring men" (so Lord Baltimore wrote to Wentworth, afterward Earl of Stafford), sailed from Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, in two ships, the *Ark* and *Dove*. The Calverts and the other "gentlemen" and some of the laborers were Roman Catholics, but a greater portion of the latter were Protestants, who took the oath of supremacy before leaving England. The emigrants were accompanied by two Jesuit priests, Fathers Andrew White and John Altham. They performed religious ceremonies at the point of departure, while a gentle east wind was blowing, "committing the principal parts of the ship to the protection of God especially, and of His most Holy Mother, and St. Ignatius, and all the guardian angels of Maryland."

The colonists took the tedious southern route by way of the Canaries and the West Indies. They had just escaped the perils of The Needles on the coast of the Isle of Wight, when the fear of the Turkish cruisers, then the terror of all Christian seamen, took possession of them. This fear was soon allayed by the appearance of a large English merchantman called *The Dragon*, well armed and bound for Angola, which would convoy them beyond the line of danger. When only two days out, they were overtaken by a furious gale. The *Dragon* turned back; the emigrant vessels went forward. The tempest increased when the night came on. The people of the *Dove*, the smaller vessel, notified the officers of the staunch *Ark* that in case of danger they would hang out a lighted lantern at the masthead. That signal of distress appeared at midnight for a few minutes, and then suddenly vanished. "All are lost!" thought the tenants of the *Ark*, and they grieved sorely. They had no doubt the *Dove*, with her precious freight of Christians, had gone to the bottom of the sea.

For three days the tempest swept the ocean, when suddenly the clouds gathered in fearful tumult, rain fell in torrents, and for a few minutes a dreadful hurricane threatened instant destruction to all in its path. It seemed as if "all the malicious spirits of the storm, and all the evil genii of Maryland had come forth to battle" against the good ship. Her mainsail was split from top to bottom; her rudder was unshipped, and she was left at the mercy of the winds and waves. In mortal terror the emigrants fell on their knees and prayed; and the Roman Catholics uttered vows in honor of "the Blessed Virgin Mary and her Immaculate Conception; of St. Ignatius, the patron saint of Maryland; St. Michael, and all the guardian angels of the same country." "I had betaken myself to prayer," says Father White, from whose narrative I have quoted, "when the sea was raging its worst, and (may this be to the glory of God) I had scarcely finished, when they

observed that the storm was abating." After that the voyagers had delightful weather for three months, on the sea and on the land.

The *Ark* steered for Bonavista, one of the Cape de Verd islands, but altered her course and entered a harbor of the island of Barbadoes, on the eastern verge of the Antilles, where her people, all regarded as Roman Catholics, were coldly received, and charged extravagant prices for the provisions which they were compelled to purchase. The voyagers there learned that they had escaped a Spanish fleet lying at Bonavista, and also another peril in the port at which they had arrived. The slaves on the island had conspired to murder their masters, seize the first ship that should appear, and put to sea. The conspiracy had just been discovered, and its cruel purposes arrested. Their eyes were now greeted by the arrival there of the pinnacle *Dove*, after a separation of six weeks. In the terrible gale she had put back while her lantern was at the masthead, and took refuge in the Scilly Isles, whence she sailed with a fair wind in search of her consort. After perilous wanderings over the waters, the *Dove* returned to the *Ark*.

The emigrants left Barbadoes after a short sojourn there, passed several islands of the Antilles, near one of which they encountered canoes full of naked and painted cannibals, and late in February they sailed in between the Capes of Virginia. They touched at Point Comfort and then went up to Jamestown, where royal letters borne by Calvert secured for them a friendly reception from Governor Harvey. Nine days they tarried pleasantly there, and then sailed for the Chesapeake and entered the broad mouth of the Potomac River. They were delighted with the great stream and the scenery on its banks, and gave to it the name of St. Gregory, in honor of the canonized Pope of that name. "Never have I beheld a larger or more beautiful river," wrote Father White. "The Thames seems a mere rivulet in comparison with it; it is not disfigured by any swamps, but has firm land on each side. Fine groves of trees appear, not choked with briers or bushes or undergrowth, but growing at intervals as if planted by the hand of man, so that you can drive a four-horse carriage, wherever you choose, through the midst of the trees. Just at the mouth of the river we saw the natives in arms. That night fires blazed throughout the whole country, and since they had never seen so large a ship, messengers were sent in all directions, who reported that a canoe, like an island, had come with as many men as there were trees in the woods."

The colonists sailed up the Potomac to the Heron Islands, and on Blackstone (which they named St. Clements) they landed at a little past the middle of March. The air was balmy, and sweet with opening spring flowers, and birds were filling the groves with rich melody. The shy natives

came to them one after another, and were disarmed of all hostility by the kindness of the Britons. There, on the feast of the Annunciation (March 25th), the priests, in full canonicals, performed religious services, and administered the Lord's Supper for the first time in all that savage region. Then the whole company followed Governor Calvert and the priests in procession, bearing a huge cross which they had fashioned from a tree, and planted the symbol of Christianity and civilization at a chosen spot. The Roman Catholics, on bended knees, recited the "Litanies of the Sacred Cross" according to the Italian ritual. On the verge of the forest shadows, as wondering spectators of the strange scene, stood groups of savage men, women and children, clad in scanty and picturesque garments, with their emperor and his queen. He was at the head of a tribe called the Piscataways, and ruled over several small principalities, as did Powhatan, in Virginia.

Calvert proceeded at once to pay a visit of ceremony to the emperor to make a treaty of friendship and secure his influence over the surrounding tribes in favor of the colonists. In the *Dove* and another pinnacle which they had procured at Jamestown, the governor, with Father Altham and a part of the emigrants, sailed up the river, leaving the *Ark* at anchor. Indians appeared here and there along the shores for a few minutes, and then disappeared in the woods, fleeing in alarm. They finally reached the village of Potomac, near Mount Vernon, whose king was a youth, and the people were ruled by his uncle as regent. Their fears were soon overcome, and Father Altham, through an interpreter from Jamestown, explained that their object in coming was to teach the Indians to lead better lives, and to live with them as brothers. The old sachem welcomed them, saying: "We will use one table—my people shall hunt for my pale-faced brother, and all things shall be in common between us."

The colonists, pleased with this peaceful conquest, went on to Piscataway, where they found five hundred warriors ready to dispute their landing. A parley ensued which ended in the emperor's venturing on board the *Dove*, where he was soon satisfied that his visitors were peaceful and powerful. He readily gave them permission to settle anywhere within his empire, near him or more distant. Calvert thought it better to settle nearer the mouth of the Potomac, and returned to St. Clements. There he found the natives very friendly and familiar, and watching with marvelling eyes the building of a brigantine, of timber brought over from England. They supposed the floating vessels had been each hollowed out of a single tree, as were their own canoes, and concluded England must be a mighty country where such big trees grew. They were awed by the flash and roar of the cannon, supposing them to be lightning and thunder under the control of the visitors.

The governor now explored the Wicomico River emptying into another (which they called St. George) twelve miles upward, and anchored at an Indian village of the same name, where he and his company were hospitably entertained that night, after holding a friendly conference with the reigning sachem, who gave up his own mat to Calvert to sleep on. The interpreter explained the object of the visit. The sachem said but little, but told them to examine the country. The governor did so the next day. Pleased



BUILDING OF A BRIGANTINE.

with the situation, the soil and the forest growth, he determined to plant his first settlement there, and make Wicomico the capital. He possessed delegated power to take possession of the country without leave or reward, in accordance with the custom of the strong mailed hand of Europeans at that time, whose creed ran—"We believe that Might makes Right," but *he* believed it to be more noble and wise to be just. He believed, too, that there was more worldly profit in honor than in dishonor—that "honesty" was "the best policy," and found it so. He entered into a treaty with the sachem for the *purchase* of a large portion of his domain. It was concluded; and Calvert gave the Indians some English cloth, axes, hoes, rakes, knives, and some trinkets for the women of little real value, for about thirty miles of territory, including the village; and he named the domain "Augusta Carolina." The Indians gave up to the colonists, for their immediate use, one-half of their village. Their houses were of "an oblong, oval shape," with a window in the roof which admitted light and also permitted the smoke to escape from the fire built in the centre of the room. They also agreed to give to the settlers one-half of their corn-grounds, which they were then planting, reserving the residue for their own use until the harvest should be gathered, when the whole of the purchased domain was to be

given up to the Britons. They mutually agreed that if an injury should be done by one party, full satisfaction should be given by the other; and there was a tacit understanding that they should be allies in war. The king regarded this as essential; indeed it was the most cogent argument in favor of his making a treaty, for he wished a powerful ally, his territory having been desolated and his subjects driven from their homes, by the powerful "Susquehanocs" of the North.

On the 27th of March, 1634, Calvert took formal possession of the territory. The vessels came from St. Clements with the remainder of the emigrants, and when they landed, a cannon was fired to commemorate their arrival at the end of their weary wanderings. They built a store-house and a small battery and planted a portion of the soil. Then the governor, on a warm day in April, proceeded with a part of the company to a chosen spot fragrant with wild-flowers, about a mile from the river, where he laid out a capital city that was dedicated, with imposing religious ceremonies, to "the Blessed Virgin Mary," and was named St. Mary's. There the settlers immediately began to build, and were aided by the really gentle Indians. While they were so engaged, they were visited by Governor Harvey, of Virginia, who came in a pinnace with some of his councillors. Governor Calvert received him on board the *Ark* with great ceremony, and gave a banquet there to which several of the neighboring chiefs were invited. To the king of Patuxent, reigning eastward of St. Mary's, special attention was paid, for he was a conspicuous friend of the white people. He was seated at table between the two governors, when one of his followers seeing him there, and suspecting there was some evil design against his sovereign, would have leaped overboard, swam ashore, sped to his people and aroused them to arms with possible disastrous consequences, had he not been restrained by those near him, and assured by the king that all was right. When the warrior's suspicions were allayed and he was pacified, the monarch of the Patuxent addressed the other chiefs present, saying: "I love the English so well, that if they should go about to kill me, and I had so much breath as to speak, I would command the people not to avenge my death; for I know they do no such thing, except it were through mine own fault."

These settlers seem to have been exempted from the distresses which had befallen the earlier emigrants to other colonies. The surrounding native inhabitants were friendly; they had a genial climate; general good health prevailed; they had abundance of food, and the soil yielded to moderate tillage abundant fruit. They were vested with peculiar civil privileges; were not hampered by ecclesiastical restrictions; and a year after they had established their capital at St. Mary's, a legislative assembly, composed of the

whole people—a purely democratic legislature—convened there. As their numbers increased by emigration, this method of legislation was found to be inconvenient, and in 1639 a representative government was established, the people being allowed to send as many delegates as they pleased. Then was founded the republican commonwealth of *Maryland*. It had been founded in justice, and by the exercise of kindness toward the native inhabitants; and, but for the wickedness of ambitious men, the white people and the Indians might have lived together in perfect harmony, for the savages were easily and powerfully impressed with a sense of gratitude for good treatment. This trait was exhibited by the king of the Piscataways, the most powerful tribe in Maryland. He was taken sick and forty conjurers tried to cure him by conjurations. He grew worse, when Father White asked and obtained permission to treat him. The priest gave him some medicine and bled him, when the king soon recovered his health. Grateful for the blessing, he begged the priest to baptize him, his queen, and their daughter, to prepare them to enter the Christian Church. In a chapel built of bark for the occasion, they and some chiefs were baptized; and in the afternoon the king and his queen were married according to Christian rites. Their daughter, as I have observed elsewhere, was sent to St. Mary's, to be educated.



CHAPTER XIX.

Claims of the Dutch in New England—A Dutch Embassy to the Pilgrims—The Capital of the Pilgrims—The Dutch and English in the Valley of the Connecticut—First English Settlement There—The Dutch Exasperate the Indians—Emigration of Puritans to the Connecticut Valley—Conflicting Claims to the Territory—Hooker's Emigration—The Pequods Jealous—War with the Pequods—Their Destruction.

WE have observed that the Dutch who founded New Netherland and the city of New Amsterdam (now New York) extended their explorations and traffic east, west, north, and south. They even went as far as Narraganset and Cape Cod bays in search of the beaver and otter. As Captain Block had discovered the Connecticut River and named it the Fresh-Water, and had looked into Narraganset Bay, the Dutch felt that they had a legal claim upon those regions according to the English doctrine concerning the right of discovery. So early as 1623, the agent of the Dutch West India Company seems to have taken possession of the Connecticut River and the lands drained by its tributaries, in the name of the Company and of the States-General of Holland.

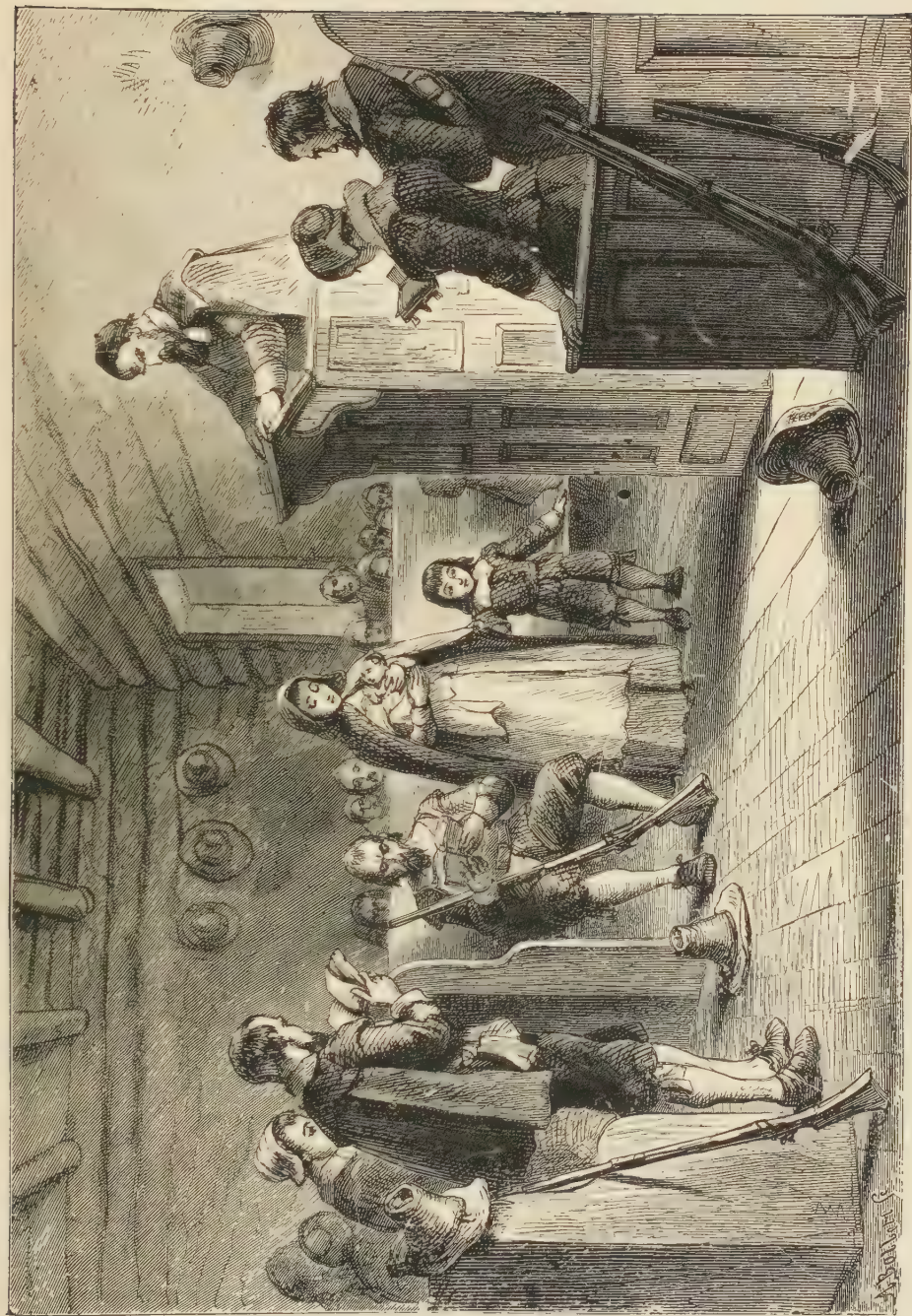
A peaceful and profitable trade might have been carried on with the natives of the Connecticut Valley, by the Dutch, had not the latter exasperated the Indians by the seizure of one of their chiefs and demanding a heavy ransom for his release. The savages threatened the intruders with violence, and the Dutch began to build a stockade fort for their own protection, at what is yet known as Dutch Point, near the City of Hartford. Wrath prevailed a long time. At length the Indians were pacified, and at their request the Dutch abandoned the fort.

A friendly intercourse was now opened between the Dutch on Manhattan and the English at New Plymouth. In the spring of 1627, Isaac de Rasieres, secretary of the colony of New Netherland, by order of Governor Minuit, wrote a letter to Governor Bradford, of Plymouth, officially informing him of the founding of a settlement and province on the Mauritius or Hudson's River, and assuring him that the Hollanders wished to cultivate friendly and commercial relations with the Pilgrims. Bradford reciprocated

these friendly professions, but in his reply he warned the Dutch not to occupy or to trade in the country north of the fortieth degree of latitude, as that region was claimed by the Council of New England. He wished to maintain friendly relations with New Netherland, and proposed not to molest the Dutch provided they would refrain from trading with the natives on the waters at the very doors of the English. Minuit replied courteously, but firmly, that the Dutch had a right to traffic with the Narragansets as they had done for years. "As the English claim authority under the king of England," said Minuit, "so we derive ours from the States-General in Holland." Bradford was not disposed to contend, for obvious reasons. "For strength of men and fortification," he wrote to the Council for New England, "they [the Dutch] far excel us and all in this land."

Bradford made no reply to Minuit's letter. The latter finally sent a messenger to New Plymouth to invite the governor to send a deputy to Manhattan to confer orally with the authorities there. The messenger took with him a "rundlet of sugar and two Holland cheeses" as a present for Bradford, who entertained him generously in return. It was agreed that a commission should be sent to New Plymouth from Manhattan to confer upon all matters of intercourse. With De Rasieres at their head, such commissioners sailed in a bark laden with wampum and other things for traffic, and when they landed near one of the outposts of the Plymouth colony, the echoes of the forest and the attention of the Pilgrims were awakened by the braying of trumpets at the lips of sturdy Dutchmen. With the same noise the commissioners entered New Plymouth. They were hospitably entertained for several days at the table of the governor, whereat probably sat Elder Brewster, Miles Standish, Edward Winslow, Dr. Fuller and other passengers of the *May-Flower*. There the commissioners attended public worship on the Sabbath, of which De Rasieres gave a vivid account in a letter. "They assemble," he said, "by beat of drum, each with his musket or fire-lock in front of the captain's door. They have their cloaks on, and place themselves in order, three abreast, and are led by a sergeant without beat of drum. Behind comes the governor in a long robe. Beside him, on the right hand, comes the preacher, with his cloak on; on the left hand the captain, with his side-arms and his cloak on, and with a small cane in his hand. And so they march in good order, and each sets his arms down near him. Thus they are constantly on their guard, night and day," for they had excited the anger of the Indians.

The secretary also graphically described New Plymouth. "It lies on a slope," he said. "The houses are constructed of hewn planks, with gardens also inclosed behind and at the sides with hewn timber; so that their houses



PUBLIC WORSHIP AT PLYMOUTH BY THE PILGRIMS

and court-yards are arranged in very good order, with a stockade against a sudden attack. At the ends of the streets are three wooden gates. In the centre, on the cross street, stands the governor's house, before which is a square inclosure, upon which four swivels are mounted, so as to flank along the streets. Upon the hill they have a large square house with a flat roof, made of thick sawn plank, stayed with oak beams; upon the tops of which they have six cannon, which shoot iron balls of four and five pounds weight, and command the surrounding country. The lower part they use for their church, where they preach on Sundays and the usual holidays." Such was the capital of the English colony six years after they had landed from the *May-Flower*, and at the time of the embassy of Secretary Rasieres. That



THE DUTCH ENTERING NEW PLYMOUTH.

mission opened a profitable trade between the two settlements, and led to the speedy planting of an English colony in the Valley of the Connecticut.

With a keen eye to self-interest, the Dutch advised the Pilgrims to leave their more sterile soil and make their home in the beautiful and fertile country on the banks of the Fresh-Water River, under the jurisdiction of New Netherland. The fertility of that region was set forth in glowing terms; and the stories of the Dutch were confirmed by native chiefs. One of these, of the Mohegan tribe, whose council fire was on the eastern bank of the Hudson, visited Governor Winthrop, of Massachusetts, in 1631, and with self-interest as strong as that of the Dutch, but rather more artfully concealed, he urged them to settle in the Connecticut Valley. He offered to give them lands, and an annual tribute of corn and beaver skins, if they would do so. The Mohegan chief's prime object was to so plant a barrier between his people and the powerful and warlike Pequods, whose seat was on the hills that stretch between New London and Stonington. The Puri-

tans saw the selfish policy of both parties under the thin disguise of friendship, and declined to move in a body. They would not consent to become subjects of the Dutch nor to be made shields for the savages.

The stories of the "pleasant meadows" along the Connecticut River excited the attention of the English, and in 1632 Edward Winslow visited that region. He was delighted with the country, and confirmed all that Dutch ambassadors and traders and savage chieftains had said about it. The fame of it had already reached Old England, and two years before Winslow's visit, the Council for New England had granted the soil of that region to the Earl of Warwick. That nobleman conveyed his chartered rights to the domain to other parties (Lords Say and Seal, Lord Brook, Mr. Saltonstall and others,) in 1632. In that conveyance the territory was defined as extending, "in a certain width throughout the main lands there, from the Western [Atlantic] Ocean to the South Sea" or the Pacific Ocean. These parties did not take immediate steps for colonizing the Connecticut Valley, and the ever-vigilant Dutch got there before them. The Dutch purchased the territory of the Indians, the rightful owners, and Commissioner Van Curler completed the redoubt already begun on Dutch Point, named it Fort Good Hope, and armed it with cannon.

Governor Bradford and Edward Winslow visited Governor Winthrop at Boston, and proposed an alliance for the purpose of taking immediate possession of the valley. Winthrop refused to join them in such an enterprise, but thought it necessary, in some formal way, to assert, promptly and firmly, the jurisdiction of the English over that now coveted region. He sent his bark the *Blessing of the Bay* on a trading voyage along Long Island Sound, her captain bearing a message to Manhattan, declaring that the "King of England had granted the river and country of Connecticut to his own subjects," and that the Dutch must "forbear to build there." The messenger and his companions were kindly treated by Governor Van Twiller, Minuit's successor, who, in a courteous letter to Winthrop, requested him to defer the "pretense or claim" to the Connecticut until their respective governments should agree upon the limit of the colonies. At the same time Van Twiller informed Winthrop that the Dutch had already purchased the soil and "set up a house with intent to plant."

These Dutchmen and initial "Yankees" were now playing a sharp game in diplomacy, with soft words. The Yankees outwitted the Dutchmen, and the Plymouth people outgeneraled those at Boston at first. At Plymouth was a company of "banished Indians"—families driven from the Connecticut Valley, with their chief, by the Pequods. From these the Plymouth settlers purchased a tract of land above Fort Good Hope. They prepared a

house of wood, which they stowed in pieces on board of a bark commanded by Captain William Holmes. In this bark sailed the fugitive savages and some Englishmen, and went up the Connecticut River. When they approached Fort Good Hope, the commander of the fort hailed the little craft and demanded of Captain Holmes whither he was going, and for what purpose. "Up the river to trade!" answered the skipper. This little fib did not satisfy the suspicious Dutchmen, who rightly supposed that the intruders had orders to *settle* rather than to *trade*. "Heave to!" shouted the commander of the garrison standing by the side of a heavy gun, "or I'll shoot." "I must obey my commands," said the intrepid Holmes, and sailed by. The Dutchmen blustered, but did not shoot. The English landed above; hastily erected the house they had brought with them, and took possession of the country. They sent the bark back, palisaded their house, and prepared to maintain their position. This house was built on the site of Windsor, in Connecticut. So was begun the first English settlement in that region in the autumn of 1633.



WINTHROP AND VAN TWILLER'S LETTER.

When Van Twiller heard of this impertinent intrusion, he sent to Van Curler, at Good Hope, a protest to be delivered to Holmes, and a peremptory order for the latter to "depart forthwith with all his people and houses"—from that Dutch domain. "I am here," replied Holmes, "in the name of the King of England, whose servant I am, and here I will remain." Van Twiller stormed at this defiance, but prudently referred the matter to his superiors at Amsterdam. Before an answer could arrive, the subject became mixed with another of a serious nature. A Captain Stone had been on a trading voyage from Massachusetts to Virginia, and on his return ran

into and up the Connecticut River to traffic with the Dutch garrison at Good Hope. He and his companions were treacherously seized and murdered by Pequods on the banks of the stream. This crime was soon followed by the massacre of some Indians friendly to the Dutch. Then Van Curler seized a guilty old sachem and some of his followers, and hanged them. This exasperated the Pequods. They flew to arms and declared war against the Dutch. They sought the friendship of the English, and for this purpose they sent four or five ambassadors to Boston to negotiate a treaty. These ambassadors appeared before the governor in all the barbaric splendor of paint and rich skins, gorgeous feathers and rude ornaments. A treaty was made which provided that the Pequods, in consideration of the passive friendship of the English, were to surrender to the latter the Connecticut Valley and the remaining two murderers of Captain Stone's party, and pay a large tribute of wampum and beaver-skins. So Winthrop gained a great advantage over Bradford in the accession of territory, and both parties won powerful allies, as they supposed, in the work of expelling the Dutch from the Connecticut Valley. At the same time, the position and security of the settlers at Windsor were strengthened.

At about this time, Van Twiller received instructions from Amsterdam, to maintain possession of the Connecticut at all hazards. He sent seventy men with arquebuses, swords, trumpets, and banners to dislodge the settlers at Windsor. The latter made a bold stand. After much blustering and a great deal of noise, there was a parley, when the Dutch withdrew and friendly relations were established. The region was opened for an influx of immigrants from Massachusetts Bay. Permission for such immigration was given by the authorities there, without any territorial restraints. The question to whom does the Valley of the Connecticut belong—to the Dutch, the Pilgrims at Plymouth, the Puritans at Boston, or to the savages? was not considered; and in the autumn of 1635, sixty men, women, and children from the Puritan settlements journeyed westward through the forests to join the colony planted by Holmes at Windsor. During the previous summer, a few pioneers had explored the country. They went from Dorchester and Watertown to the beautiful valley, and their report stimulated emigration.

The exodus from Massachusetts Bay began late in October, when frost and snow-flurries were prophesying of an early coming of winter. With oxen for tillage and beasts of burden, and cows for the production of food, these emigrants made their way on foot through the pathless woods a hundred miles or more, sometimes wading many swamps, sometimes climbing rugged hills or fording swift streams, the men carrying the smaller children,

and the larger ones with their mothers trudging after. At the end of a wearisome journey of a month's duration, they descended into the Connecticut Valley, then white with snow, and found the river so hard frozen that a vessel which had been sent with supplies could not ascend it. It never tried to navigate that stream, for it was wrecked on the rocks near Point Judith in a gale.

At Wethersfield, and on the site of Hartford, these immigrants built log huts in the snow, and there they passed a dreary, bitter winter in great privation, for a vessel in which had been sent clothing and household furniture



EMIGRANTS ON THEIR WAY TO THE CONNECTICUT.

was kept back by the ice. Snow fell to a great depth. Many cattle suffered and perished from want of food, and the settlers were threatened with the horrors of famine. In the face of this impending peril many of them made their way to the mouth of the river in the vain expectation of finding their food-bearing vessel, which, alas! had been beaten into pieces on the rocks.

When almost despairing, another vessel appeared, in which they sailed to Boston. The settlers whom they left behind subsisted much of the time upon acorns, Indian corn and malt, until the spring opened and supplies were sent to them from Massachusetts, then rapidly filling with emigrants. Twenty vessels had brought three thousand colonists to its shores during the year 1635.

Governor Winthrop's son John, then twenty-nine years of age, arrived at Boston from England in October. He bore a commission as governor of the Connecticut territory, from the proprietors of the soil. With him came Hugh Peters, his senior by six years, and Henry Vane, only twenty-four years of age, who were joint commissioners with him, instructed to build a fort and plant a colony at the mouth of the Connecticut River. They were directed to gather the scattered settlers near the fort; but these were left where they had planted themselves. Other measures were taken to secure the possession of the territory and peace of the colony. Governor Bradford had denounced as "an unrighteous and injurious intrusion," the settling of Massachusetts people upon the lands on the Connecticut which the Plymouth people had purchased from the Indians, not considering that the "Plymothians," as the Dutch called them, were equally intruders upon the territory of New Netherland, according to English doctrine. And the Connecticut commissioners perfected their usurpation of the territorial authority of the Netherlands by driving away, by force of arms, a Dutch vessel which came into the river to protect the rights of the West India Company. "Might makes right," was the stern rule among the nations then; and the cannon at the mouth of the river gave a warrant for the more important emigration of the English to the Connecticut Valley, which occurred in the summer of 1636. The dispute with the Plymouth people was amicably settled.

Arrangements having been made for the accommodation of new settlers on the site of Hartford, the Rev. Thomas Hooker, a zealous non-conformist minister, who came to Boston from his refuge in Holland, in 1633, led a company of one hundred men, women, and children thither in the summer of 1636. He was accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Stone. Their followers consisted of their families and congregations. The emigrants drove before them one hundred and sixty head of cattle. The cows of the herd, pasturing in grassy savannas which they found on the way, gave them an ample supply of fresh milk. They had no pathway, and were guided only by a compass. Through thickets and morasses, and over streams they made their way, clearing away here with axes, making causeways and bridges there with felled trees, and resting in shady groves. The women and children were conveyed in wagons drawn by oxen, and Mrs. Hooker, who was an invalid, was carried on a horse litter.

The company had ample provisions and were regaled on the way by delicious strawberries growing in abundance in open places. The songs of birds and the fragrance of flowers afforded them exquisite delight in the midst of the weariness of travel. They made easy stages, consuming a fortnight in the journey of a hundred miles. It was ended when, on the fourth of July, they stood on the beautiful banks of the Connecticut, under the shadows of great trees and trailing vines, and sang hymns of praise to the Good Father. On the following Sabbath, Mr. Hooker preached and administered the Lord's Supper in the little chapel on the site of Hartford, which the first colonists there had erected. Some of the new comers settled at Wethersfield, and others went further up the river and founded Springfield. There were now five feeble settlements in the Connecticut Valley. One of these was near the fort at the mouth of the river, and in honor of two of the proprietors of the territory, Lords Say and Brook, it was called Say-Brook.

In the very morning of this colonial era of Connecticut, dark clouds gathered black and threatening, and for awhile a storm impended which seemed ready to sweep the little settlements from the face of the earth in a moment. The fiery Pequods had become jealous of the English because the latter appeared to be on friendly terms with the Mohegans on the west and the Narragansets on the east, the bitter enemies of this warlike tribe. Over the Pequods, a famous sachem and chief named Sassacus was ruler. He was cool, calculating, treacherous, haughty, fierce and malignant, and he was the terror of the neighboring tribes. He ruled over twenty-six sagamores or inferior princes, and his domain extended from Narraganset Bay to the Hudson River, and over Long Island. His bravery won the unbounded admiration of his warriors, of whom almost two thousand were always ready to follow him wheresoever he might lead. Seeing the power of the few English in garrison at Saybrook, and dreading the strength and influence of more who would undoubtedly join them, he resolved to exterminate the intruders. By every art of persuasion and menace, he tried to induce the Mohegans and Narragansets to become his allies. The united tribes could put four thousand men on the war-path at one time, while among all the English in the Connecticut Valley, there were not more than two hundred and fifty men capable of bearing arms. How easily might those fierce pagans have annihilated the pale-faced Christians!

The Pequods moved cautiously. At first they were sullen. Then they kidnapped children; and finally they murdered Englishmen found alone in the forests or on the waters, and destroyed or made captive families on the borders of the settlements. It was evident that they intended to extermi-

nate the white people in detail, and terror prevailed throughout the valley. This was heightened by the capture of a Massachusetts trading vessel by the allies of the Pequods on Block Island, killing the commander and plundering the vessel.

The authorities at Boston determined to punish the Pequods and awe them into quietude. For this purpose they sent a small military force, in three vessels, into Long Island Sound. This force killed some Indians on



ATTACK ON THE INDIANS ON BLOCK ISLAND.

Block Island, burnt their wigwams, broke their canoes in pieces, and cut down their growing corn. Then they went over to the Pequod country on the main, where they made demands which they could not enforce, burnt some wigwams, destroyed crops, and killed a few people. The expedition, weak in numbers and injudiciously conducted, was looked upon with con-

tempt by the savages, and intensified their hatred of the white intruders. They sent ambassadors to the monarch of the Narragansets urging him to join them at once in a war of extermination, declaring, as a powerful plea, that the two races could not live together in the same land, and that the Indians, who would soon be the weaker party, would be scattered and destroyed like leaves in autumn.

At this critical juncture, a deliverer appeared in the person of Roger Williams, a Puritan minister, who had been driven out of Massachusetts by persecution and had taken refuge in the land of the Narragansets, who soon learned to love and respect him. He heard of the proposed alliance and perceived the danger. Unmindful of the cruel wrongs he had suffered at the hands of his Puritan brethren, he hastened in an open boat on a stormy day, across Narraganset Bay, to the dwelling of Miantonomoh near the site of Newport, on Rhode Island. He was the acting chief sachem of the Narragansets (for his uncle, Canonicus, the chief, was very old), and was revered by them all. There Williams found fierce ambassadors from Sassacus, urging their suit, and at the peril of his life he opposed them with arguments. "Three days and nights," Williams wrote to Major Mason, "my business forced me to lodge and mix with the bloody Pequod ambassadors, whose hands and arms, methought, reeked with the blood of my countrymen, murdered and massacred by them on Connecticut River, and from whom I could not but nightly look for their bloody knives at my own throat, also." Williams prevailed. He not only prevented the alliance, but induced Narraganset chiefs to go to Boston, where they concluded a treaty of peace and alliance with the colonists. So the Pequods were not only compelled to carry on their proposed war alone, but to fight the Narragansets.

This failure did not dishearten the Pequods. They kept the settlements on the Connecticut in a state of constant fear, all the autumn and winter. They plundered and murdered whenever opportunities offered. Barns were fired and cattle were killed by them; and the murders were sometimes accompanied by the most horrid atrocities. Finally, a band of a hundred Pequods attacked Wethersfield, killed seven men, a woman and a child, and carried away two girls. They had now slain more than thirty of the English, and the settlers were compelled to choose between flight and destruction, or war and possible salvation. They resolved to fight, having promise of aid from the eastern colonies.

At this time there were in the colonies two brave soldiers who had served in the Netherlands. These were Captains John Mason and John Underhill. The former had taken an active part in military and civil affairs in Massachusetts, and was now in Connecticut. The latter was an eccentric character,

and might have been mistaken at one time for a friar and at another for a buffoon. He had been brought to Massachusetts by Governor Winthrop to teach the young colonists military tactics, which it was evident they would need. Under him the authorities of that colony and Plymouth placed two hundred men to aid the Connecticut people in their war.

It was not safe for the settlers in the valley to wait for their allies on the sea-coast. They placed ninety men under Mason, who rendezvoused at Hartford. With twenty of them, the captain hastened to reinforce the garrison at Saybrook. There he found Underhill, who had just arrived with an equal number of men. Mason hurried back, assembled his whole force, and with these and seventy warriors of the Mohegans under Uncas, he marched down to the fort. Uncas was of the royal blood of the Pequods, and had been a petty chief under Sassacus, but was now in open rebellion against his prince, and a fugitive. He gladly joined the English against his enemy, and Captain Mason as gladly accepted his services. As the war was begun by the Connecticut people, Captain Mason was regarded and obeyed as the commander-in-chief of the expedition.

It was determined in council to go into the Narraganset country and march upon the rear of the Pequods, where they would least expect an attack. In three pinnaces the expedition sailed eastward. As they passed the Pequod country, those savages concluded that the English had abandoned the Connecticut Valley in despair. It was a fatal mistake; and the relaxation which that belief caused ruined them. They had no spies out beyond the Mystic River; and when the expedition landed near Narraganset Bay, Sassacus was rejoicing in a sense of absolute security from harm. So he continued to rejoice while the white people, joined by two hundred Narragansets and as many Niantics—more than five hundred warriors in all, pale and dusky—were marching swiftly and stealthily toward the citadel of his power.

That chief stronghold of Sassacus was on a hill a few miles northward from both New London and Stonington, near the waters of the Mystic River. It was a fort built of palisades, the trunks of trees set firmly in the ground close together, and rising above it ten or twelve feet, with sharpened points. Within this inclosure, which was of circular form, were seventy wigwams covered with matting and thatch; and at two points were sally-ports or gates of weaker construction, through which Mason and Underhill were destined to force an entrance. When the invaders reached the foot of the hill on which this fort stood, quite undiscovered, and arranged their camp, the sentinels could hear the sounds of noisy revelry among the savages in the fortress, which ceased not before midnight. Then all was still,

and the invaders slumbered soundly. At two hours before the dawn on a warm June morning, they were aroused from sleep and arranged in marching order so as to break into the fort at opposite points and take it by surprise. The Indian allies had grown weak in heart, all but the followers of Uncas. They regarded Sassacus as a sort of god, and supposed he was in the fort. So they lagged behind, but formed a cordon in the woods around the fortress to arrest any fugitives who might escape.

In the bright moonlight the little army crept stealthily up the wooded slope, and were on the point of rushing to the attack when the barking of a dog aroused a sentinel and he gave the alarm to the sound sleepers within. Before they were fairly awake, Mason and Underhill burst in the sallyports. The terrified Pequods rushed out of the wigwams, but were driven back by swords and musket-balls, when the tinder-like coverings of the huts were set on fire. Within an hour about seven hundred men, women and children perished in the flames, and by the weapons of the English. The strong, the beautiful, and the innocent were doomed to a common fate with the blood-thirsty and cruel. The door of mercy was shut. Not a dusky human being among the Pequods was allowed to live. When all was over, the pious Captain Mason, who had narrowly escaped death by the arrow of a young warrior, exultingly exclaimed: "God is over us! He laughs his enemies to scorn, making them as a fiery oven. Thus does the Lord judge among the heathen, filling the place with dead bodies." And the equally if not more pious Dr. Mather afterward wrote: "It was supposed that no less than 500 or 600 Pequod souls were brought down to hell that day." Happily a better Christian spirit now prevails.

Sassacus was not in the doomed fort, but was at another near Groton, on the Thames, to which point Mason had ordered his vessels to come. As the English were making their wearisome way to the river, three hundred warriors came from the presence of Sassacus to attack them. The savages were soon dispersed. Most of the victors then sailed for the Connecticut, making the air vocal with sacred song. The remainder, with friendly Indians, marched through the wilderness to Hartford to protect the settlements in that vicinity. There warriors and clergymen, Christians and pagans, women and children, gathered in a happy reunion after great peril.

Sassacus sate sullenly and stately in his embowered dwelling, when the remnant of his warriors, who escaped from the citadel, came to tell him of the great disaster. They charged the whole of the misfortunes of the day to his haughtiness and misconduct. Tearing their hair, stamping violently, and with fierce gestures, they threatened to destroy him, and doubtless they would have executed the menace had not the blast of a trumpet startled

them. From the head-waters of the Mystic came almost two hundred armed settlers from Massachusetts and Plymouth to seal the doom of the Pequods. The question, Shall we fight or flee? was soon answered at the court of Sassacus, for there was little time for deliberation. After a strong and hot debate, it was determined to flee. They set fire to their wigwams and the fort, and with their women and children hurried across the Thames and fled swiftly westward, with the intention of seeking refuge with the Mohawks beyond the Hudson.

The English hotly pursued the Pequods, with despairing Sassacus at their head. As the chase was kept up across the beautiful country bordering on Long Island Sound, a track of desolation was left behind, for wigwams and cornfields were destroyed, and helpless men, women and children were put to the sword. At last the fugitives took refuge in Sasco Swamp, near Fairfield, where they all surrendered to the English excepting the sachem and a few followers, who escaped to the Mohawks. A blow had been struck which gave peace to New England forty years. A nation had been destroyed in a day. But few of the once-powerful Pequods survived the national disaster. The last representative of the pure blood of that race was, probably, Eunice Mauwee, who died at Kent, in Connecticut, about the year 1860, at the age of one hundred years. The proud Sassacus, haughty and insolent in his exile, fell by the hands of an assassin among the people who had opened their arms to receive him; and his scalp was sent to the English, whom he hated and despised. He was the last of his royal line in power excepting Uncas, who now returned to the land of his fathers and became a powerful sachem, renowned in war and peace. He remained a firm friend of the English, and was buried among the graves of his kindred near the falls of the Yantic, in the City of Norwich, where a granite monument, erected by the descendants of his white friends, marks the place of his sepulchre.



CHAPTER XX.

A Settlement Begun at New Haven—A Peculiar Government Established There—The Dutch and English at Variance in the Connecticut Valley—A Government Formed at Hartford—Roger Williams in Massachusetts—His Banishment—Williams and Others Found Providence—Rhode Island Settled—Form of Government There—Anne Hutchinson and Others Driven from Massachusetts—Williams Obtains a Charter for Rhode Island—Intolerance in Massachusetts—Reception of Williams on His Return from England.

WHEN peace and security were established in the Connecticut region after the destruction of the Pequods in the summer of 1637, a desire for emigrating thither was revived. At about that time several gentlemen destined to occupy conspicuous places in history as founders of a state arrived at Boston. These were Rev. John Davenport, a popular Puritan preacher of London, who had been persecuted by Archbishop Laud and taken refuge in Rotterdam. Another was Theophilus Eaton, an opulent London merchant and member of Mr. Davenport's congregation; and a third was Edward Hopkins, another rich London merchant and member of the same society. They were much attached to Mr. Davenport, and gladly came to share his voluntary exile from his native land.

At the time of the arrival of these gentlemen, society in Massachusetts was violently agitated by bitter theological discussions, which will be noticed hereafter. Mr. Davenport and his friends belonged to a school who sought to carry out in practice the idea of finding in the Scriptures a special rule for everything in church and state. For the purpose of trying an experiment in government on the basis of that idea, they desired an unoccupied field. From some of those who pursued the fugitive Pequods along the country bordering on Long Island Sound, they heard of the beauty and fertility of that region, and early in the autumn Mr. Eaton and a small party visited the country. He was charmed with a harbor on the north side of the Sound; and on the banks of a stream, which the Indians called Quinni-piack, he erected a hut, where some of the party passed the winter to try the climate. That was on the site of New Haven, Connecticut. The place had been called by the Dutch navigator, Block, who had anchored in the

harbor, "Roodenberg" or Red Hills, in allusion to the red cliffs a little inland.



NEW HAVEN IN 1637.

In the spring of 1638, Mr. Davenport and his friends sailed for Quin-niack, where they arrived at the middle of April. They were accompanied by a number of followers, mostly persons from London who had been engaged in trade; and in proportion to their number, they formed the richest colony in America. They spent their first Sabbath there—a warm April day—mostly under the shadow of a great oak, where Mr. Davenport preached a sermon on the subject of Jesus being led into the wilderness. They purchased the land of the Indians and proceeded to plant the seeds of a new state by framing articles of association, which they called a "Plantation Covenant," according to their peculiar ideas. In it they resolved "that, as in matters that concern the gathering and ordering of a church, so likewise in all public offices which concern civil order, as choice of magistrates and officers, making and repealing of laws, dividing allotments of inheritance, and all things of like nature," they would "be ordered by the rules which the Scriptures held forth." So they began their settlement without any reference to any government or community on the face of the earth. The place where the first hut was built was on the present corner of Church and George Streets, New Haven, and the spot whereon stood the oak tree—their first temple for worship—was at the intersection of George and College Streets.

For about a year this little community endeavored to learn by experience, from reflection, and light from Heaven through the medium of prayer, what would be the best kind of social and political organization for the government of the colony. They talked together much, and early in the summer of 1639 they were nearly or quite all of one mind. Then they assembled in a barn—all the “free planters”—to compare views and settle upon a plan of civil government according to the word of God. Mr. Davenport prayed earnestly, and preached from the text: “Wisdom hath builded her house; she hath hewn out her seven pillars.” In his discourse, he showed the fitness of choosing seven competent men to construct the government; and he then proposed for their adoption four fundamental articles: (1) That the Scriptures contain a perfect rule for the government of men in the family, in the church, and in the commonwealth; (2) That they would be ordered by the rules which the Scriptures held forth; (3) That their purpose was to be admitted into church-fellowship, according to Christ, as soon as God should fit them thereunto; and (4) That they held themselves bound to establish such civil order, according to God, as would be likely to secure the greatest good to themselves and their posterity.

These articles were unanimously adopted, when Mr. Davenport presented two other articles designed to put into practical operation the theories of the other four. These were (1) That church membership only should be free-burgesses or freemen endowed with political franchises, and that they only should choose magistrates, and transact civil public business of every kind; (2) That twelve or more men should be chosen from the company and tried for their fitness, and these twelve should choose seven of their number as the seven pillars of the church. These articles were subscribed by sixty-three persons present, and soon afterward by fifty others.

The twelve men were chosen, and after due deliberation they selected the “seven pillars.” After another pause, these “pillars” proceeded to organize a church. Their assistants, nine in number, were regarded as freemen or “free burgesses,” and the sixteen elected Theophilus Eaton as magistrate for one year. Four other persons were chosen to be deputies, and these constituted the executive and legislative departments of the new-born state of Quinnipiack. To these Mr. Davenport gave a “charge,” grounded upon Deuteronomy i. 16, 17. A secretary and sheriff were appointed. The “Freeman’s Charge,” which was a substitute for an oath, gave no pledge of allegiance to king or Parliament, nor any other authority on the face of the earth, excepting that of the civil government here established. “It was a state independent of all others. It was resolved that there should be an annual General Court or meeting of the whole body, in the month of Octo-

ber, and that "the word of God [the Bible] should be the only rule to be attended unto in ordering the affairs of government." Then orders were issued for building a meeting-house; for the distribution of house-lots and pasturage; for regulating the prices of labor and commodities, and for taking measures to resist the attacks of savages. They resolved, also, to choose their own company, and it was ordained that "none should come to dwell as planters without their consent and allowance, whether they came in by purchase or otherwise." In 1640 they named the settlement *New Haven*.

In the meantime, the planters in the Connecticut Valley had been perfecting a system of government, and preparing to possess the land westward as far as the Hudson River. People from Quinnipiack and the valley planted themselves at Fairfield, Norwalk, Guilford, and Stratford and Milford on the Housatonic. Captain Patrick, the commander of a part of the forces sent from Massachusetts against the Pequods, and who had married a Dutch wife, settled as far westward as Greenwich, with a son-in-law of the elder Governor Winthrop. At that time there were no Dutch settlers east of the Harlem River excepting Bronck and his lessees or tenants. The Dutch, however, continued in possession of their lands at Fort Good Hope, and a small garrison was kept up there under Commissary Guysbert op Dyck. But the English, when they became strong in numbers, paid little respect to the rights of the Netherlanders. They ploughed up their lands, excusing themselves for the intrusion with the plea that the soil was lying idle and ought to be cultivated by *somebody*. When the Commissary attempted to resist these encroachments, his soldiers were cudgelled by the planters, who said they (the English) were Israelites, while the Dutch in New Netherland and the English in Virginia were Egyptians.

The troubles with their neighbors, pale and dusky, and the necessity which called for fundamental laws, induced the planters of the valley to meet in convention at Hartford at the middle of January, 1639, to form a constitution of government. Like that of the New Haven colony, it was framed without the slightest reference to any other government. It provided that all persons in the commonwealth should be freemen, and should take an oath of allegiance to the general government; that the governor, to be elected at each spring meeting of the freemen, should be a member of some church; that there should be as many magistrates (not less than six) and other officers as should be found necessary; that there should be a house of deputies, composed of four from each of the then existing towns, and as many as the General Court or legislature should determine from towns that might be created; and that the governor, four magistrates, and a majority of the deputies, should be competent to make all laws and deal

generally for the good of the commonwealth. In the absence of special laws, "the rule of the word of God" was to be followed.

This instrument which has been spoken of as the "first example in history of a written constitution—a distinct organic law, constituting a government and defining its powers," and which recognized no authority outside of its own inherent potency, continued in force as the fundamental law of Connecticut one hundred and eighty years. It secured for that commonwealth a degree of social order and general prosperity rarely equalled in the life of nations. The political organization under it was called the *Connecticut Colony*, and the domain acquired the title of "the land of steady habits." Notwithstanding the two colonies were not united until twenty-six years afterward, now, in the year 1639, was laid the foundations of the commonwealth of *Connecticut*.

While the framework of the colony of Connecticut was in process of construction, that of its little neighbor on the east, Rhode Island, was likewise in a formative state. Persecution by brethren had driven into the forests on the borders of Narraganset Bay, good men who became the founders of a state. That bay had been discovered and thoroughly explored by Block, the Dutch navigator, as early as 1614, when he gave the name of Roode Eylandt or Red Island to the insular domain on its eastern side, now known as Rhode Island. Eight or ten years afterward the Dutch on Manhattan carried on a profitable fur trade with the natives there, and a few years later they had the monopoly of that trade as far east as Buzzard's Bay. The Pilgrims at Plymouth were annoyed by this commercial intrusion, as we have seen, and especially when the New Netherlanders claimed territorial jurisdiction as far east as Narraganset Bay, and westward from a line of longitude from that bay to Canada. That claim was made at about the time when Roger Williams, the founder of the commonwealth of Rhode Island, sought refuge from persecution in the forests on the borders of the Narraganset. The claim was not relinquished until many years afterwards, but was never pressed with injurious vehemence.

Mr. Williams was a Welsh Puritan educated in England by Sir Edward Coke, who found him in London, a mere youth, reporting sermons and Star-chamber speeches in shorthand. At the age of thirty-two years he fled from persecution to New England, where he arrived in 1631 with his beautiful bride Mary, a charming young English woman. He was soon appointed assistant minister in the church at Salem, where his broad and enlightened views respecting the freedom of conscience and the injurious character of a wedded church and state offended the dignitaries in both, at Boston, and he withdrew to Plymouth. There he was an assistant minister, acceptable to

the people, for about two years, when he returned to Salem and became pastor of the congregation to whom he had ministered as assistant.

Bolder than ever, his convictions having become more firmly rooted by opposition and controversy, Mr. Williams now put forth his views in sometimes intemperate language, for in support of toleration he became intolerant. He boldly questioned the authority of magistrates in respect to the right of the king to appropriate and grant the lands of the Indians without purchase, and the right of the civil power to impose faith and worship. This denial of the right of magistrates to intermeddle, even to restrain a church from heresy or apostacy, was regarded as so monstrous and dangerous an error and innovation that the banishment of Williams from the colony was decreed unless he should recant, or take back what he had said. He would not recant. He maintained with vehemence his opinion that there was an absolute and eternal distinction between the spheres of the civil government and the Christian church. He also appealed in writing to the charter against the decision of magistrates; and he wrote a long letter to his own congregation in favor of the rigid separation of church and state. These writings were among his enumerated offences, and were called "letters of defamation" in the preface of his sentence of banishment which was now put in force, and which ran thus:

"It is therefore ordered that the said Mr. Williams shall depart out of this jurisdiction within six weeks now next ensuing, which, if he neglect to perform, it shall be lawful for the governor and two of the magistrates to send him to some place out of this jurisdiction, not to return any more without license from the court."

This sentence was pronounced late in 1635. The friends of Williams were indignant. The enlightened Edward Winslow, who was then governor of Plymouth, sympathized with him; and twenty leading men in the two colonies determined to go with him to the wilderness and share his privations of exile. Salem was in an uproar, and the magistrates began to suspect that they had made a mistake in passing the sentence. A rumor spread that he intended to found a colony among the Narragansets, with whom he had become familiar while he was at Plymouth and gained the friendship of their sachems and learned their language.

A colony founded upon the liberal principles advocated by Williams was not a pleasant subject for the contemplation of Massachusetts magistrates and clergymen at that period, and the time for his departure was extended until spring. Williams regarded this as a concession. No doubt he had formed a plan for founding a new colony, and was now glad of an excuse to leave Massachusetts; so he taught his doctrines with more fervor, and boldly

proclaimed himself to be an Anabaptist—one who denies the validity of infant baptism—a Baptist of our day. This was too much for his people and the authorities in church and state, and it was resolved by Governor Haynes to send the “troubler” back to England. He had refused to obey a summons to appear before the magistrates at Boston, and they sent a pinnace to Salem, with a warrant to Captain Underhill to arrest him, take him on board the little vessel, and convey him to a ship then ready to sail for England.

Williams had been informed of this order. Ex-Governor Winthrop had kindly but secretly advised him to “steer his canoe to the Narraganset Bay and Indians;” and when Underhill and his men went to his house to arrest him, they found only his sorrowing wife and two babes. Williams had been gone three days. On a cold winter’s night, the moon on the wane, he had kissed his wife and children and departed in the gloom to seek a refuge with the dusky pagans, who were more tolerant than his pale-faced Christian brethren. He went forth alone with a long staff and a scrip thrown over his shoulders. The snow was deep. Wild beasts were in his path. Behind him were the treasures of wife and children; before him, as radiant and enticing as the “star in the east,” glowed the brilliant luminary of Christian ethics, which was his pole-star and guide. He



Darley.

WILLIAMS GOING INTO EVIL.

made his way to the house of Massasoit, the venerable sachem of the Wampanoags, where he was warmly welcomed. The sachem gave him a tract of land on the Seekonk River, eastward of the site of Providence, at which place he and some friends who joined him seated themselves in the spring of 1636. Some distance above them, on the Seekonk or Pawtucket River, was a solitary settler named William Blackstone. He was a non-conformist minister, who disliked the “lords brethren” of Massachusetts as much as

the "lords bishops" of England. He had withdrawn to the wilderness, and there lived the life of a hermit at a place which he named Rehoboth—room. He was the first *settler* but not the *founder* of Rhode Island, for he refused to join Williams and his friends.

Just as the new colony had begun to build and plant near the present Manton's cove, a friendly letter came from Governor Winslow saying they were within the jurisdiction of the Plymouth Colony, and as he did not wish to offend "the Bay," and desired the undisturbed repose of the exiles, he advised Williams and his little party to pass to the other side of the Seekonk, where he would have a large country before him beyond the jurisdiction of both colonies on the coast.

The settlers heeded this kind and wise advice. The six exiles left the Seekonk in a large canoe, with all the worldly goods which they had brought into the wilderness, and rounding the headlands known as Fox and India Points, they went up to the mouth of the Mooshansic River and landed. It was a warm day late in June. Near by, upon a grassy slope shaded by sycamore trees, they saw a gushing spring. It was a joyful sight to the thirsty pilgrims. Around it they gathered, and after partaking of its clear waters, they fell on their knees and offered fervid supplications and thanksgiving to God for his goodness. At that spring, now surrounded by a populous city and yet shaded by sycamores, these devout men resolved there to lay the foundations of a free state. In commemoration of "God's merciful providence to him in his distress," Williams named the spot *Providence*, and dedicated it as "a shelter for persons distressed for conscience."

The freedom enjoyed at Providence was spoken of at Boston, and persecuted men flocked to the new settlement with their families. Williams had purchased the land from the aged Canonicus and the younger Miantonomoh, who had learned to love him. These men, naturally shy and suspicious, had perfect confidence in Williams, and willingly took him and his friends into their bosoms. "It was not thousands nor tens of thousands of money," Williams wrote, "that could have bought of them an English entrance into the bay." It was the personal influence of the men who there established a pure democracy, under the following simple article of agreement:

"We, whose names are hereunder written, being desirous to inhabit in the town of Providence, do promise to submit ourselves, in active or passive obedience, to all such orders or agreements as shall be made for public good by the body in an orderly way, by the major consent of the inhabitants, masters of families, incorporated together into a township, and such others as they shall admit into the same, only in civil things."

Every man was required to sign this compact, which left him free in all

but "civil things." The conscience was left absolutely free. The founder reserved no political power to himself, and the leader and follower had equal dignity and privileges. Under the sunny skies of such freedom, the settlers fell to work cheerfully. The summer was too far advanced to allow them to procure much food from the soil; and when Governor Winslow visited Providence in the autumn, the planters were much pinched. This fact is made evident by the touching manner in which the founder gratefully alludes to the kindness of the governor. "He put a piece of gold into the



WILLIAMS AND HIS FELLOW-EXILES AT THE SPRING.

hands of my wife for our supply," he wrote;—that sweet, loving wife who shared with her husband the privations as well as the comforts and honors which were his lot.

Now came the war with the Pequods. Persecution and slander had not

embittered the feelings of Williams toward the authorities of Massachusetts. Seeing the danger, he warned them of it early. He sent to Governor Winthrop a rude map of the country along the coast from the Narraganset to the Connecticut, which he had drawn from descriptions by the Indians, with a plan for a campaign, and perilled his life for the good of his enemies. He saved his persecutors from destruction, yet the rulers in church and state in Massachusetts had not the Christian manliness to show gratitude by expunging from their records his sentence of banishment and receiving him to their bosoms as a brother. They proclaimed a solemn thanksgiving at the close of the war, and received the leaders of their troops in triumph with feasting and rejoicing; but they passed no vote of thanks to one who had achieved more for the life of that commonwealth than any soldier or statesman. Winthrop tried to procure a vote of thanks and Williams's recall from banishment, but bigotry prevailed. The following couplet, written by Governor Dudley, expresses the prevailing sentiment of magistrates and clergy then in Boston:

"Let men of God, in court and churches, watch
O'er such as do a toleration hatch."

The theological disputes already referred to as agitating the people of Massachusetts divided them and sent many into exile. A brilliant woman named Anne Hutchinson, of powerful intellect and beautiful person, came to Boston. She was a sister of Rev. John Wheelwright, a popular preacher there. She agreed, generally, in theological views, with Roger Williams, and very soon boldly proclaimed the doctrine that conscience, the indwelling Holy Spirit in every believer, and the conscientious judgment of the mind, are of paramount authority. She denounced the prevailing spiritual despotism, and startled and charmed the best thinkers with the loftiness of her ideas concerning the spiritual freedom of the individual. She soon drew many leading men after her. Among these was the young Henry Vane, then governor of the commonwealth, and a few of the clergy, but only her brother among the ministers ventured to openly advocate her doctrines. He was censured by the civil authorities, when he threatened to appeal to the king. This threat a synod of clergy and lay delegates, called to act upon the subject, construed into a menace of rebellion, and gave them a pretext for recommending the civil authorities to disarm the "Hutchinsonians."

The war of words was waged more fiercely. The civil authorities arraigned Mrs. Hutchinson, her brother, and another leader in the movement, on a charge of heresy. The result was a decree for the banishment of these three persons, and the disarming of sixty citizens of Boston. They

were forbidden, upon the penalty of a fine, to buy or borrow any other arms or ammunition, until permitted by the General Court or legislature. Unwilling to endure this indignity, a large portion of them, under the leadership of John Clarke and William Coddington, left Boston with their families, accompanied by Mrs. Hutchinson and her brother, with the intention of settling on the Delaware Bay. They were so "lovingly entertained" by Roger Williams at Providence, and so kindly invited to settle in the land of the Narragansets, that they paused. Through the influence of Williams they were enabled to purchase from the Indians the beautiful island of Aquetneck, now Rhode Island; and at the close of March, 1638, they began a settlement at Portsmouth, near its northern extremity. The colonists were charmed with the salubrity of the climate, and thankfully exchanged their home on Shawmut (the Boston peninsula) for one on Rhode Island. They all immediately adopted and all signed a written agreement similar to that of the Providence colony, in these words:

"We, whose names are underwritten, do swear solemnly, in the presence of Jehovah, to incorporate ourselves into a body politic, and, as He shall help us, will submit our persons, lives, and estates, unto our Lord Jesus Christ, the King of kings and Lord of Hosts, and to all those most perfect and absolute laws of His, given us in his Holy Word of Truth, to be guided and judged thereby."

In imitation of the Jewish form of government, under the judges, Mr. Coddington was chosen judge or chief ruler of the Rhode Island colony. Both settlements flourished. They were separate governments, but one in aims and sentiment. The persecuted came to them and population rapidly increased. Liberty of conscience was there absolute; and upon the seal which the Rhode Island colony adopted was the motto: *Amor Vincit Omnia*—"Love is all-powerful." The jealousy of the Massachusetts authorities was frequently conspicuous, and stood in the way of a friendly intercourse and a profitable trade between the two colonies. Because a refugee from Boston, writing from Providence, spoke harshly of Massachusetts magistrates, the latter passed an ordinance forbidding citizens of Providence, of like views, coming into that colony.

Unwilling to yield allegiance to either of the other colonies, the Rhode Island and Providence settlements sought an independent charter which should unite them in one commonwealth. At about that time, a confederacy of the New England colonies, for mutual defence, was formed, but the stern bigotry which banished Mr. Williams and Mrs. Hutchinson, excluded these settlements on the Narraganset from the Union. That isolation, in case of trouble with the savages, would be both perilous and inconvenient,

and Williams was sent to England to obtain a royal charter. He sailed from New Amsterdam in the summer of 1643, and arrived in Great Britain at the time when the civil war was raging violently. Circumstances favored his mission. The king was powerless; the Parliament was supreme. That body had entrusted the management of colonial affairs to a commission of which the Earl of Warwick, the original grantee of Connecticut, was the head as "Governor-General and Lord High Admiral of the colonies in America." He was assisted by a council composed of five peers and ten commons. Henry Vane, who had returned to England and had been created a baronet, was one of that Council. He received Mr. Williams cordially,



ROGER WILLIAMS.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

JAMES II.

and introduced him to his associates. That body listened to Mr. Williams's statements with great attention, and granted his prayer. On the 14th of March, 1644, they issued a charter in the name of the king, which connected the towns of Providence, Portsmouth, and Newport under the title of "the Incorporation of Providence Plantations in the Narragansett Bay in New England."

Mr. Williams left England for his home in the summer of 1644, bearing the charter. He also bore a letter signed by several members of Parliament,

addressed to the authorities of Massachusetts, in favor of the exile, and with this he landed in Boston. The letter did not weaken the asperities of the magistrates toward him, excepting sufficient to allow him to pass to Providence unmolested. That heretical colony, now that it had received a charter and been applauded by high authority in England, was more than ever an object of distrust and suspicion on the part of the Massachusetts authorities. But Mr. Williams bore himself meekly under their frowns. As he approached Providence he was cheered by a gratifying spectacle. The people had heard of his coming, and all turned out to meet him and welcome him home. The Seekonk was covered with well-filled canoes gaily decked with flowers and evergreens, and the shore was alive with men, women and children in holiday attire, who greeted him with loud huzzas, the waving of handkerchiefs, and the singing of psalms. The charter which he bore to the people on the banks of the Narraganset was the corner-stone of a state. Then was founded the commonwealth of *Rhode Island*.



CHAPTER XXI.

Social Condition of Holland in the Seventeenth Century—Inducements to Settle in New Netherland—The Patroons, Their Privileges and Dependants—A Settlement in Delaware and Its Fate—The Swedes on the Delaware—The Dutch and Swedes at Variance—The Swedes Maintain Their Position—New Jersey Granted to Royal Favorites—Inducements to Settle There—Governor Carteret and Settlers at Elizabethtown—Trouble with the Settlers—A Republican Prophet.

WHEN industry was made honorable in Holland, the feudal system began to decay. It was a system embracing large landowners, whose tenants were military men who controlled all labor and bore allegiance to the lordly proprietor. In the new era which had gradually dawned in Holland, the owner of the soil was no longer the head of a band of armed depredators who were his dependants, but the careful proprietor of broad acres, and devoted to industry and thrift. The nobles who composed the landlord class gradually came down from the stilts of exclusiveness, and in habits and even costume imitated the working people. The latter became elevated in the social scale. Their rights were respected, and their value in the state was duly estimated. Ceaseless toil in Holland was necessary to preserve the hollow land from the invasion of the sea, and the common needs assimilated all classes in a country where all must work or drown.

It was this state of society in Holland which stimulated agricultural interests in New Netherland, and changed trading into farming communities. This impulse was much accelerated by a charter of "Privileges and Exemptions" given by the Dutch West India Company in 1629, for the purpose of encouraging agricultural settlements on their American domain. They reserved the lands on and around the island of Manhattan, which they called the commercial emporium of the province, and required that all products for exportation should first be brought there. To persons who were disposed to settle in any other part of the province, the Company offered as much land as each emigrant might be able to improve, with "free liberty of hunting and fowling," under the direction of the provincial governor. They also offered to every person who should "discover any shores, bays, or other

fit places for erecting fisheries, or the making of salt-ponds," an absolute property in such discovery.

The rural tenantry of Holland were not rich enough to avail themselves of this privilege, so the Company offered inducements for wealthy citizens to promote emigration, by transplanting into America the modified feudal system of the Netherlands. They offered to grant lands and manorial privileges and exemptions to any member of the Company who should, within four years, plant a colony of fifty adults in any part of New Netherland outside of Manhattan Island; such proprietor being constituted feudal chief of the domain which he might thus colonize. The lands of each colony were limited to sixteen miles along one shore of a navigable stream, or to eight miles if they occupied both shores, but they might extend into the interior indefinitely. It was also provided that if any proportionably greater number of emigrants should be settled by a proprietor, the area of his domain should be extended in the same ratio. He was to be absolutely lord of the manor, political and otherwise. He might hold inferior courts for the adjudication of petty civil cases; and if cities should grow up on his domain he was to have power to appoint the magistrates and other officers of such municipalities, and have a deputy to confer with the governor.

The settlers under the "patroons," as these manorial proprietors were called, were to be exempted from all taxation and tribute for the support of the provincial government for ten years; and for the same period every man, woman and child was bound not to leave the service of the patroon without his written consent. The colonists were forbidden to manufacture cloth of any kind, on pain of banishment; and the Company agreed to furnish them with as many African slaves "as they conveniently could;" also to protect them against foes. Each colony was bound to support a minister of the Gospel and a schoolmaster, and so provide a comforter for the sick and a teacher of the illiterate. It was also provided that every colonist, whether patroon or an independent settler, should first make a satisfactory arrangement with the Indians for the lands they should occupy.

Such is a brief outline of the charter of "Privileges and Exemptions" under which several large manorial estates were acquired in New Netherland, one of which (the Van Rensselaer Manor on the Hudson) existed, with some of its privileges, until late in the present century. It recognized the right of the Indians to the soil; invited independent farmers to whom a homestead should be secured; promised protection to all in case of war, and encouraged religion and learning. Yet this system of colonization was not so favorable to the development and growth of popular liberty as was that in New England.

While this charter was under consideration in the meetings of the Company at Amsterdam, two of the directors (Samuel Godyn and Samuel Bloemaert) purchased of the Indians a tract of land on Delaware Bay, extending from Cape Henlopen (the southern boundary of New Netherland) northward, full thirty miles, and two miles in the interior. This purchase was ratified by the Company when the charter was issued. Very soon afterward Killian Van Rensselaer purchased a large tract of the natives on the upper navigable waters of the Hudson River; and Michael Pauw, another director, secured by the same means a large tract in New Jersey at the mouth of the river, opposite Manhattan, and all of Staten Island. This adroit management of wide-awake directors, in securing the best lands in the province, as to situation—who “helped themselves by the cunning trick of merchants”—provoked jealousy and ill-will among their fellow-directors, which was finally allayed by admitting others into partnership with them.

Immediate steps were taken for colonizing these manors. Under the direction of Captain de Vries, an eminent navigator and friend of Godyn, who had made him a partner in the purchase, two ships sailed with colonists, cattle, seeds and agricultural implements, for Delaware Bay. They left the Texel under the command of Peter Heyes on the 12th of December, 1630, and took the long southern route by way of the Canaries and the West Indies. One of the vessels was captured; the other, carrying eighteen cannon, did not reach the Delaware until April following. Near the site of the village of Lewiston, thirty emigrants, with their cattle and implements, seated themselves. There Heyes set up a wooden column, and on it placed a piece of tin emblazoned with the arms of Holland in token of taking possession of the country in the name of the States-General. The place was named Swaanendael. They built a house and stockaded it; and then Captain Heyes went over to the New Jersey shore and purchased from the Indians, in the name of Godyn, a tract of land along the coast from Cape May, twelve miles. In the autumn, Heyes returned to Holland, leaving the colony in charge of Gillis Hossett.

In the spring of 1632, De Vries went with two vessels to the Delaware. There a sad sight greeted him. The house which the settlers had built was in ruins; the palisades had been burned; and the bones of the settlers strewed the ground. They had all been murdered by the Indians. One of the savages told De Vries all about it. A chief thoughtlessly took down the piece of tin which bore the arms of Holland, to make a tobacco-pipe of it. Hossett made such ado about it that the Indians, to allay the feeling, slew the offending chief, and sent his scalp to the Dutch commander. When the bearer presented it, Hossett told him the Indians had done wrong; that had

the offender been brought to him he would only have cautioned him not to repeat the offence. The friends of the victim burned with vengeful desires, and determined to destroy the white people as a retribution. A party of warriors visited the settlement under the guise of friendship and massacred the whole of them in their houses and in the fields. This crime was forgiven, and the Indians and Hollanders remained friends.

A competition with the English and Dutch for American possessions now appeared in the North. The enlightened Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, had looked with longing eyes westward as he heard from time to time of the rich countries beyond the British isles. At length he was excited to action by William Usselinx, the projector of the Dutch West India Company, who, dissatisfied with his associates in that corporation, visited Sweden, and laid before its monarch well-arranged plans for colonization on the Delaware. The king was delighted. He entered warmly into the projects of Usselinx, and was preparing for the execution of a scheme for planting a colony in America that should be an open asylum for all Christians, when the danger which threatened Protestantism in Germany called him to the field to contend for the principles of the Reformation. While leading victorious armies against the Imperial hosts marshalled under the banner of the Pope on the fields of Germany, he did not forget the scheme for American colonization. At Nuremberg he drew up a paper for his great chancellor, the Count Oxenstierna, in which he recommended the enterprise as "the jewel of his kingdom." A few days afterwards he was face to face with his enemy at Lutzen, in battle array. On their knees he and the brave Swedes sang Luther's glorious hymn, *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*—"A tower of strength is our God." Then they sang a hymn composed by the king himself, and springing to their feet, they made a furious charge upon the Imperialists, Gustavus leading the right wing. He fell covered with mortal wounds.

But the words of Gustavus did not die. Oxenstierna, at the head of a regency, administered the government for the heir to the throne, Christina, who was then only six years of age. "A colony in America would, indeed, be a precious jewel in the crown of Sweden," said the wise Chancellor. He had favored the project from the beginning; and in 1634, he issued a charter for a Swedish West India Company.

Governor Minit, who had been recalled from New Netherland because he had favored the grasping patroons too much, it was thought, hastened to Stockholm and offered the fruits of his experience in America and his personal services to the new company. They were gladly accepted; and at near the close of 1637, he sailed from Gottenburg with fifty emigrants in two vessels, bearing a commission to plant a colony on the west side of Dela-

ware Bay, within the manor of Godyn and Blommaert, where he knew no settlement then existed. He landed at the site of Newcastle in April, 1638, and purchased from the Indians the whole territory from Cape Henlopen to the falls of the Delaware River at Trenton without the slightest regard to



GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS AT THE HEAD OF HIS TROOPS.

the claims of the Dutch. Then he sailed into the mouth of the river, and anchored in a creek at the site of Wilmington. They built a fort and then a church, and named the place Christina, in honor of their young queen. The territory they had purchased they called New Sweden.

When the Dutch at Fort Nassau, fifteen miles further up the river, heard of this intrusion, they went down to inquire what it meant. Minuit gave them evasive answers at first, but finally told them that he intended to plant a settlement in the country, and build a fort there. "The Queen of Sweden," he said, "has as good a right to build a fort here as the Dutch West India

Company." A messenger to tell the news was at once sent to Manhattan. Kieft, the newly-arrived governor, sent an officer to Minuit at Christina to protest against the movement. The warning was unheeded. Then Kieft issued a proclamation saying that he was persuaded that the Queen of Sweden had not authorized the building of forts within the domain of New Netherland, and that while he would not be responsible "for any mishap, bloodshed, trouble and disaster" which Minuit and his people might suffer thereafter, he was resolved to defend the rights of the West India Company as he should deem proper.

Minuit paid no attention to this proclamation, but built Fort Christina on the site of Wilmington, and erected posts with the royal initials and the crown of Sweden carved on them. Well acquainted with the Indian traffic, from long experience at Manhattan, he soon drew to Christina a profitable fur-trade; and at midsummer he sent the vessels back to Sweden with cargoes of peltry and other products of the land. The fort was well garrisoned and provisioned, and the settlers there planted and reaped. So was established the first permanent settlement on that soil, and there and then was planted the fruitful seed of the commonwealth of *Delaware*.

Eastward of the Delaware Bay and River (so called in honor of Lord De la Warr, Governor of Virginia,) lies New Jersey. Its domain was included in the New Netherland charter. So early as 1622, transient trading settlements were made on its soil at Bergen and on the banks of the Delaware. The following year, as we have observed, Director May, moved by the attempt of a French sea-captain to set up the arms of France on the Delaware, built a redoubt called Fort Nassau at the mouth of Timmer Kill or Timber Creek, a few miles below Camden, and settled some young Walloons near it. The most southern headland of New Jersey and now popular summer resort, Cape May, received its name from the first director-general of New Netherland, who gave it, also, to several other places.

The Walloons—young couples who had been married on shipboard—settled on the site of Gloucester. This was the first settlement on the soil of New Jersey that lived long; but it, too, withered away in time. It was seven years later when Michael Pauw made his purchase of the Indians extending from Hoboken to the Raritan River, and latinizing his name, called it Pavonia. In this purchase was included the settlement of some Dutch at Bergen. Other settlements were attempted, but none became permanent until about forty years afterward. Cape May, which Captain Heyes bought of the Indians—a territory sixteen miles square—remained an uncultivated wilderness all that time yielding the products of its salt meadows to the browsing deer.

We must now run ahead of our story, as we have, a little, at other times, in coming to the period when the foundations of a colony were actually laid, and glance at an important event in the political history of New Netherland. Charles the Second, King of England, granted a greater portion of the claimed territory of New Netherland to his brother, the Duke of York, then Lord High Admiral of the realm. The duke sent a fleet and army to take possession of his domain. This armament, stronger than any in New Nether-



THE SWEDES ON THE DELAWARE.

land, found the task an easy one, and early in the autumn of 1664, the province passed into the hands of the English. Soon after that armament sailed, and while it was yet on the bosom of the Atlantic, the duke conveyed to two of his favorites all the territory between the Hudson and Delaware rivers from Cape May north to the latitude of forty degrees and forty minutes. These favorites were Lord Berkeley, brother of the governor of Virginia and the duke's own governor in his youth, and Sir George Carteret, then the treasurer of the Admiralty, who had been governor of the island of Jersey, which he had gallantly defended against the forces of Cromwell. In the charter this province was named "*Nova Cæsarea* or *New Jersey*," in commemoration of Carteret's loyalty and gallant deeds while he was governor of the island of Jersey. Colonel Richard Nicolls, the commander of the expedition to seize New Netherland, and deputy-governor of the province, changed the name to *New York*; and, ignorant of the charter given to Berkeley and Carteret, he called the territory west of the Hudson *Albania*, so honoring his employer, who bore the title of Duke of York and Albany.

Berkeley and Carteret hastened to make use of their patent. They framed a constitution of government for the new domain under the title of "*The Concessions and Agreement of the Lords Proprietors of the Province of*

Nova Cæsarea or New Jersey, to and with all and every of the new adventurers and all such as shall Settle and Plant there." It was a fair and liberal constitution. It provided for a governor and council appointed by the proprietors, and deputies or representatives chosen by the people, who should meet annually, and with the governor and his council form a General Assembly for the government of the colony. It provided for the choice of a president by the representatives when in session, in case of the absence of the governor and deputy governor. All legislative power was vested in the Assembly of Deputies, who were to make all laws for the province—these to be consistent with the laws and customs of Great Britain, and not repugnant to the interests of the proprietors. Provision was also made for the encouragement of emigration to New Jersey. To every freeman who should go to that province with the first governor, furnished with a good musket and plenty of ammunition, with provisions for six months, was offered a free gift of one hundred and fifty acres of land; and for every able man-servant that such emigrant should take with him, so armed and provisioned, a like quantity of land. Any person sending such servants should be likewise rewarded; and for every weaker servant or slave, of either sex, over fourteen years of age, which any person might take or send, at that time, should be given seventy-five acres of land each, "Christian servants" being entitled, at the expiration of the term of service, to the land so granted for their own use and benefit. To all who should settle in the province before the beginning of 1665, other than those who should go with the governor, were offered one hundred and twenty acres of land, on like conditions.

These offers were certainly attractive, and the proprietors expected to see their country rapidly peopled with industrious settlers. They appointed Philip Carteret, a cousin of Sir George, governor, and with about thirty emigrants, several of whom were Frenchmen skilled in the art of salt-making, he sailed for New York, where he arrived in July, 1665. The vessel had been driven into Chesapeake Bay in June and anchored at the mouth of the James River, whence the governor sent despatches to New York. Among them was a copy of the duke's grant of New Jersey. Governor Nicolls was astounded by the folly of the duke in parting with so much of his valuable domain, for he regarded Albania as the "most improveable" part of the territory. He was mortified by this dismemberment of a state over which he had been ruling for many months with pride and satisfaction. But he kept his thoughts between his lips until the arrival of Carteret, whom Colonel Nicolls received at Fort James, late Fort Amsterdam, with all the honors due to his rank and station. That meeting in the governor's quarters in the fort was a notable one. Nicolls was tall, athletic, and about forty-five years

of age; a soldier, haughty and sometimes very irritable, and brusque in speech when excited. Carteret was shorter and fat, good-natured and affable, with polished manners which he had learned by being much at court. He entered the governor's room with Bollen, the commissary of the fort, when the former arose, beckoned his secretary to withdraw, and received his distinguished visitor cordially. But when Carteret presented the outspread parchment, bearing the original of the duke's grant with his grace's seal and signature, Nicolls could not restrain his feelings. His temper flamed out in words of fierce anger at first. He stormed, and uttered denunciations in language as respectful as possible. He paced the floor backwards and forwards rapidly, his hands clenched behind his back, and finally calmed down and begged his visitor's pardon for his uncontrollable outburst of passion.

Nicolls yielded gracefully but sorrowfully to circumstances, and contented himself with addressing a manly remonstrance to the duke, in which he urged an arrangement for the grantees to give up their domain in exchange for "a hundred thousand acres all along the sea-coast." It was too late. In pursuance of the duke's orders, Nicolls formally surrendered Albania into the quiet possession of Carteret, and thenceforth that region appeared as New Jersey on the maps. Its governor crossed over to his domain early in August, and landed, at the head of a few followers, with a hoe on his shoulder in token of his intention to become a planter among them. He chose for his seat of government a beautifully shaded spot not far from the strait between Staten Island and the main, called The Kills, where he found four English families living in as many neatly-built log cabins, with gardens around them. In compliment to the wife of Sir George Carteret, the governor gave to the place the name of Elizabethtown, which it yet retains. There he built a house for himself near the bank of the little creek, and there he organized a civil government. So was laid the foundations of the colony and commonwealth of *New Jersey*.

The land on which Governor Carteret found the four families had been bought of some Indians on Long Island, who claimed it as their own. They gave a deed of it to John Bailey, Daniel Denton, and Luke Watson of Jamaica, Long Island, and Governor Nicolls granted a patent for it to seventy-four associates, whose descendants are numerous in East Jersey. This patent was given before Nicolls had heard of the extraordinary grant of the Duke of York; and when the governor's grantees were informed of that transaction, they resolved to assert their rights, as against the claims of the duke's friends. Some of the company went to Elizabethtown to confer with Carteret on the subject. At the head of the embassy was John Ogden, of Long Island, who had left England on the accession of Charles the Second

to the throne, for he was a republican. The governor received them under the shadow of a great tulip tree on the borders of the creek, and there the conference was held. Ogden showed the Indian deed and the Nicolls grant. Carteret showed the duke's grant with his seal and signature attached. Ogden declared that Indian titles were more valid than royal titles, because



GOVERNOR CARTERET ENTERING NEW JERSEY.

the grantors were the original owners of the soil. This point was conceded, when the governor pointed to the lion in the British arms impressed upon the seal, as an emblem of competent power, intimating that *might* makes *right*. By this intimation the spirit of Ogden was powerfully stirred. Pointing to the sun as the visible presence of the Great Spirit whom all the Indians worshipped, he said: "As far above petty kings and their powers as is the sun in the heaven, now making the earth teem with abundance and beauty, above all below, so far is justice, the prime attribute of God, above might—the mere brute force that gives kingship to the lion and the eagle among beasts and birds. The Dutch acquired possession of this soil by the divine right of a just purchase from the Indians; King Charles had no right

to this domain but that of a strong-armed robber. The British lion on that seal is, in this case, only an emblem of oppression and wrong, whose only warrant for injustice is his strength to conquer. In this land monarchs will yet be taught that they have no divine rights not the common property of their subjects, and that there is more strength in justice than in the sword."

John Ogden was a prophet. Under that tree on the soil of New Jersey, that sturdy republican caught luminous visions of the struggles of a people with royalty for the rights of man, which, more than a hundred years afterwards, led to the dismemberment of the British empire and the founding of our free Republic. Carteret admired his spirit, but his words sounded too much like the voices of the followers of Cromwell, and he refused to hold further conference with him. "Very well," said Ogden. "We shall maintain our rights as best we may;" and he and his friends were about to depart, when the courteous governor invited them into his house to partake of refreshments. He then accompanied them to their boat at the Kills, and gave them a cordial invitation to come again as friends, but not as ambassadors.

The Long Islanders liked the good-natured governor personally, and to show their kind feeling toward him and his family, they gave the name of "Elizabethtown Associates" to their company, and to their territory the "Elizabethtown Grant." They adhered to their determination to defend their rights; and during the seven years that Philip Carteret governed New Jersey there were frequent and severe conflicts between the "Associates" and the grantees of the Duke of York.



CHAPTER XXII.

The "Friends" or "Quakers"—William Penn Obtains a Charter for Pennsylvania—Emigration to Pennsylvania—Penn Visits America—The Swedes on the Delaware—Treaty with the Indians—Penn Visits New York—Meets the First Pennsylvania Assembly—Visits Lord Baltimore—Founds Philadelphia—Settlers in North Carolina—The Carolinas Granted to Royal Favorites—Settlements on the Cape Fear—Charleston Founded—Government for the Carolinas Framed.

LATER in the seventeenth century than the period of settlement in Delaware and New Jersey was the domain called Pennsylvania colonized, chiefly by a sect called Quakers in derision. That sect appeared in England at about the time when Roger Williams was there to procure a charter for Rhode Island. Their founder and preachers were among the boldest and yet the meekest of the non-conformists. Their morality was so strict that the world called them ascetics—persons who devote their lives to religion only. They carried this strictness into all departments of life and personal habits. Fashionable dress, extravagance in expenditure, dancing, attendance at theatres, games of chance and other amusements were forbidden; and music was discouraged as a seductive vanity. Taking part in war, slavery, lawsuits, intemperance and profanity of speech, was a sufficient reason, if persisted in, for the expulsion of a member from the Society; and the whole body was bound to keep a watch upon the actions of each other. Their practices so generally agreed with their principles that society was compelled to admit that the profession of a Quaker or "Friend," as they styled themselves, was a guaranty of a morality above the level of the world.

George Fox, a shoemaker of Leicestershire, England, was the founder of this sect. At the age of nineteen years, conceiving himself to be called by God to preach the gospel of Jesus, he went from place to place exhorting his hearers to repentance and newness of life. He complained of the coldness and spiritual deadness of all the modes and forms of religious worship around him, and thereby he soon excited a persecuting spirit by which his ministerial life of about forty years was marked as a pilgrimage from one prison to another. When, in 1650, he was called before Justice Bennet, of

Derby, he admonished that magistrate to repent, and "tremble and *quake* before the word of the Lord," at the same time his own body was violently agitated by emotion. Then and there the sect received the name of Quakers.

Among the multitude of converts to the moral and religious doctrines of George Fox was young William Penn, a son of the distinguished admiral of that name. He embraced the doctrines and adopted the mode of life of George Fox and his followers, while he was yet in college. Then he had a



PENN AS UMPIRE.

long and severe struggle with his father, a worldly and ambitious man, for the privilege of following the directions of his conscience. He was beaten and turned out of doors by the angry admiral; he was sent to France to be lured with gayety; and he was dazzled with promises of wealth and distinction. He suffered with his sect. On one occasion he was tried, with another, on a charge of preaching in the streets. The jury, after being kept without fire, food or water two days and nights, brought in a verdict of "not guilty," when they were each heavily fined by the court and committed to Newgate; and Penn and his companion were also fined and imprisoned for contempt of court in wearing their hats in the presence of that body. The young Quaker was then only about twenty-four years of age.

Many "Friends" had emigrated to America, and two had become proprietors of New Jersey. Penn acted as umpire between them, in a dispute that arose, and so his particular attention was drawn

toward this country. He looked with longing eyes across the Atlantic for a home for himself and his sectarian friends, out of the reach of persecution. From the crown he obtained a charter for a vast territory beyond the Delaware, in payment of a debt of eighty thousand dollars due to his father from the government, with perpetual proprietaryship given to him and his heirs, in the fealty of an annual payment of two beaver skins. Penn proposed to call the domain "New Wales," in honor of the land of his ances-

tors, but the Welsh secretary of state objected. Then he suggested "Sylvania" as appropriate for such a woody country. The secretary who drew up the charter prefixed the name of Penn to Sylvania, in the document. The proprietor offered him a hundred dollars if he would leave it off. On his refusal to do so, Penn complained to the king—the "merrie King Charlie"—who insisted that the province should be called "Pennsylvania," in honor of his dead friend the admiral. And so it was. The domain extended north from New Castle in Delaware three degrees of latitude, and five degrees of longitude west from the Delaware River. To Penn was given power to ordain all laws with the consent of the freemen, subject to the approval of the king. No taxes were to be raised except by the Provincial Assembly; and clergymen of the Anglican Church were to be allowed to reside in the province without molestation.

Penn's charter was granted on the 14th of March, 1681. In May he sent his kinsman, William Markham, to take possession of his province and to act as deputy governor. A large company of emigrants went with him. They were employed by the "Company of Free Traders," who had purchased lands in Pennsylvania of the proprietor. They seated themselves near the Delaware and "builded and planted." With the help of Algernon Sidney, the sturdy republican martyr who perished on the scaffold soon afterward, Penn drew up a code of wise, liberal and benevolent regulations for the government of the colony, and sent them to the settlers the next year for their approval. It was not a formal constitution, but a body of wholesome laws for the benefit of all concerned.

Penn found that the want of a seaboard for his province would be a serious bar to its future prosperity. He coveted Delaware for that purpose, and resolved to have it if possible. It was claimed by Lord Baltimore as a part of Maryland, and had been a matter of dispute between him and the Duke of York. The latter, for the sake of peace, offered to buy the territory of Baltimore. The baron would not sell. Penn then assured the duke that Lord Baltimore's claim was "against law, civil or common." The duke gladly assented to the opinion, and the worldly-wise Quaker obtained from his grace a quit-claim deed for the territory comprising the whole State of Delaware, then, as now, divided into the counties of Newcastle, Kent, and Sussex; also for all of his interest in the soil of Pennsylvania.

When Penn had gained these coveted possessions, he made immediate preparations for going to America; and within a week after the bargain was officially settled, he set sail in the ship *Welcome* with about one hundred emigrants, many of whom died of small-pox on the voyage. That was at the close of August, 1682. On his arrival at New Castle early in November,

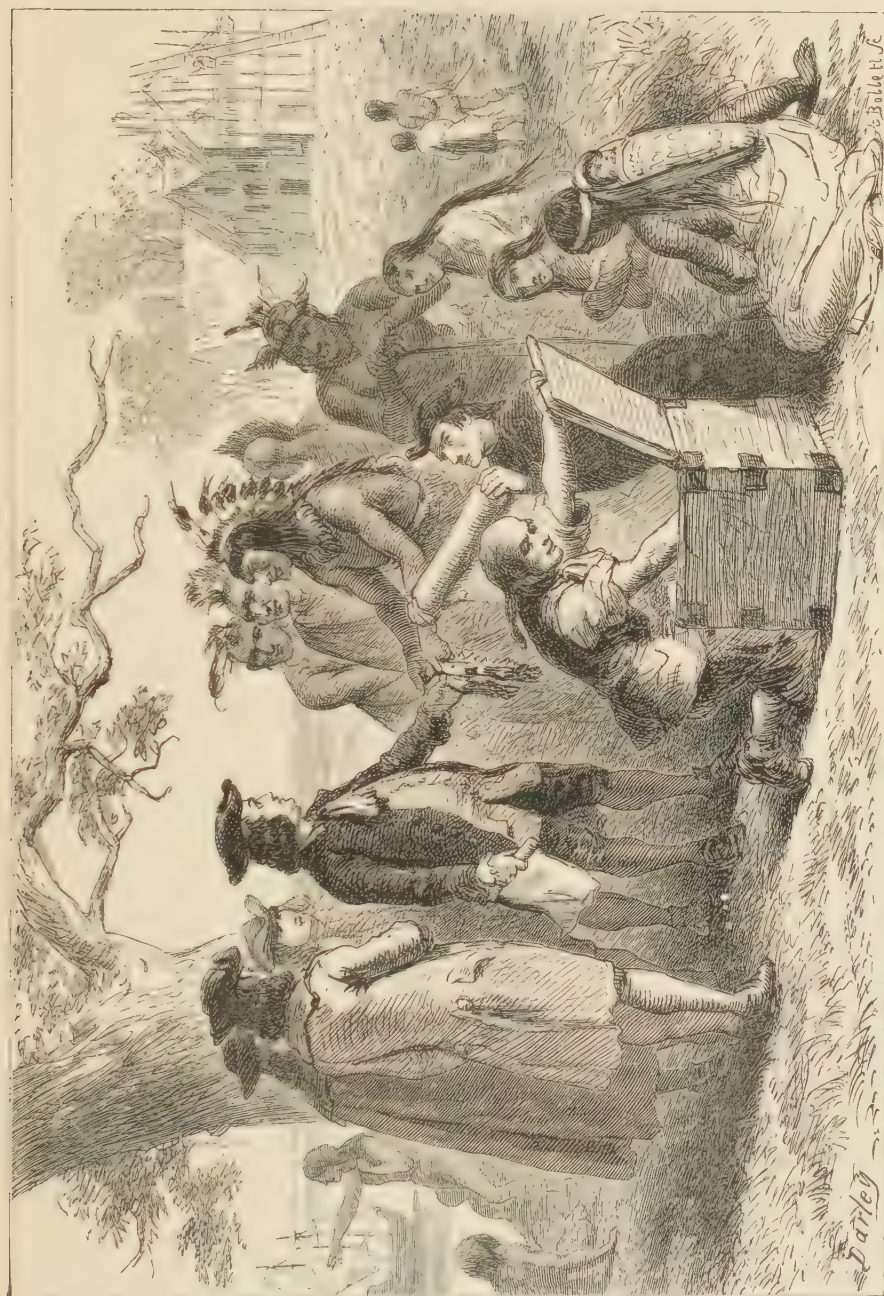
he found almost a thousand new emigrants there. These, with the three thousand old settlers—Swedes, Dutch, Huguenots, Germans and English—composed materials for the solid foundation of a state. There, in the presence of the people, he received from the agents of the Duke of York a formal surrender into his hands of that fine domain. The Dutch had, long before, conquered and absorbed the Swedes on the Delaware; and by virtue of his charter, giving him a title to *all* New Netherland, the duke claimed this territory as his own. By this transfer, Penn inherited for himself and descendants a dispute with the proprietors of Maryland. In honor of the duke, the courteous Quaker called Cape Henlopen Cape James, but the two capes of the Delaware—Henlopen and May—have preserved their original name given to them by the Dutch.

Having secured his domain, Penn went many miles up the Delaware River, to the present Kensington district of Philadelphia, and there, under a



PENN'S VOYAGE UP THE DELAWARE.

wide-spreading elm, just shedding its foliage, he concluded a treaty with Indian chiefs, not for the purchase of lands, but to confirm what Markham had promised them for him, and to make an everlasting covenant of peace and friendship with them. "We meet," Penn said, "in the broad pathway of good faith and good will; no advantage shall be taken on either side, but all shall be openness and love. I will not call you children; for parents sometimes chide their children too severely; nor brothers, only; for brothers differ. The friendship between me and you, I will not compare to a chain;



PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS

for that the rains might rust, or a falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man's body was to be divided into two parts; we are all one flesh and blood." Then he gave them presents, and they in turn handed him a belt of wampum as a pledge of their fidelity. They were delighted with his divine words, and believed in his noble promises. "We will live in love with William Penn and his children," they said, "as long as the sun and moon shall endure." And they did. Not a drop of the blood of a Quaker was ever shed by an Indian.

William Penn had achieved a marvellous victory over the savage arm and the savage spirit. While in other colonies the might of the sword and musket, of the arrow and the hatchet, were making fearfully red records of crime; while the savages were in fierce array, secretly and openly, against the pale-faced intruders, Penn had conquered and subdued those of Pennsylvania by *love*. There were not even contentions between the races there. "We have done better," said the Friends, in their Plantation Speech, in 1684, "than if, with the proud Spaniards, we had gained the mines of Potosi. We may make the ambitious heroes whom the world admires, blush for their shameful victories. To the poor, dark souls round about us, we teach their rights as MEN." Significant is the question of the historian: "Was there not progress from Melendez to Roger Williams? from Cortez and Pizarro to William Penn?"

There is no written record of that treaty made in the open air on the banks of the Delaware. We have accounts of the personal character of the council. Penn was then a graceful man, strong built and of fair complexion, and thirty-eight years of age. Most of his companions were younger than himself, and all were dressed in the garb of the Quakers—the fashion of the more simple Puritans during the Protectorate of Cromwell. The Indians were clad in the skins of beasts, for it was on the verge of winter—their harvest time was over. Frost and expanding buds were stripping the trees of their foliage, and every aspect of the scene was becoming dreary excepting the bright council-fire under the great elm around which the high contracting parties were gathered. Penn was accompanied by the deputy governor and a few others; and the Indian sachems brought their wives and children, who sat upon the ground modestly back.

From that treaty place, Penn journeyed through New Jersey to New York and Long Island, visiting Friends and preaching with fervor. Then he returned to the Delaware, and on the seventh of November he went to Uplands (now Chester), where he met the first Provincial Assembly of his province. There he made known his benevolent designs toward all men, civilized and savage, and excited the love and reverence of his hearers. The

Assembly tendered their grateful acknowledgments to him, and the Swedes authorized one of their number to say to him in their name that they would "live, serve and obey him with all they had," declaring that it "was the best day they ever saw." He informed the Assembly of the union of the "territories" (as Delaware was called) with his province, and received their congratulations. Then was laid the foundations of the commonwealth of *Pennsylvania*.

From Chester, Penn went to Maryland to confer with the third Lord Baltimore concerning their boundary lines, but did not make a satisfactory

arrangement. On his return, he went up the Delaware in an open boat to Wicaco, to attend the founding of a city, to which allusion had been made in his "Concessions, &c.," in 1681. Before his arrival in this country he had determined to give to the future city the name of *Philadelphia*—a Greek word signifying *brotherly love*—as a token of the principles in which he intended to govern his province. Near a block-house which the Swedes had built, and which they had changed into a church, he purchased lands extending from the high banks of the Delaware fringed with pines to those of the Schuylkill. There his surveyors laid out the city of Philadelphia upon a plan which would embrace twelve square miles.



A PLEDGE OF FRIENDSHIP.

Although the efforts of Raleigh and Coligny to make settlements in the warmer portions of North America had utterly failed, and the country south of the James River was untrodden by the foot of the white man unless by the few survivors of the lost colony of Roanoke Island or around the Spanish fort at St. Augustine, the desire to plant colonies there remained strong, and finally led to the wished-for result. From time to time restless, discontented, adventurous or greedy persons went there to find homes for them-

selves and their children, or to acquire fortunes, but no permanent settlement was planted until past the middle of the seventeenth century.

So early as 1609, some colonists under the direction of Captain John Smith left Jamestown and seated themselves on the Nansemond River, near the Dismal Swamp. In 1622, the ambitious Porey, Secretary of the Virginia colony, penetrated the country southward to the tide-waters of the Chowan River. He told, in earnest words, of the beauty and richness of the country, but did not induce settlers to go there. Eight years later, as we have observed, Sir Robert Heath, the Attorney General of Charles the First, obtained from his king a charter for a domain south of Virginia, six degrees of latitude in width, and extending westward to the Pacific Ocean. This included the region between Albemarle Sound and the St. John's River in Florida. That patent was declared void in 1663, because neither the proprietor nor his assigns had fulfilled their agreements.

Sufferers from the oppression of the State Church in Virginia looked to the wilderness for freedom, as the Huguenots and the Pilgrims had done. In 1653, a few Presbyterians from Jamestown settled on the Chowan River near the present village of Edenton. Other non-conformists followed, and the settlement flourished. Already the New England colonies had begun to swarm. The Massachusetts hive had become too small; and in 1661, some adventurous New Englanders appeared in a small vessel, in the Cape Fear River, in search of a home in a more genial climate. They purchased lands of the Indians, and were making the experiment of establishing a colony of farmers and herdsmen there, when news came that the whole region had been given by Charles the Second to some of his favorites. The New Englanders had partners in their enterprise, in London. These pleaded, in behalf of the claims of the colonists, their prior purchase of the soil, and also their right to self-government. A compromise was offered by the patentees, yielding to every claim of the settlers excepting the ownership of the soil; and that they offered at a yearly rent of a half-penny an acre. The soil was not inviting enough for those who might choose a dwelling-place from almost an entire continent. Most of the New Englanders returned home and "spread a reproach on the harbor and the soil" at Cape Fear.

The grant alluded to was made to several of the rapacious courtiers of Charles the Second, the most of them men past middle-life in age, and possessed of the easy virtue which distinguished the reign of that monarch. They begged the domain of the king under the pretence of "a pious zeal for the propagation of the gospel" among the heathen. Their real object was to rob the "heathen" of their lands, and to accumulate riches and honor

for themselves. These grantees were the covetous and time-serving Earl of Clarendon, the historian and the Prime Minister; Monk, who, for his conspicuous and treacherous services in the restoration of Charles to the throne of his father, had been created Duke of Albemarle; Lord Craven, who is supposed to have been the husband of the Queen of Bohemia; Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, afterward Earl of Shaftesbury; Sir John Colleton, a corrupt loyalist who had played false to Cromwell; Lord John Berkeley and his younger brother, Sir William, who was then governor of Virginia; and the "passionate, ignorant and not too honest" Sir George Carteret, proprietor of New Jersey. It is said that when these petitioners appeared before Charles in the garden at Hampton Court and presented their memorial so full of pious pretensions, the monarch, after looking each in the face for a moment, with a merry twinkle of his eye, burst into loud laughter, in which his audience joined involuntarily. Then taking up a little shaggy spaniel, with large, meek eyes, and holding it at arms length before them, he said: "Good friends, here is a model of piety and sincerity which might be wholesome for you to copy." Then tossing the little pet to Clarendon, he said: "There, Hyde, is a worthy prelate; make him archbishop of the domain which I shall give you." He granted the prayer of the petitioners, and in March, 1663, he gave them a charter for the territory which had been given to Sir Robert Heath. By the terms of that charter, the proprietors were made absolute sovereigns of the domain, returning to their king only a bare allegiance. Charles, with grim satire, introduced into the preamble of the charter the statement that the petitioners, "excited with a laudable and pious zeal for the propagation of the Gospel, have begged a certain country in the parts of America not yet cultivated and planted, and only inhabited by some barbarous people who have no knowledge of God." The title of "Carolina," in honor of the king, was given to this vast domain.

We have observed that some non-conformists from Virginia were settled on the banks of the Chowan ten years before the charter was granted. How extensive was the settlement at the latter period, we do not know. The plantations were mostly on the northern bank of the Chowan, and had become so conspicuous that in the autumn of 1663 the new proprietors authorized Governor Berkeley, of Virginia, to extend his jurisdiction over them. He organized a separate government instead, under the title of the *Albemarle County* Colony, so named in honor of Monk. He appointed William Drummond, a Presbyterian emigrant from Scotland to Virginia, and a republican at heart, governor, and gave to the colonists every freedom which they could reasonably desire. Here was presented the anomaly of a colony founded under the direction and control of rigid churchmen and

royalists who were filling the prisons of England with men like John Bunyan, composed of non-conformists as rigid as these, and republicans as staunch as Sidney. And they were left to grow into an independent state with very little hindrance.

Two years later some English emigrants came from Barbadoes, purchased from the Indians a tract of land on the Cape Fear River, thirty-two miles square, including the domain abandoned by the New Englanders, and near the site of Wilmington founded a settlement. They treated the few New Englanders who had remained very kindly, and harmony prevailed. This settlement was soon organized into a political community under the title of the *Clarendon County Colony*, in honor of the historian. Sir John Yeamans, an impoverished baronet who had settled in Barbadoes to improve his fortune, was appointed governor of the new colony, with a jurisdiction extending from Cape Fear to the St. John's River. The poverty of the soil prevented a rapid growth of the settlement, yet the industry of the inhabitants made them prosperous. Finding themselves in the bosom of a vast pine forest, the settlers turned their labor into the manufacture of boards, shingles and staves, and the gathering of turpentine, for all of which they found a ready and profitable sale in the West Indies. The settlement became permanent; and so, with the organization of the two colonies, the foundation of the commonwealth of *North Carolina* was laid.

The avaricious courtiers now sought the acquisition of more territory, and in June, 1665, they readily obtained from the king another charter which confirmed the former one, and gave renewed assurance and commendation of the "pious and noble purpose" under which these men thought it decent to cloak their ambition and rapacity. It granted to them the territory from the now southern boundary of Virginia to the peninsula of Florida, and westward to the Pacific Ocean, comprising all of our States excepting the lower part of Florida south of the thirty-sixth degree, and a part of Mexico, the whole under the name of *Carolina*. The terms of the charter give evidence that the founding of a great empire was contemplated. Provision was made for the appointment of legislators and magistrates; for levying troops and erecting fortifications; waging war by sea and land; erecting cities; establishing manors and baronies, and creating titles; levying impost duties; and other features coincident with those of the existing British government. "Every favor was extended to the proprietors," says an eminent historian; "nothing was neglected but the interests of the English sovereign and the rights of the colonists." It was the duty of Clarendon, as Prime Minister of the realm, to affix the great seal of the kingdom to this charter that conferred such extraordinary privileges upon himself and his seven associates.

In the year 1670, the proprietors sent three ships with emigrants to settle the more southern portions of Carolina. These were under the directions of William Sayle and Joseph West. Sayle had already explored the coasts; and twenty years before, he had endeavored to plant in the Bahama Isles a Puritan colony from Virginia, and to establish an "Eleutheria"—a place dedicated to liberty—among the islands near the coast of Florida. The three ships entered Port Royal harbor, and the emigrants landed at Beaufort Island, near the place where the Huguenots built Fort Carolina a hundred years before. There Sayle died early in the following year, and was buried under a broad live-oak tree draped with Spanish moss. The emigrants



SETTLERS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

abandoned Beaufort soon afterward, and sailing northward entered Charleston harbor. On the banks of a stream a few miles above the site of Charleston, they landed, built houses and cultivated the soil. There they planted the first seeds of the colony of South Carolina at a spot known as Old Town.

The settlers found the Indians unfriendly, for tradition had taught them to believe that the white man was a cruel robber. The planters were compelled to labor in the fields and on the waters, well-armed, yet they pros-

pered; and they soon conquered the savages by kindness. West exercised the authority of magistrate until the arrival of Sir John Yeamans from Barbadoes with the commission of governor late in 1671. He brought with him fifty families and many negro slaves. This was the introduction of slave-labor into South Carolina, which has always been pre-eminently a planting state.

The settlement at Old Town was organized under the title of the *Carteret County Colony*, and representative government was established there in 1672. So was founded the commonwealth of *South Carolina*. It was known as a place where freedom was enjoyed, and emigrants flocked to it from England, Holland, and New York. They spread over the peninsula between the Ashley and another stream which they called the Cooper River, both so named in honor of Ashley Cooper, one of the proprietors. At Oyster Point, at the junction of three streams, on the verge of a fine harbor and in sight of the sea, they laid the foundations of a capital city for the province eight or ten years later, and named it Charles Town (Charleston) in compliment to the king. Old Town was abandoned, and the new village flourished. Very soon thriving settlements were seen along the Santee and Edisto Rivers; and the region between the Ashley and Cooper—the Keawah and E-ti-wan of the Indians—became quite populous with industrious inhabitants.

We have observed that it was designed to establish a great empire in the region of the Carolinas. It was deemed proper to devise a scheme of government commensurate with that grand idea. To Sir Ashley Cooper, and the philosopher John Locke, was entrusted the task of framing a constitution. Cooper was then about forty-seven years of age, and in the full maturity of his genius and power. He was of an old and wealthy family, and was connected with some of the most distinguished members of the English aristocracy. He was now a royalist of the strictest pattern. A few years later (1672), he was elevated to the peerage as Earl of Shaftesbury, and made Lord High Chancellor of England. Locke was much younger—only thirty-four—but was a more profound thinker than Cooper, and was already famous as a philosopher. He was a tutor of Cooper's son. His views of government were consonant with those of his friend, the statesman and courtier. Neither of these men was fitted for the task of framing an acceptable constitution for the government of a free people, and the magnificent scheme which they prepared, with the title of "Fundamental Constitutions," was entirely inconsistent with the condition and circumstances of the American colonists. It was the production chiefly of the brain and hand of Locke, it is believed, and was perfected in 1669.

For purposes of settlement, the proposed constitution provided for dividing the vast domain into counties, each to contain four hundred and eighty thousand acres. These lands were to be distributed in five equal parts, one-fifth to remain the inalienable property of the proprietors; another fifth the inalienable property of two orders of nobility, namely, landgraves or earls, and caciques or barons, one of the former and two of the latter belonging to each county; and the remaining three-fifths to belong to "the peoples," that is to say, farmers and lords of manors, the latter having no prescriptive legislative powers, but exercising judicial functions on their respective domains, in baronial courts. The number of the nobility was not to be increased nor diminished, the places of those who should not leave heirs, to be supplied by election. It gave to every freeman of Carolina absolute power over his negro slaves; and tenants, cultivating small quantities of land, were not only to be denied political franchises of any kind, but were serfs of the soil, and under the jurisdiction of their lord, without appeal; and all their children were to endure the same social degradation "to all generations."

When that elaborate constitution, which provided for titles, and classes, and aristocratic distinctions in America, was submitted to the people of the Carolinas, they rejected it as absurd in its details. They had made judicious laws for their own government, were satisfied with their workings, and resolved to have nothing to do with the scheme of the proprietors. Under their own laws they built up flourishing colonies, inseparable in interests and aims, and so they remained over sixty years, when they were dismembered and formed the separate colonies of *North and South Carolina*.



CHAPTER XXIII.

The English and Spaniards—Slaves in South Carolina—Prisoners for Debt in England—Revelations of the Prisons—Measures for the Relief of the Prisoners—Charter for Georgia Granted—General Oglethorpe Accompanies Emigrants to the Savannah River—Joy of the Carolinians—Friendship of the Indians—To-mo-chi-chi—A Treaty—Indians Accompany Oglethorpe to England—Their Reception There—Oglethorpe Returns to Georgia with the Wesleys—An Unwise Code for Georgia.

SELFISHNESS and philanthropy went hand in hand in promoting English settlements in the country south of the Savannah River.

There seemed to be an unconquerable antagonism between the Spaniards and the English, in both hemispheres. The Spaniards viewed with jealousy the rapid increase of English settlements in America, especially in the region bordering on Florida, which the Castilians held by right of undoubted first discovery. They saw the English rapidly gaining the monopoly of the trade with the Indians and exercising a wide influence over the native inhabitants in the Gulf region, who had been taught by past sad experience to look upon the Spaniards as their abiding enemies. Therefore the Castilians in Florida were disposed to cast obstacles in the way of an extension of the English colonies southward.

Early in the eighteenth century, South Carolina was well stocked with slaves from Africa, especially in the rice-planting districts, where negroes performed nearly all of the manual labor. They had become essential to the prosperity of the colony. The Spaniards believed that the most effectual way to discourage the English planters and to prevent their making settlements below the Savannah River, would be to entice away their slaves by promises of the freedom and the privileges of the Spanish subjects. This measure was successfully employed. A complete regiment was formed at St. Augustine of runaway slaves from South Carolina; and they were taught to hate the English as their enemies. This was an alarming state of things for the South Carolinians, and they anxiously sought a remedy for the evil.

Between the Savannah and Altamaha rivers, there was a region wholly unoccupied by white inhabitants at the end of the first quarter of the eighteenth century. The South Carolinians proposed to erect a barrier

between themselves and the Spaniards in Florida, by the planting of an English colony in that region. They asked the British government to do so. There were great obstacles in the way. Voluntary emigrants preferred a settled country away from immediate danger from foes; and a penal colony for British convicts was not desirable.

At that juncture, the subject of the condition of prisoners for debt in Great Britain was attracting general attention. These men, unconvicted of any crime, were crowding the jails of the kingdom, and enduring sufferings more horrible than those inflicted upon negro slaves in the West Indies. Disease and moral degradation were making sad havoc among them. The hearts of the benevolent yearned to relieve them. A humane and wealthy citizen of London bequeathed his fortune to the government to be employed in liberating the most deserving insolvent debtors from the jails, where they were doomed to hopeless indigence and misery by the cruel laws oftentimes more cruelly administered.

This act caused the appointment of a committee by Parliament to inquire into the condition of prisoners for debt. It was done at the suggestion of Colonel James Edward Oglethorpe, a graduate of Oxford, a brave soldier, and then a member of Parliament. That was in the year 1728. Colonel Oglethorpe was made chairman of the committee, and they entered upon their duties with vigor. The revelations of the prisons were horrible and sickening. The writings of the afterwards illustrious Howard give us vivid pen-pictures of the scenes. The pencil of Hogarth has left us actual delineations of them. The English merchant, unfortunate in his business, was often suddenly plunged from a sphere of affluence and usefulness, to the dreadful dens called prisons, there to herd with the ignorant and vile in hopeless poverty and degradation.

Oglethorpe stood before one of these men who had been a distinguished alderman, in London, when he was a boy, and had been highly esteemed for his many virtues and practical benevolence. He had also been a "merchant prince," but had been ruined by great losses. His creditors sent him to prison. In an instant he was compelled to exchange a happy home and delightful society for a loathsome prison cell and the company of the debased. One by one his friends, who could aid him in keeping famine from his wretched abode, disappeared, and he was forgotten by the outside world. Twenty-three years he had been in jail. Gray-headed, haggard, ragged and perishing with hunger, he lay upon a heap of filthy straw in a dark, damp, unventilated room. His devoted wife, who had shared his misery eighteen years, had just starved to death, and lay in rags by his side, silent and cold. An hour before he had begged his jailor, with outstretched arms of supplication,

to remove her body to the prison burying-ground. The inhuman wretch, who knew his history, refused with an oath, saying, with horrid irony: "Send for your alderman's coach to take her to the Abbey!"

The man expired when he had finished his sad story. There and then, inspired by God, Oglethorpe conceived a scheme of providing an asylum for such as these beyond the sea, where they might enjoy comfort and happiness. He also resolved to bring such jailors to punishment. The records of some of the English state trials show how earnestly he pursued these felons.



THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

Oglethorpe proposed to plant the colony of unfortunates in the unoccupied country below the Savannah. His colleagues readily assented, and in his report to the House of Commons he laid a scheme for the colony before that body. It promised the advantages of securing that domain to the British Crown, relieving the South Carolinians from danger, and doing good to a large class of worthy British subjects. The king and Parliament approved the project. An appropriation of money for the object was made, and on the 9th of June, 1732, the king granted a charter for founding a colony with the title of *Georgia*. That name was given in compliment to King George the Second, then the ruling monarch of England.

The management of the new settlement was entrusted to twenty-one "noblemen and gentlemen," who were constituted "Trustees for Settling and Establishing the Colony of Georgia." Colonel Oglethorpe was one of them. They were vested with legislative powers for the government of the colony for the space of twenty-one years, at the expiration of which time a permanent government was to be established by the king or his successors in accordance with British law and usage.

Oglethorpe generously offered to accompany the emigrants and assist them in making their first settlement. Every feature of the project commended itself to the hearts of the British people. Donations from all ranks and classes were freely given to assist the emigrants in planting comfortable homes in the wilderness. The Bank of England made a generous gift; and the House of Commons, from time to time, voted money, amounting in the aggregate, in the course of two years, to one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Lord Viscount Percival was chosen president of the trustees, and a code of regulations for the colony, with agreements and stipulations, was speedily prepared.

All things being in readiness, thirty-five families—one hundred and twenty emigrants, men, women, and children—sailed from Gravesend for Georgia in the ship *Anne*, of two hundred tons burden, on the 6th of November, 1732. They were accompanied by Colonel Oglethorpe as governor, the Rev. Mr. Shubert, of the Church of England, as a spiritual guide, and a few Piedmontese silk-workers; for one of the projects of the trustees was the growing of silk in Georgia.

The *Anne* arrived at Charleston harbor at the middle of January, 1733, where the emigrants were received with joy by the inhabitants. The Assembly of South Carolina voted them a large supply of cattle and other provisions, for they were regarded as valuable auxiliaries. Their mutual aid was foreshadowed by the following lines which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*:

"To Carolina be a Georgia joined!
Then shall both colonies sure progress make,
Endeared to either for the other's sake;
Georgia shall Carolina's protection move,
And Carolina bloom by Georgia's love."

The *Anne* was piloted from Charleston into Port Royal Sound, near Beaufort Island, whence the emigrants were to be conveyed to the Savannah River in small boats. From that point, Oglethorpe, accompanied by a



TO-MO-CHI-CHI, INDIAN CHIEFTAIN

guide furnished by the council of South Carolina, went forward to select a suitable place for a settlement. He chose Yamacraw Bluff, on the Savannah River, about ten miles from the sea, where Governor Moore, of South Carolina, had planted a small tribe of Creek Indians thirty years before, as owners of the soil. It was a high plain, its river front forty feet above the stream, and gently sloping to the swamps in the rear. There he laid out a town and returned to Beaufort, where the emigrants had landed, to conduct them to their final destination. They all arrived there on the first of February, and slept in tents that night.

The South Carolinians had sent boats with the additional provisions, and a body of rangers for the protection of the colonists while the latter should build cabins and a fort for their defence. The town projected by the governor was named Savannah, and there the emigrants soon had comfortable dwellings and a formidable military work armed with cannons. Concerning this spot, Oglethorpe wrote to the trustees:

"Upon the river side, at the centre of this plain, I have laid out a town, opposite to which is an island [Hutchinson's Island] of very rich pasturage, which I think should be kept for the trustees' cattle. The river is pretty wide, the water fresh, and from the key of the town you see its whole course to the sea, with the island of Tybee, which forms the mouth of the river. For about six miles up into the country the landscape is very agreeable, the stream being wide and bordered with high woods on both sides."

Before their departure from England, the colonists had received some military training from the sergeants of the guards, in London. Oglethorpe now formed them into a company of militia with officers; and he frequently exercised them that the Indians might be impressed with their military skill. The fort was soon completed and cannon mounted upon it. Then the governor turned his earnest attention to the important business of establishing friendly relations with the Indians. He was within territory claimed by the powerful Creek Confederacy, and not far from the seat of a tribe composed partly of Yamacraws and partly of Yamasees or Savannahs, over whom presided To-mo-chi-chi, a venerable chief. He had suffered banishment at the hands of his people, the Lower Creeks, but for what cause is unknown. He was then ninety-one years of age, of commanding person and grave demeanor. His power over his immediate followers was supreme, and his name had great weight throughout the Confederacy as a renowned warrior and wise sachem. Oglethorpe therefore sought an early interview with To-mo-chi-chi. It was held under the tall pines and wide-spreading live-oaks that covered Yamacraw Bluff, with Mary Musgrove, the half-breed Creek wife of a South Carolina trader, then at Savannah, as interpreter.

That interview was very satisfactory. To-mo-chi-chi pledged his unwavering friendship for the English, and assisted Oglethorpe in making arrangements for a general convention of the heads of the Confederacy. That convention assembled in one of the large houses at Savannah, late in May, 1733, and was attended by fifty chiefs representing eight tribes of the Creek Nation.

Oglethorpe addressed the assembled chiefs. He told them of the great power, wealth and wisdom of the English people, and of the advantages the Indians might derive by the cultivation of friendly relations between the two races. He expressed a hope that as the Indians had a superabundance



OGLETHORPE'S MILITIA.

of land, they would freely resign a portion of it to those who had come over the sea for their instruction and benefit. When the governor ceased speaking, the venerable To-mo-chi-chi arose and, in behalf of the Creek warriors present, he gave their cordial assent to Oglethorpe's proposition. "I was a banished man," he said. "I came here, poor and helpless, to look for good lands near the tombs of my ancestors, and the trustees sent people here. I feared you would drive us away, for we were weak and wanted corn; but you confirmed our land to us, gave us food and instructed our children." After further declaring the goodness of the English and expressing thanks, To-mo-chi-chi said, as he gave a buffalo-skin to the governor, on the inside of which were delineated the head and feathers of an eagle: "Here is a little present. I give you the skin of a buffalo adorned with the head and feathers

of an eagle, which I desire you to accept, because the eagle is an emblem of speed and the buffalo of strength. The English are as swift as the bird and as strong as the beast; since like the former, they flew over vast seas to the uttermost parts of the earth; and like the latter, they are so strong that nothing can withstand them. The feathers of the eagle are soft, and signify love; the buffalo's skin is warm, and signifies protection; therefore I hope the English will love and protect our little families."

A satisfactory treaty was made by which all unoccupied lands within defined boundaries were assigned to the English. This treaty was ratified by the trustees on the 18th of October, 1733, when the English obtained sovereignty over the domain between the Savannah and Alatamaha rivers, westward from the Atlantic to the extent of tide-water, and all the islands but three from Tybee to St. Simons. Unfortunately the Indians were allowed to reserve for their use in hunting, bathing and fishing the islands of Ossabaw, Sapela and St. Catharines, which were within the limits of the English domain. This reservation was a source of trouble afterwards.

At the conclusion of the treaty, To-mo-chi-chi invited the members of the convention to his own town near by, where they spent the night in feasting and dancing. The treaty was signed on the 21st, when the governor distributed the following presents among the Indians: A laced coat and a laced hat and shirt to each of the chiefs; to each of the warriors, a gun and a mantle of duffils (a coarse woollen cloth with nap and fringe), and to all their attendants coarse cloth for clothing; a barrel of gunpowder; four kegs of bullets; a piece of broadcloth; a piece of Irish linen; a cask of tobacco pipes; eight belts and cutlasses with gilt handles; tape, and of all colors; eight kegs of rum to be carried home to their towns; one pound of powder, one pound of bullets, and as much provision for each one as they pleased to take for their journey home. Rum appears to have been freely used at first in Georgia. In the minutes of the trustees, under date of August 11, 1733, is the following record: "Read a letter from Mr. Oglethorpe with an account of the death of several persons in Georgia, which he imputed to the *drinking of rum*. Resolved, That the drinking of rum in Georgia be absolutely prohibited, and that all which be brought there be staved." This was a short but pretty effectual prohibitory law.

In the spring of 1734, Oglethorpe went to England, leaving the colony in the care of others. Believing that a sight of England, its inhabitants and evidences of its power, by some of the Indians, would increase the reverence of the savages for Englishmen and add strength and permanence to the colony, he invited To-mo-chi-chi and some of his friends to go with

him. The invitation was accepted, and the old Creek monarch with his queen, See-naw-ki; their adopted son and nephew, Too-na-ho-wi and five

chiefs, went on the voyage. The vessel reached England in June, when Oglethorpe sent a letter to his friend, Sir John Phillips, in which he spoke of To-mo-chi-chi as an aged chief, "the mico or king of Yamacraw, a man of an excellent understanding, so desirous of hearing the young people taught the English language and religion, that, notwithstanding his advanced age, he has come over with me to obtain means and assistant teachers. He has brought with him a young man whom he calls his nephew and next heir, and who has already learned the Lord's prayer in the English and the Indian language." The reception of the governor and his dusky friends was cordial. The Indians were objects of great curiosity, none having been seen in England since Schuyler took some Mohawk kings to the court of Queen Anne. To-mo-chi-chi was made the subject of an ode of eleven stanzas of ten lines each, the first of which was as follows:



A GEORGIA CHIEFTAIN.

"What stranger this? and from what region far?
 This wondrous form, majestic to behold?
 Uncloath'd but arm'd offensive for the war,
 In hoary age and wise experience old?
 His limbs inured to hardiness and toil,
 His strong large limbs what mighty sinews brace!
 Whilst truth sincere and artless virtue smile
 In the expressive features of his face,
 His bold, free aspect speaks the inward mind,
 Arm'd by no slavish fear, from no vile passion blind."

On the first of August the Indians were conveyed in three of the royal coaches, each drawn by six horses, to Kensington palace, to have an interview with the king. They had been dressed at the office of the trustees in

English costume. To-mo-chi-chi and his queen in scarlet and gold. The chiefs, less gorgeously attired, had their faces painted according to their home-custom. They were received at the door of the palace by the royal body-guard and conducted to the presence of the king and queen, who were seated on thrones. Then To-mo-chi-chi presented some eagle's feathers to the monarch, and said:

"This day I see the majesty of your face, the greatness of your house, and the number of your people. I am come for the good of the whole nation called the Creeks, to renew the peace which was long ago had with the English. I am come over in my old days, although I cannot live to see any advantage to myself. I am come for the good of the children of all the nations of the Upper and Lower Creeks, that they may be instructed in the knowledge of the English.

"These are the feathers of the eagle which is the swiftest of birds, and who flieth all around our nations. These feathers are a sign of peace in our land, and have been carried from town to town there; and we have brought them over to leave with you, O great king! as a sign of everlasting peace. O great king! whatsoever words you shall say to me, I will tell them faithfully to all the kings of the Creek nations."

The sovereign gave a gracious answer to this speech, assuring the old chief that he and his people might rely upon the friendship of the English. Then they withdrew. A cloud was upon their spirits. One of the chiefs, a brother of queen See-naw-ki, was very sick with the small-pox. He soon died, and was buried with the custom of his country as nearly as possible. Then Oglethorpe took the whole party to his estate, where they bewailed their loss for several days. After remaining four months in England, and becoming deeply impressed with the greatness of the English people, To-mo-chi-chi and his company returned to Georgia, in the company of a considerable number of new emigrants. The Indians were conveyed to the ship at Gravesend, in the royal coaches, bearing with them presents valued at two thousand dollars. The Prince of Wales had given to To-mo-chi-chi's heir a gold watch, with an injunction to call upon Jesus Christ every morning, when he looked on it. They reached Savannah late in December, 1734. Among the emigrants was an English baronet (Francis Parkhurst) and his family, and fifty-six Saltzburghers newly arrived from Rotterdam.

Oglethorpe did not return to Georgia until the beginning of 1736, when he was received with joy by the colonists and the Indians. He took with him several cannon and about one hundred and fifty Scotch Highlanders, well skilled in the military art, who constituted the first army in Georgia during its early struggles. With him also came the Rev. John Wesley, the

founder of the Methodist Church, and his brother Charles, who came to preach the gospel to the heathen. To Mr. Wesley, To-mo-chi-chi remarked: "I am glad you are come. When I was in England, I desired that some one would speak the *great word* to me. I will go up and speak to the wise men of my nation, and hope they will hear. But we would not be made Christians as the Spaniards make Christians; we would be taught before we are baptized."

With a population of more than five hundred souls; with a military force, and with means for religious instruction, the foundations of the colony of Georgia were now firmly laid. And had the wisdom of the trustees been equal to their benevolence, immediate and great prosperity would have been visible. But they bound the colonists by such unwise rules and regulations that their energies were cramped, and it seemed, at one time, as if the grand object of the trustees, and the hopes of Englishmen, would be frustrated.

We have now considered the more prominent events in the history of the planting of settlements in America, and the development of many of them into permanent colonies. The ingredients of the story are highly picturesque. The simple outline picture, when drawn from nature with fidelity, possesses marvellous interest to the student of human nature. The imagination may not conceive incidents more romantic than those which sober truth reveals in the career of men and women who came from Europe to explore and make homes in the wilds of America. Nearly all of them were impelled to the undertaking by those powerful motives of human action,—avarice, ambition or the love of liberty. In all of the earlier adventurers and settlers, we see these passions dominating all others. The discoverers stand out on the page of history as grand heroes, worthy of a representation on the shield of Achilles. In the delineation of their deeds and of those of their followers who occupied what they discovered, faith, hope, courage, hardihood, fortitude, indomitable perseverance and untiring energy, are prominent features in the picture. These were the necessary elements of success in the wide and wild fields of adventure, and were ever present in great abundance when required in laying the foundations of our Republic.

We will now consider the processes by which small settlements grew into great commonwealths in the form of British-American colonies.

